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~Introduction~

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For those who don't know, this is a remake of my first Zero Gravity book, I still have it if you want to check it out. This book will mostly follow the same plot of the last one, but with minor as well as major changes.

I want to try to update on Saturdays or Sundays. (Mostly ;-;)

Anywhoo, here is the character list. I won't be giving any other information except for their names and titles, to avoid spoilers.

Bill and Will .

The Cipher Twins .

⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂

Dipper and Mabel

Guardians of the World Balance.
⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂

Stanford and Stanley .

Guardians of Night and Day .

⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂

Wendy .

Spirit of the Forest.
⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂⁂

Robbie .

Cupid of Broken Hearts.
****

Pacifica .

Goddess of Beauty and Riches.
****

Candy and Grenda .

Raven Warriors
****

Gideon Gleeful .

Lord of Peacocks and Trust.
****

Soos, Mayor of Zero Gravity Town.
****

Fiddleford McGucket .

Prophet .

Welcome-Part One

[image]

(Warning: minor violence)

Bill Cipher was awakened by the heavy rain drumming against the window.

He had been leaning against the cool glass, falling asleep after starring at the passing sights. His back and shoulders ached, from the position he was in. Bill was sitting in a moving bus, and a storm was brewing outside, he almost suspected the weather was matching his current mood.

He heard a soft mumble from beside him, and turned to face his brother. Despite them being twins, they couldn't be anymore different. While Bill was confident, his blond hair spiky and full of volume. Meanwhile, Will was shy, his blue hair almost fell over his eyes and was sometimes fluffy. Yet, no matter their differences, they were good together. Not even good, but *great.* Bill couldn't ask for a better brother...even though Will could grind on his nerves at times.

Like right now, when the blue haired boy was sleeping against him, practically drooling on Bill's shoulder.

Bill growled softly, and shoved his brother off. Will landed on his side, and he hit the bus seat with a *thud.*

"Ow," He groaned, his eyes opened slowly. "What happened?"

"We hit a bump," Bill lied.

Will rubbed his eyes tiredly, before sitting up. His gaze drifted to the window, and almost jolted at the sudden clash of thunder.

"T-that's quite a storm outside," He noted, nervously.

Bill rolled his eyes. "*Really*? I didn't notice."

"The road could be slippery, what if we crash--"

"Will, I'm sure we have a competent driver," Bill reassured, then turned to the bus driver and asked. "Isn't that right, good sir?"

The driver answered gruffly. "I'm just doing this because I was kicked out of *Backupsmore University*."

Bill blinked. "That school is made for literal losers! How the heck--"

He was interrupted, when more thunder struck, and Will was whimpering softly at this point. The blond haired boy regarded him, and sighed heavily. His brother could be really pitiful at times, but that was why Will needed him. Bill stripped his yellow jacket off, so he could cover his twin's shoulders with it. Will gave him a grateful nod.

What would you do without me?, Bill thought, giving his brother a small smile.

Seriously, how would either them live without the other? Bill protected Will at all cost. As for Will, he helped reserve Bill's mental health. Bill had the wits and strength, while Will had the compassion and reasonability. Two halves of an almost perfect whole, if it weren't for them helping each other, they would've never survived their hellhole of a household...

Bill's spine shuttered, remembering all the cruel scenarios their so called parents had forced them into. It filled him with rage, as he recalled the numerous spats he had with his father, that resulted in a few broken ribs and bruises. Bill was then filled with dread, at the reminder of their escape.

It happened only hours ago. The twins had packed all the resources they could find, including stealing their father's wallet. They then had to exit their rundown apartment. However, what had seemed like an easy task, became difficult, when their father found them. He had cursed at the twins, before reaching out a grubby hand and grabbing Will by the throat. Bill had watched in fear, as his brother,

the one person he cared about, was strangled by the demon. The blond had known his father well, he knew the man wouldn't hesitate to kill his son. Bill had no clue what happened next, it had been a blur. Vile fury had pooled in his chest, and he had released a outraged roar. And at once...his father had froze, then his eyes had rolled to the back of his head. Bill stared, when the man had collapsed, releasing Will. The blue haired boy had gasped for air, then eyed the body in shock. It had only took them a moment, before they came to realization...

...their father was dead.

They didn't have time to properly digest the situation, because Bill had ushered them both out so they could catch the bus in time. After a short discussion, they both suspected that their father died from a heart attack, since the man didn't take much care into his health. Despite that assumption, the astrosphere was thick with gloom instead of relief. Bill knew he had to lighten the mood, before things became too depressing.

"Hey, now that we're out of that terrible place," He started. "What do you think our new dream home is gonna be?"

"I'm pretty certain we're gonna sleep in a ditch tonight," Will replied.

"Good imagination," Bill said, nudging the other playfully. "Though I was thinking along the lines of something *fancier,* like a tent on a side of a road or--"

"Bill, I'm serious," He interrupted.

"So am I, tents are where it's at," Bill joked. "What? You want the other hobos to make fun of us?"

Will sighed heavily, burying his face in palms. "We should've planned this through more. How are we suppose to live like this? We're only 15!"

Bill regarded his twin's worried expression, and put a comforting hand on Will's shoulder. "Don't worry, we'll get through this," He

reassured. "We have enough money to at least pay for a motel room, then in the morning, we'll find jobs."

That managed to calm the boy down a little, but his brow still creased. "OK...where's this bus heading, anyway?"

When asked that, Bill realized he didn't know the answer. The last thing he remembered, was handing the driver money and telling him to drive them far away from their home in California. He didn't really decide on a specific destination...

"Wait here," He told Will, then stood up.

Will watched curiously, as his brother moved to the front of the bus. Bill almost lost his footing, when the bus suddenly jerked again, before getting his bearings. He paused beside the driver, who had his eyes glued to the road.

"Excuse, but where exactly are you heading to?" Bill asked.

The driver shrugged. "I'm guessing we're someplace in Oregon."

"And when, will we be stopping?"

"How should I know, kid?"

Bill narrowed his eyes. "You're the *bus driver*!"

"And I can't see anything in front of me," He replied, squinting at his windscreen. Even with his headlights on, darkness shrouded ahead.

The blond looked at him in annoyance. How were they supposed to find a place, if they didn't even know where they were heading? Bill grimaced at the prospect that they might have to sleep in the bus until morning.

"Don't you have a GPS?" He asked the driver.

The driver shook his head. "Nope. Spent my money on something better."

"Like what, exactly?"

"This little Hawaiian girl," He said, pointing to the hula dancing figure on his dashboard. "Aww! Look at her little hips swinging."

At this point, murder sounded like a reliable option for Bill.

But instead, he growled under his breath, and turned away from the driver. "Thanks for nothing!" He called over his shoulder.

"Your Welcome!"

Will looked at Bill in concern, as the blond flopped beside him with a groan. "So, what happened?"

"For now, we have no idea where we're going," Bill sighed.

"What!?" He gasped, his hands twitching nervously.

"Relax," The blond said. "We do know, that we're in someplace called Oregon."

"Are there even any towns in Oregon?"

Bill thought for a moment, trying to find a solution to their mess, when the bus jerked again. This time, it was so strong, that the twins were almost flung out of their seats. The bus's breaks shrieked, as the vehicle came to a stop at the side of the road.

"What is going on?" Bill demanded.

"There seems to be some difficulty," The driver announced. "Something appears to be stuck under the wheel, I'm gonna check it out."

"Alright, but hurry up," He responded.

With that, the man sat up and exited the bus. The inside was now empty, except for the twins. As they waited, an eerie feeling drifted into the air. Bill looked out of the window, but couldn't see the driver, only rows of trees.

"I have a bad feeling," Will whispered, as though afraid of what would happen if he were to rise his voice.

"I'm sure it's nothing," Bill said. Although, a part of him was alert, ready for any danger that might launch out.

The blue haired twin, looked around cautiously. "How long do you think he's gonna be?"

"Not too long, he's just seeing what's under his bus," He pointed out. "So, stop worrying for once, and relax."

Will nodded in return, and took a few therapeutic breaths. After that, his shoulders fell limp. "OK..."

Bill smiled in approval. "That's it. It's a wonder why you were so afraid in the first place--"

Crash !

The twins spun around, just in time to see the driver smashing through one of the windows. A shower of broken glass and blood covered the floor, surrounding the body. Both boys jumped off from their seats, and regarded the driver in horror.

"Is he alive?" Will breathed.

Bill quickly knelt down, and checked his pulse. He sighed in relief. "Yes, he is."

Will began to hyperventilate softly. "Who could've done this?"

He had his answer, when a monstrous growl broke the silence. The hairs on the back Bill's neck stood up, as the trees outside began to rustle and the ground vibrated under the bus.

"I don't know," Bill replied. "But something tells me we don't wanna find out."

A another growl rang out, along with a strike of thunder to add another layer of terror. As quickly as he could, Bill grabbed their bags and his brother's arm, and rushed towards the exit. They faced the sliding door, which was closed shut. Bill shouldered it in desperation, even trying to pry it open with his fingers. Fortunately, Will found the lever by the driver's seat, and pulled it. Immediately,

the door swung open, causing cold air and rain to pour in.

Bill grabbed Will's forearm, and pointed outside. "That way! Now--"

A earsplitting roar put the thunder to shame, and a shadow loomed over the vehicle. Neither of them had time to move, when the bus suddenly rose a few inches off the ground. The twins clung onto each other, as the bus shook violently, while the ground distanced itself from them. Bill made a look of distress, when they ascended higher.

"We gotta jump!" He yelled, over the sound of the storm.

Will looked like he wanted to protest, but then nodded in agreement. They held each other tightly, then at the count of three, they flung themselves out of the bus. They rolled across the dirt covered pavement, staining their clothes and causing bruises to form on their sensitive flesh. Bill groaned, as he landed hard on his shoulder, glad he didn't dislocate it. His attention returned to the road, when there was a grind of metal.

He gasped in horror, at the sight before him.

Towering over the trees, was a giant shadowy figure. The monstrous form was crushing the bus in it's fist, before tossing it over it's shoulder. Bill flinched when he heard the crash, remembering that the driver was still in there. The monster rumbled loudly, it's eyes glowing like possessed headlights.

"Bill," Will whispered, looking more afraid than he ever was. "What do we do?"

Bill was unresponsive, starring at the beast. The thing glared back, his menacing gaze piercing through the boy's soul. Then, it rose it's enormous arms, and released another roar.

"Run..." He decided. "WILL, RUN!"

Bill shot to his feet, and dragged his brother along with him, as they retreated into the forest. Meanwhile, the monster didn't chase after them, only glaring at them as they left.

Welcome-Part Two

The twins were now out into the mass of trees, not knowing how far they were from the road. Bill's lungs burned from the effort, and he was panting heavily. Will was no better, practically falling behind. A while later, the blue haired boy couldn't take it anymore, and stopped in his tracks.

"Stop!" He rasped, clutching his chest in exhaustion. "I think we gone far enough..."

Bill halted, and turned to him with a frown. "You don't know that! That *thing* could still be nearby!"

"Well, if that's the case, we would've heard it a mile away," Will noted.

The other boy considered his brother's words, then said. "Alright, let's take a break, but we have to start moving again."

Will exhaled in relief, and collapsed flat onto his back. Meanwhile, Bill was taking in their surroundings. Trees. All that stood in his sight, were tall trees, with prickly leaves that moved in the gentle breeze. At least it stopped raining, there was no reason for the twins to be soaked while running for their lives. Still, it was a bit chilly. Bill briefly remembered that Will still had his jacket, and briskly knelt down and took it back from his twin.

He lowered his backpack, so he could fit his jacket on. After that, he turned back to Will. "OK, let's go."

Will sat up, and stared at him. "It's barely been a minute."

"Well, I ain't staying here, it's creepy," Bill countered, gesturing his arms towards the darkness around them.

"But--" He paused, and his eyes grew big as saucers.

Bill narrowed his eyes. "Oh boy, what near death experience awaits

us now?"

Will didn't respond, only pointing a trembling finger towards a tree that stood behind the blond. At once, Bill slowly turned around, and rose his head. There, he spotted a moving form perching on the branches. The creature was hidden by the shadows, but looked scrawny, and had wild hair.

"Hey, there," It said, it's voice sounded feminine.

"Hello, demon," Bill replied, while Will was cowering behind his brother.

"You seem lost, mind if I help?" It asked, shifting in place.

Bill managed to catch a glint that appeared behind her back. She was carrying something sharp. "No thank you, we have it all handled, miss."

The creature tilted her head. "Are you sure? Because I know my way around these woods."

"Listen, lady," Bill started. "I appreciate the concern, if it weren't...you know, coming from a total creeper in a tree--"

"Bill!" Will snapped.

"Oh, do you want me to lie, now?" He shot back.

"Don't worry, I get it," The stranger reassured. "You have to be careful who you trust around here, after all."

"OK, but where exactly is *here*?" Bill questioned.

Both twins flinched, when the creature rose on her legs, the branches somehow holding her weight. "There's a small town nearby. A place called Zero Gravity Town."

Weird name, Bill thought.

Will peered from behind his brother's shoulder, and looked at the creature. "Can you point us to the direction of this town?"

"Sure," She answered. "Just follow the lights."

"*Lights*?" Bill repeated. "What lights? It's completely dark here!"

"Just trust me on this," She said, simply. "And once you find what you're looking for...be careful, from now on."

Bill regarded her suspiciously. Was he really going to believe some weirdo in a tree?

Yes. Because you don't have any other choice, stupid, He told himself.

He agreed with his conscious. They were in the middle of the woods, with no map or general idea of where to go next. Bill hated the thought of trusting this stranger, but it was better than facing that monster again...or returning home.

"Follow the lights? Sounds easy enough," He agreed.

The figure nodded. "Good, I'll be going now."

"Wait, what?" Bill asked, incredulously. "You're just gonna leave behind two underaged kids, when you are like, the only adult supervision here?"

"I am an adult," She admitted, then added. "But, I am neither a *responsible* or *mature* adult. Peace!"

Then, she leaped from one tree to the other, with little effort. The twins watched as she eventually disappeared. Bill huffed in annoyance, then rummaged inside his backpack.

"C'mon, Will," He said, taking out a flashlight. "Let's see what this hag is talking about."

"You mind if I curl up into a ball and cry for a second?"

"You have plenty of time for that, later."

Will sighed, then reluctantly followed his brother. Together, they ventured into the threatening unknown.

⁂

Bill wasn't sure how long they traveled. At least, Will wasn't whining or cowering the whole way. Yet, the blond sensed something was wrong with his almost identical other.

He wouldn't call it a *twin thing,* because heaven knows he didn't believe in that crap, and would punch the living daylights out of anyone who disagreed. No, it was more because of keen observation. Bill caught the worried crease in Will's brow, to his thinned lip, and lastly to the hands fidgeting his blue sweater. Bill couldn't blame him. In one night, they watched their father die, were attacked by a giant monster, and were giving directions by a strange woman in the trees.

More than enough craziness, to be forcibly weighed down on the two 15 year olds. They both avoided the subject, but they *should* talk about it, and a part of Bill wanted to. Except, what would one say in this kind of situation? He wasn't good in terms of communication, one of the reasons why he mostly spoke in taunts, snarky remarks, and rather aggressive reactions. Bill could never express his emotions properly, despite his brother encouraging him to do so. He remembered countless times where he allowed himself to be weak, to cry on Will's shoulder in a desperate need for comfort, before almost instantly isolating himself in shame. Thankfully, Will kept those moments between them a secret, but still reassured his brother that it was alright to be vulnerable.

Easy for you to say, Bill thought, bitterly. *You've never been the protector all your life.*

Bill couldn't be weak. For Will's sake, he had to be strong for both of them.

With that promise sealed, he puffed his chest determinedly and shined his flashlight on their path. The bright haze only revealed more dirt and fallen twigs. Where were those *lights* that weirdo told them about?

"Bill, look!" Will announced, clutching his brother's forearm.

Bill turned and followed the other's gaze. His eyes widened in shock. He saw a path that cut through the trees, and scattered over it in a neat line, was a trail of glowing mushrooms.

The blond beamed. "Wow, we were right to listen to a stranger, after all. In your face, brainwashing cartoons!"

Will stared at the illuminated fungi, and approached the trail. He knelt down, and peeled one of the little things out of the earth. He held it in his cupped hands, fascinated.

"Is this what she meant by *follow the lights*?"

"It better be," Bill said. "Or else, I'd be pretty piss if we gone all this way for mushrooms...because I'm the only *fun-guy* here" He grinned at his brother.

Will knitted his brow together in irritation. "Let's just keep moving, shall we?" He turned and walked off

"You never understand me," Bill whined, following him.

"You say that like it's possible to understand you!"

With a occasional brotherly spat here and there, the two focused on following the mushrooms to their desired location. Bill decided to put the flashlight away, since the trail before them was emitting enough light as it was. He noticed that there were fewer trees, as they progressed on the path.

OK, here's the plan, He told himself. *Once we reach town, we'll pay for a motel room, find jobs in the morning...or Will finds a job, he likes working anyway.*

"I know what you're thinking," Will groaned.

"Pfft! What, can you read my mind now?" Bill scoffed.

The blue haired boy waved him off dismissively. "No, I just know my own brother. I also know you can be a complete slob sometimes."

Bill ruffled Will's hair. "At least, I'm not a total neat freak."

"Hey! Am not!"

"Stop lying, you find any excuse to clean my side of our room."

"Can you blame me?" Will snapped. "It reeked. The neighbors thought something died!"

Bill smirked. "What makes you think something didn't?"

"I'm disowning you," He deadpanned.

"Not possible! I disowned you years ago," Bill laughed, quickening his pace.

Will blinked. "Wait, what--Bill, come back here!"

He chased his brother, and they both sprinted along the path. Bill adjusted the backpack's straps, as he ran away from his angry twin, laughing hysterically. They barely noticed that they had entered a clearing, until Will lunged at his twin. Bill was pinned onto his side, as the other boy hovered over him.

"Owie! Why must you harm your favorite brother?" Bill pouted.

Will glared playfully. "You're my only brother."

"Still counts," He remarked, as his twin got off him.

Bill graciously accepted Will's extended hand, and allowed the boy to help him up. Now standing on his two legs, he dusted himself off, and then gave a look around the clearing. His eyebrows rose in shock, and he tugged Will's arm to grab his attention.

"Bill, what--" He paused, when he saw what was in front of him.

What stood only a couple of feet away, was a rickety shack. Bill's eyes traveled over it's wooden exterior, cracked windows, and overall creepy aura. Not the best living space, but definitely better than their former one.

"Guess this is our new home," Bill decided.

However, Will seemed to disagree. "Are you crazy? Someone could be living in there for all we know."

"Who would live in that piece of junk?"

"A psychotic hillbilly, of course!" Will fretted.

Bill rolled his eyes at his brother's paranoia. "You're the one acting crazy, here. If you're done freaking out, I'm going to go check inside."

He approached the shack.

"Fine! Don't complain if you get a banjo to the head!" Will called after him.

Bill sighed, wishing his twin wasn't such a wimp. He neared the dusty old building, before examining the outside. It really did look like a piece of junk, and the blond was having second thoughts about living here. However, as he stepped onto the creaking porch, he opened the door of the shack slowly. He flinched, when the hinges whined, before the door swung open completely. The inside was now exposed, and Bill hesitated, as the objects around casted eerie silhouettes. Mustering up some courage, he crept forward. Although, that courage died, when the door slammed closed behind him, plunging him into complete darkness.

"You got to be kidding me," He hissed, already reaching for his flashlight.

Thankfully, he found it quickly, before turning it on. He moved the beam of light around, except it didn't do much. Feeling a newfound chill up his spine, Bill continued forward. He inspected the place, this was what he found: a staircase, a kitchen, and a living room. He was relieved, when his light landed on a switch in the wall. Bill reached for it, on the same time when his flashlight flickered, then died out completely.

Of course, He thought, tiredly.

No matter. Bill discarded the now useless object, and felt around the wall, in hopes of finding the switch again. Eventually, he felt it under his palm, before flicking it. Instantly, light flooded into the shack, and Bill was surprised by how good looking the inside looked compared to the outside. There was a comfy sofa in the living, a beanbag, and even a TV. Him and Will weren't even allowed a television back home, so this would definitely be a new experience for them.

"Bill?"

"AH!" Bill exclaimed. He whirled around, and saw Will standing behind him. "Where did you come from?"

Will twiddled his fingers. "I followed you in...and might've accidentally shut the door."

Bill breathed in relief. "Phew! That was just you, then. For a moment, I thought your paranoid delusions were true--"

A abrupt pounding cut him off sentence. Both twins turned slowly, and saw a cupboard under the staircase. They waited, then both jolted, as the loud pounding returned, causing the hinges to squeak. Whatever was in there...it wanted out.

Bill turned to his brother. "What do you think is in that cupboard?"

"I'm hoping *Harry Potter*," Will gulped, fearfully.

The blond hesitated, before taking a deep breath, and moving forward. Bill ignored Will's protests, and made his way towards the cupboard, and the *thing* that wanted to get out. He reached a trembling hand towards the bronze doorknob, and grasped it. The pounding of the door, matched the rhythm of his heartbeat.

Bang !

Bang !

BANG !

The sound rang in his ear, and sweat beaded down his forehead.

Tightening his clammy hand around the doorknob, Bill yanked the cupboard open. He gaped inside. Two yellow glowing orbs, stared back at him from the darkness.

Bill screamed, and fell back on his behind. Meanwhile, Will was rushing to his aid.

"What's wrong!?" He cried, seeing his brother's distress.

Bill wanted to speak, but only managed to ramble out a string of gibberish. "FJSKCJENKDJCKSJKC!"

"*English,* please."

The blond hugged his knees to his chest, and pointed to the cupboard. "Just look in there!"

Will obeyed, and checked to see what was inside. "Oh my god..."

"I know!" Bill exclaimed. "It's--"

"Adorable!"

The blond stared. "What?"

Bill stood up and turned, only to see Will carrying something. He was surprised to see, that it was a goat. A scruffy brown goat, with gleaming yellow eyes.

"What were you doing inside there, little guy?" Will cooed, cradling the animal like a baby.

"It was scaring the crap outta me, that's what!" Bill snapped.

"Bill, I'm sure it didn't mean any harm."

"C'mon, look at it's dumb face," He retorted, then glared at the goat suspiciously. "It planned this..."

"*Baa!"* It bellowed.

Will's gaze darted to the goat, then to his brother. "I think you gone mad."

Bill huffed. "I have not! And, I want this thing outta this house."

"But--"

"OUTTA THIS HOUSE!"

"Urgh, fine," Will sighed. "You know, for someone fascinated by dead bodies, it's surprising to see you're afraid of a petting zoo animal."

"I'm not afraid of it," Bill scoffed. "But, if you place that thing on the floor, I will burn this shack to the ground."

Will murmured something unintelligible. Then, he carried the goat to the front door, before opening it. He placed the animal on the porch, and it bleated in response.

"Bye, little guy," He told it, before closing the door. Will then returned to his brother. "Happy now?"

"Very," Bill replied.

"OK, forgetting about the goat for now," Will started. "What are we gonna do with this place?"

Bill answered for him. "Well, it's pretty obvious no one lives here. Despite the nice look, the inside looks like it haven't been cleaned for decades, and that horned demon doesn't seem like an average pet."

"So, is this suppose to be our home from now on?"

The blond contemplated. Once again, he looked at his surroundings, and saw how comfy it was compared to their other other living space. Bill had only been here for a few minutes, and it already felt like home.

"If you want it be, then yes," Bill said, finally.

Will hesitated, before a smile broke across his face. "Then, let's start getting comfortable, shall we?"

The two carried their backpacks, and climbed up the staircase. Both were unaware, of the stranger peering at them from the open window.

Tell me what you think about the first two chapters of this remake ! I would love to hear your thoughts .

More chapters coming soon !

Welcome-Part Three

[image]

Will's POV :

Sunlight filtered through his eyelids, irritating him before he opened his eyes. For a moment, he forgot where he was, and was surprised to see that he was sleeping on a bed in a unfamiliar room. Then like a strike of lightening, the memories of last night came flooding in, an unsettling nausea formed in his stomach.

Will slowly sat up, and stretched out his spine, wincing as he heard something pop. After that, he looked around at the room. It was mostly empty, except for the pair of beds, that the twins decided to sleep on. He turned to Bill, who was snoring loudly on the bed across from him. They were lucky to have found an unused bedroom upstairs, or they would've had an argument regarding who would sleep on the sofa. Will would've probably lost that battle, and ended up sleeping on the lumpy beanbag.

He yanked the moldy blanket off him, and swung his legs off the mattress. Will then stood up, and fixed his hair with his fingers. His eyes darted to the window, revealing a pleasant blue sky, before turning to the door at the end of the room. Beside the doorway, sat their backpacks. Quietly, he crept towards Bill's backpack, knelt down and rummaged through it. He eventually got his hands on their father's wallet, and peered inside it. There was enough money to buy them food, but it wouldn't last a week.

Will frowned, and returned the wallet to the backpack. They wouldn't survive a day out here without jobs, Will just hoped that there might be someone willing to hire two delinquent kids. He tossed his brother another look, then bit his lip.

Or, just me, Will decided. *I could find a job, it's not like Bill likes working anyway.*

Don't get him wrong, he knew Bill could be really productive when

he wanted to be. However...the blond's rebellious and somewhat sociopathic demeanor, tended to scare off potential jobs. Will loved his brother, but there was no denying that Bill could be a dick sometimes.

With that, he pulled on his shoes and jacket, and picked up his backpack. He was ready to go out, giving Bill one last look. Will noticed the dark bags under boy's eyes, like he hadn't slept in decades.

Besides, you done more than enough, Will decided. *It's my turn, now.*

Then, he headed out.

⁂

Will never expected to find the town so fast.

A dirt road had stood nearby the shack, and once following it, it had led him right to the big sign that read *Welcome to Zero Gravity Town.* After that, finding the town's border was easy.

Will was now strolling across the pavement, passing buildings of many varieties, and people going along their daily lives. He paused at a crosswalk, waiting for the little walking man in the light to turn green. After a few minutes, he felt a little out of place, since he caught a few stares directed his way.

Is it my hair?, Will wondered, his fingers running through his blue locks subconsciously.

He didn't know why the sudden attention was drawn to him, did he just look unusual? Insecure, he began to regret not letting Bill come with him, his brother oozed the confidence he lacked.

Will shook his head. *Stop it! You're not a little kid, who needs to hold Bill's hand 24/7. A few stares isn't going to kill you, you can do this!*

He, in fact, could not.

Once he was allowed to walk, Will quickly rushed over the crosswalk. He barely took two steps, before honking blasted into his

ear. He spun around, and his heart skipped a beat, when a limo came zooming towards him. Will froze in fear, and shut his eyes, waiting for the crash.

Except, it never came.

"Are you okay, dude?"

Shaking, Will peeled his eyes open, and turned to the one whom had spoken. Peaking his head out of the limo, was a chubby man with a top hat. Will regarded him curiously. This man looked unspeakably friendly, from the bright eyes, to the fuzz on his chin, and the gopher teeth.

"Yeah, I think so," Will replied.

"Oh, that's a relief," He said, stepping out of the car.

Will stared. As if the man couldn't look anymore goofier. Once he stepped out of the vehicle, it was revealed that he was wearing a bright yellow vest, a pair of goggles that wrapped around his neck, and loose black jeans around his stubby legs. Also, there were two objects tied to his belt. One was an umbrella, the other looked like a comically large key.

"Sorry about that, dude," The man said, sheepishly. "My driver isn't the best..."

A skinny man with a cap peeked his head out of the driver's seat window. "I'm Tyler, by the way!"

"Tyler never had experiences with limos."

"But, I did ride a unicycle once!" Tyler beamed. "I have the scars to prove it!"

"It's alright, no harm done," Will reassured them.

"But, there's gotta be something I can make it up to you," The chubby man insisted. "Name your price, it'll be easy, I am the mayor of this town, after all."

Will looked at him incredulously. "You're the mayor?"

He nodded in return. "The name's Soos: mayor of Zero Gravity Town. I can see, you're new around here?"

"Yes, I am," Will admitted. "My brother and I just moved here. I hope that's alright."

Soos clapped him playfully on the back. "Of course! Everyone is welcome here. I'm happy to make you and brother citizens of this town."

"Wow, that's really generous of you."

"Don't sweat it," Soos replied. "You guys couldn't ask for a safer place. This town, and all it's inhabitants, have been protected for centuries."

"Protected by who?" Will asked.

The man grew silent, and rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "It's a bit hard to explain...it'll be better if you find out for yourself."

The blue haired boy gave him a puzzled look, unsure of what he meant.

"So, any requests?" Soos asked.

Will was about to decline the offer, but then a thought dawned on him. "Can you give me directions? I'm trying to find a job--"

"Boom!" Soos exclaimed, pulling some folded paper out of his vest. "Here's a map for you, little dude."

"Uh, thank you," He responded, as he was handed the map. "Did you carry this map in your shirt the whole time?"

He nodded. "I carry loads of maps, in case I run into lost tourists. I use to carry acorns so I could feed some squirrels...that sorta backfired, don't ask."

Will didn't think he wanted to know.

"Anyway," Soos started, smiling. "In case you need anything else, you can always turn to me."

"Thank you."

"No problem, just your average work of a responsible adult--"

He was interrupted, when a buzzing emitted from his back pocket. Soos reached out, and pulled out a phone. He turned it on, and looked at the screen.

"Oh, it's my lunch break," He said, then turned to Will. "You mind holding this Key to the City, real quick? They don't allow it in the restaurant."

"Excuse me, what--" Will was cut off, when the large key was handed to him.

"Thanks!" Soos said, climbing back into his limo.

Before the boy could protest, the vehicle drove away from him. Will paused, not sure what happened, before snapping out of it. Adjusting the key under his arm, he looked at the map, to see what his next destination will be.

⁂

After a short walk, while still holding the blasted key, Will finally found the place he been looking for: *Greasy's Diner*.

At least he wouldn't screw up, when it came to serving tables. Not to mention, he was pretty good in the kitchen, if they ever needed a chef. So, with newfound courage, Will stepped inside the building.

The bell chimed to make everyone aware of his arrival, and he curiously looked around at the other customers. There seemed to be little, despite the delicious smell of pastries.

He tilted his head. *I wonder why there's so little people here--*

Will was interrupted, when a beaver jumped out from under a table. It hissed at him, and he screamed in reaction. It didn't take long,

before a woman ran up with a broom and started shooing it away.

"Bad! Bad beaver!" She shouted, pushing it out of the door. "And stay out!"

She closed the door on it, and turned to the boy. "Sorry about that, sweetie. Also, why are you holding a backscratcher?"

"This is a key," Will corrected, his heart still recovering from the scare. "And I'm just holding it for the mayor."

"For how long?"

Will sighed. "Depending on how he still hadn't returned from his lunch break, I'm guessing *forever*."

"Okay then, so what can I help you with?" She asked.

He breathed deeply, and looked the woman in the eyes-- or, *eye*. Oddly enough, one of her eyes were closed shut, and didn't seem to be showing any signs of opening soon.

"My name is Will Cipher," He started. "And, I would like a job here, please."

The lady inspected him thoughtfully. "Aren't you a little young?"

"Yes, but I assure you, I'm hard working. I may not have any experience, but if you just give me a chance--"

"Say no more," She interrupted, smiling. "You're hired."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah, I like your spirit," The lady decided. "Also, you can call me Lazy Susan from now on."

"Thank you, Lazy Susan," Will said, gratefully. "You won't be disappointed."

She nodded in return. "I sure hope so. And, if you'll excuse me, I'll be checking the floorboards for raccoons...those sneaky little

things."

He watched Lazy Susan walk away, and felt relief crash down on him like a boulder. He couldn't believe his luck, soon the twins will be able to live a normal life.

"You're not around here, are ya...?"

Will turned to the one whom had spoken, his gaze landed on one of the tables. An emo looking boy in a black hood and heavy eyeliner was sitting there, grinning at him weirdly.

"No, I'm not," Will said.

"Well in that case, how about I tell you a secret?" He replied. "Just take a seat."

Will hesitated. Something about the other boy seemed off. Yet, the people he met so far were strange, but they weren't dangerous, but helpful. So who knows, maybe this suspicious guy was really nice, it couldn't hurt to find out.

So, that was what made Will finally decide to take a seat by the table. He drummed his fingers nervously, while his gaze shifted everywhere but the person sitting across from him.

"So, what's this secret you wanna tell me?"

"The secret is about this town," He said. "There are creatures who roam here. Anomalies of all shapes and sizes."

Will's eyes widened. "It wasn't a nightmare, then! A monster attacked my brother and I last night, we barely survived."

"You should've left when you had the chance. Once you enter the town's border...there's no going back."

A cold shiver ran up his spine. "Why? Who's stopping us? Is it the monster--"

"Worse," The boy interrupted, his tone serious. "There are powerful beings who protect this town and all it's inhabitants. They call

themselves the Guardians, and they may seem nice, but they're a force to be reckon with. They imprison every poor soul who steps into their territory, forcing them to stay here for eternity."

Will straightened his back, and regarded the other suspiciously. "And how do I know you're telling the truth?"

The guy shrugged dismissively. "Knowing that you're new, you must've ran into a Guardian. They're always crawling around, luring travelers over the border."

Memories of last night hit Will like baseball bat. The woman in the trees! Could it be, that she was the Guardian the boy spoke of? He felt a rush of sickness, trying to digest this new information.

"W-what I'm hearing is, we're stuck here forever!? What do these *Guardians* want from us, and why is this town the only place filled with monsters?"

"I can answer all your questions eventually," He replied. "But first, can you tell me your name?"

"Sure, it's Will. And, what's yours?"

The other boy blinked. "Oh, it's Nor...normal..man"

"Are you trying to say *Norman*?"

"Yeah..."

Will gave him a friendly smile. "Nice to meet you, Norman...also, is that blood on your face?"

"Uh, it's jam!" Norman blurted out, briskly wiping off the red smudge on his cheek

"Ooh, I like jam," Will said, then added. "OK, going back to the original topic: Can you really answer all my questions?"

"Of course. Meet me in the picnic center in the woods, and all secrets will be revealed."

"Great! I'll bring my brother along, if that--"

"No offense, Will," He started. "But, I think it's better if you go alone."

"But, Bill needs to hear this, too," Will insisted.

"I'm just saying, the less people know about this, the better. The Guardians are always watching, and you don't want your brother to get in trouble with them, huh?"

Will frowned, pondering over this. "I guess, you're right. But, we usually tell each other everything..."

Norman looked at him in mild sympathy, and spoke gently. "Let's just keep this a secret between two friends, alright?"

The blue haired boy nodded, and felt a skip in his heart when he heard the word *friend.* The only other companion in his life, had been his brother, since others avoided the twins. But now, in this new environment, Will was always open for potential pals.

"Yeah, friends," He agreed.

Norman nodded in approval.

A part of Will felt guilty for hiding something away from Bill, but he was too curious about the mysteries that stirred in this town. He was just protecting his brother, Will was certain that Bill wouldn't be mad at him for that. Now that his mind was on the blond, Will couldn't help but wonder what Bill was up to now.

Welcome-Part Four

[image]

Bill's POV :

Bill was leaving his sleep, when he felt something wet touch his face. For a moment, he forgot where he was, and assumed he was sleeping in the ditch during a rainstorm. That's what he thought, until he opened his eyes, and stared back at two yellow eyes and a furry brown face.

"AH! WHY!?" He screamed, when he realized the goat from last night had been licking his face.

The animal looked at him blankly, seeming unaware of the shock it had provoked in the boy. Bill took a couple seconds to calm down, and saw that the goat was currently laying on his chest. Growling under his breath, he pushed the creature off. The goat landed on the floor, and bleated in what sounded like annoyance.

"Like *you're* the one to complain," Bill snapped. "How did you even get in here?"

Obviously, he went unanswered. The goat bleated again, but Bill ignored him this time. He suspected that Will might've let the creature in, and prepared to have a personal *chat* with his brother, about not inviting wild animals onto their property. However, when he turned to the other bed, all he saw was an empty mattress. He then noticed that Will's backpack was gone. Could the boy have gone out to explore?

Bill felt both worried and irritated. They were supposed to be in this together! Why would Will go off on unfamiliar territory alone, especially after the weirdness last night? Frustrated, he quickly got out of bed, and put on his shoes. Not bothering to fix his messy hair, he was about to head out in search for his idiot brother.

"*Baa!*"

"What now?" Bill groaned, then turned.

He was dismayed, when he faced the goat, who was chewing furiously at one of the loose floorboards. "Hey! Stop that! This place is semi-destroyed as it is!"

He rushed up and shooed the animal away. While the goat fled out the door, Bill was left to examine the damages it caused. He muttered curses under his breath, when the floorboard was nearly pealed off. He was about force it back into place, when his eyes caught a glint that appeared under it.

"What the...?" He trailed off, when he peered inside the floor.

Bill nearly gasped, at his discovery. Hiding away in the floor, was an object, and this said object was a book. It was thick in size, with old crippled pages. It's cover was a deep maroon, that paled throughout the years, littered with scraps and tears. Lastly, shining in the center, was a six fingered golden handprint, with a big number *3* on it.

Cautious, he used his fingers to pry the floorboard off, earning more than enough splinters in the progress. Bill didn't mind, he had experienced far worse. What could he say? Pain was hilarious like that. Finally, the floorboard snapped off, and he threw it aside. After that, he took the book out, and inspected it further. It was indeed old, ancient even, Bill wondered if it belonged to the previous owner of this shack. Only one way to find out.

With that, he opened the book to it's first page. "*Property of..."* But he couldn't read the rest, because the ink was so smudged, making it impossible to tell the name. Well, so much for finding the owner.

Still, Bill continued to look through it, and he could admit, he grew invested in each page turning. Every section, held information and bios, and a sketch of some bizarre looking creature. He didn't know what he was looking at, or who this book was meant for, until he reached a certain page, was when he found something that definitely held his interest.

Under the ominous writing, was a picture of two people standing

side by side. One was a woman, and the other was a man. Despite that, they looked a lot like twins, and were wearing old-fashioned attire. Bill's eyes drifted to the sword that the man was clutching, and a shiver ran up his spine for some unknown reason. He began to read the letters above the picture.

"*Guardians of the World Balance,*" He read. "*They protect the universe from the powerful source called Weirdness, and are currently located in the Scape. They are high ranking Guardians, able to bend reality and knowledge itself. They are also particularly famous for slaying the one eyed beast that destroyed our realm. Their main responsibility, is a place called Zero Gravity Town.*"

Bill blinked several times, starring at the page, before turning it. Another page similar to the last one, except this one held a picture of a woman wearing furs, and holding an axe in her hand. The boy quickly read her bio.

"*Spirit of the Forest. Skilled with her Battle Axe, she defends everything regarding nature, and used to travel frequently, before she was bound to Zero Gravity Town. She now subsides in the forest, and keeping in check with the creatures, and preventing any Weirdness from leaving the territory.*"

Bill was beginning to question what this Weirdness really was. He immediately recalled the monster last night, along with the suspicious woman in the trees. He frowned. Oh no, did him and his brother just led themselves into a freak invested town!? His question was forgotten for now, when he heard loud noises downstairs. He stilled, wondering if Will had returned.

Only one way to find out.

Bill quickly returned the book where it was, and yet again moved towards the exit. He began a slow descent downstairs, hoping to be stealthy, until it was ruined by a certain someone. The goat bleated loudly, and came running down, accidentally toppling into Bill's legs. He cursed, and managed to recover his balance in time. He sighed in relief, but it might've been too late for that.

"What made you think a goat is a decent house pet?"

Bill jolted at the new voice, but somehow, found it oddly familiar. He turned, now facing a person that stood at the bottom of the staircase. She was a woman, with a lithe body, yet muscular arms and legs, and long wild red hair. Her clothing consists of pelts from animals, she wore a binder instead of a top, and she had war paint on her freckled face. Bill also would add, that her eyes had a suspicious calmness to them, in a way that he couldn't tell if she was deciding to attack or offer him a cup of tea. And, he immediately recognized her from the picture.

Spirit of the Forest .

"Why are you here?" He demanded, wishing he had some kind of weapon.

"Relax, I mean no harm," She said, coolly. "Also, don't you remember me?"

"No, why would I--"

Bill stopped mid sentence, finally able to process the woman's voice. He definitely recognized it now. "You! You led us here."

She snapped her fingers. "Bingo! And my name is Wendy, by the way."

"Whatever, Red," He retorted. "Again, why are you here?"

"Fixing your TV, so you can watch awful horror movies in peace."

Bill regarded her in puzzlement. "What...WHAT?"

Wendy made a lopsided smile. "Come down here, so I can explain everything. And by *everything,* I mean it."

Bill stayed where he was, not comfortable associating with someone who committed breaking and entering. And no, what him and Will did with the shack wasn't technically breaking the law, because no one owned it in the first place...he thought.

"Bill."

He felt a launch in his chest, when he heard his name being spoken by Wendy. That was impossible, he never told her his name...

Before Bill could ask about it, Wendy shut him up with her serious gaze. "You need to listen to what I have to say. Please, your life depends on it."

Bill gave her a long look, before finally accepting defeat.

"Spill it, Red."

⁂

Will's POV :

He had no idea what came over him, when he decided to wait in the forest alone.

With help from his map, he found the picnic center, which was disturbingly empty, considering summer was usually active for families to spend time together here. Will sat by a rickety wooden table, occasionally flinching, when he heard even the slightest sound, and briefly wondered how he managed to survive this long.

His mind reverted back to the boy in the hood, and the eerie warnings about these Guardians. Was it all a joke? Did Will come out here for nothing, just to score a few laughs? If that was true, he could only blame himself, for listening to Norman in the first place.

Will grimaced, as he felt the heat of the sun seething through his sweater. Despite being surrounded by trees, sunlight managed to filter through the leaves. Growing uncomfortably warm, Will took off his sweater, until he was only left with a thin vest. After that, he tied the clothing around his waist, and then reached inside his backpack that was strapped to him. He took out his phone, and checked the time.

13:00 pm

His shoulders slumped. Will had been waiting for almost half an hour. Though, him and Norman never established the exact time of their meeting, so the chances are that the hooded boy was only

running late. If so, was Will prepared to wait all day, or would it be better if he went home and then return later on? His thought process was interrupted, when his phone vibrated in his hand.

A text message from Bill, Will thought, looking at the screen.

Oh no. Before even opening the message, he suspected that his twin was annoyed by him for venturing out into town alone, and Will half expected Bill to send him a long paragraph explaining all the ways he was going to kill him if he didn't return home right now. Wouldn't be the first time. Bracing himself, Will opened the message.

B: *Where are you !?*

So far, so good, at least there were no death threats this time. Will thought about what to reply with, his eyes scanned his current surroundings. Finally, he answered.

W : *I'm at a picnic center in the woods .*

B : *What the hell are you doing there ?*

Will paused. He couldn't tell his brother that he was waiting for some emo guy willing to spill secrets of this town, Bill would never believe him and would most likely try to drag him back to the shack.

W : *Because I like the scenery .*

B : *Well , come home now .*

W : *Why ?*

B : *Because , I said so .*

Will knitted his brow together. This wasn't the first time Bill ordered him around, and what was worse, Will always did exactly as he was told. But, it was only necessary, right? Bill was more experienced, smarter, stronger, and better looking. It was only natural that he took the lead, while Will stayed in the sidelines quietly. A life that Will had been content with...mostly.

W : *Is something happening at the shack ?*

B : *...*

B : *No .*

He noted the pause before the simple answer. Suspicion and worry began to creep in. Was Bill lying to him? That couldn't be it, at least to Will, the blond was almost always truthful. Unlike, Will himself of course. Guilt slithered in, just when Bill sent another text.

B : *Actually , there's one problem .*

Will stared.

W : *Really ? What ?*

B : *OK , just wait a sec .*

He immediately had a pleasant surprise, when Bill sent him a picture of a familiar face. It was the goat from before, and underneath the picture was another text.

B : *Did you let this monster into the house ?*

Will suppressed a laugh.

W : *No , but since he's there , can we keep him ?*

B : *Never in a million years .*

W : *C'mon ! At least think about it .*

B : *If you mean think about calling animal control , then yes .*

The boy rolled his eyes, though, he was relieved that the goat was Bill's only problem.

B : *So , are you coming home or what ?*

Will hesitated, looking aimlessly at his screen. He tossed one look at his empty surroundings. No one was here, which meant there was no reason for him to be here also. So, his fingers hovered over his

phone, about to answer--

"Hey there, blue."

Will looked up, and to his surprise, Norman stood in front of him. The blue haired boy stared, mostly wondering when Norman had turned into a freaking ninja, and managed to sneak up on him so quietly.

"H-hey, Norman," He blurted.

Norman's gaze darted side to side. "I see, you came alone."

"Yeah."

"So," He started, grinning slyly. "Do you finally want to hear everything?"

Will nodded, and prepared to stand up, when Bill sent another message.

B : *Hello ? I'm waiting for an answer .*

He stared blankly at it, and a thought dawned on him. They wouldn't take long, right? Norman was only going to share some information. With that, he replied:

W : *I'll be there eventually .*

After that, he turned off his phone, the black screen reflected his guilty expression. Was that the right thing to do? Should he have sent Bill his location if things went south? Will imagined the blond would come charging in to save him as always, and suddenly frowned at the mere thought. No. This was a new home, and a new Will to go along with it, he couldn't keep depending on his brother.

"Can you tell me more about this town?" He asked, trying to seem confident. "Why are there monsters crawling around? Where did they even come from?"

"I'll tell you what I know," Norman replied, gruffly. "Most say that they escaped from another world and this was the only place able

to contain their Weirdness."

"Why did they need to escape?"

"A creature. The legendary One Eyed Beast destroyed their dimension, and threatened to make them slaves. Jumping universes was the only way. Don't ask me how they did it, because I don't know."

Will let this sink in. *One Eyed Beast.* For the life of him, he wasn't sure why that phrase sounded familiar. It was like trying to catch a grain of sand in the wind, the memory was there, but he couldn't grab or see it correctly to make it stick.

"What about these Guardians?" He moved on. "Besides from imprisoning people, what other things did they do?"

"Just awful things," Norman said, shaking his head slightly. "There's two in particular you might wanna watch out for: the Guardians of World Balance. One is corrupt and judges poorly, while the other can break your mind with a snap of her fingers."

Will tensed. "And, have you met them?"

He nodded. "Oh yes, we'll never forget the time they tricked us."

"Well, I'm sorry you had to go through that-- Wait, did you just use *we* and *us*? As in, more of you?"

Norman blinked, and then said quickly. "Yes, my friends and I had a bad run in with them, it wasn't a good experience."

"In that case, how do Bill and I avoid these two?"

"Short answer: you can't," He said, bluntly. "They are master trackers, that can find almost anything. But, there is a way to save yourself."

"Whatever it is, I'll do it," Will decided.

Norman smiled widely. "You stay with me, and I'll protect you."

Will stared, shocked but mostly confused. "Uh, if it's for our safety, I can consider staying over from time to time, but Bill would need a lot more convincing--"

"Not Bill, only you," Norman said, firmly.

He stared. "But, he's my brother, I'm not gonna leave him alone."

The hooded boy gave him the most serious expression. "Don't you see, it's Bill that the Guardians are after! He'll only put you in danger, you belong to us!"

"Wait! You're not making any sense. Bill did nothing wrong, why would they be after him? And what is this *us?* Your friends?"

Norman looked at him, before breathing deeply. Will almost jumped, when the other boy dropped to his knees and bowed.

"No, we are your humble servants," He said, while he faced the ground.

Ohhh! Now I get it, he's crazy, Will realized.

"Imma' go now, Norman. It's been nice meeting you, but..."

Will didn't finish that sentence. He turned around and started walking, regretting ever coming here. However, he was stopped in his tracks, when a hand grabbed him roughly by the wrist.

"You're not going anywhere!" The hooded boy snapped.

"What the actual heck!?" Will shouted, trying to free himself. "This isn't how you make friends, by the way! I have a panic whistle in my backpack and I'm not afraid to use it!"

He struggled desperately, and was finally able to pull back from Norman. By then, Will accidentally tripped over his feet, and fell onto his rear. He groaned softly, but then slowly noticed something. Norman was now standing a few feet away from him, but a hand was still gripping his wrist.

Will's face contorted into complete horror, when he stared at the

disembodied hand grasping him. He wanted to scream, but all that came out were high pitched squeaks. He slowly turned back to Norman, whom was stalking towards him, the boy's body suddenly moved like a broken puppet.

Will trembled. "What are you...?"

"You'll find out soon," Norman smirked.

And before the blue haired boy could escape, something crawled up to him from behind, and landed a blow into his head. Will had one last look at the hooded boy, before complete darkness flooded his vision.

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Bill's POV :

It had been a few minutes, since Will replied to his text. Before that, Bill had recently been told a long explanation from Wendy. And what annoyed him more, was that after telling him, the redhead seemed to be pretending like nothing happened.

"I fixed your TV!" She announced, peeking out from behind the television.

"The TV is the least of my problems!" Bill snapped. "Aren't we gonna talk about this?"

Wendy leaned against the electronic box, and looked at him curiously. "About what?"

He rolled his eyes. "I dunno, let's recap, shall we?: My brother and I stumbled upon this town, that happened to be a magnet for all things weird. Also, monsters exist! And this place is protected by Guardians like you. Powerful spirits exist! And if that wasn't the cherry on top of this hell cake, Will and I are trapped here for eternity!"

The woman fingered a strand of her hair casually. "Not for *eternity*. It'll just be harder for you to leave, since the very aura of this place will try to stop you."

"So, what are you telling me? That is this town is alive?" Bill scoffed.

"No, it has a tendency to keep weird things in," She responded.

"My brother and I are not weird!" He shot back, then added. "OK, maybe we are weird, but not *giant monster* weird, or *freaky tree lady* weird."

"Hey, be glad you ran into me instead of the twins," Wendy said. "They would've treated you much differently."

Bill caught the word *twins,* and recalled one of the pages he found in the book. His curiosity sparked, and he wanted clarification.

"Twins, you say?"

"Guardians of the World Balance," Wendy started, her mouth forming a small smile. "Also goes by Dipper and Mabel. They're fun when you get to know them, but unfortunately, they take their job seriously."

"And I'm guessing they keep the world balanced?" He remarked. "If so, they're not really good at it, I'm still not seeing any world peace."

"They don't interfere with mortal against mortal problems," She told him. "Their job is much more complex. They protect human kind from Weirdness."

"Well, they suck at that, too," Bill retorted. "Where were they, when Will and I were almost eaten alive?"

"They don't have control over minor oddities," She explained. "Actually, since the monster was on my territory, I should've been there for you, I'm terribly sorry for that. As for Dipper and Mabel, they protect the world from a much bigger threat."

"What's *bigger* than that thing I saw last night?"

Wendy had a distant look in her eyes, not even facing the blond directly. "Well, it's kinda complicated...the threat is you."

Bill's throat tightened, and for some reason, he was a bit scared. "What? That doesn't make sense--"

"I'll explain," Wendy said, quickly. "You see, we Guardians had a world of our own. And amongst us, there were these beings called Demons, who we just made peace with--"

"What does that have to do with me?"

"Let me finish. Anyway, one of the most powerful Demons, decided to wage war on the Guardians. He wore your face and name, and he killed thousands of our brethren."

He felt his legs quiver under him, and forced himself to stand tall. "So, what does it matter if he looked like me? I don't know if you noticed, but I'm fifteen years old, how am I capable of leading a war?"

The woman hesitated, bowing her head so a shadow loomed across her face. "Here's the thing: when Demons die, they reincarnate after a thousand years. This said Demon, was slayed by the twins themselves, and hasn't returned since...until now."

Wendy met Bill's scared eyes, with a dead serious gaze. "Bill, you are his reincarnation."

The blond was paralyzed in the spot. Finally getting the hold of himself, he shook his head furiously. "I don't believe a word you say. No matter how cool the idea seems, I'm not some demon lord. I'm not evil."

"You can believe whatever you want," Wendy decided. "But, Dipper and Mabel will see you as a danger. *Especially* Dipper."

Bill frowned. "What about Will?"

"They only want you."

He felt a little reassurance that his brother was at least safe, but another question still bugged him. "OK, hypothetically, if I choose to believe your nonsense, why are you helping me if I'm such a bad guy?"

"Crazy dorrito or not, you're still a kid," Wendy said, genuinely. "I don't think it's fair, if you're punished for something that was technically not your fault. Which is why..."

Bill almost jolted, when the redhead approached him. She paused before him, and placed her hands on his shoulder. Wendy gave him a warm smile, which Bill didn't return.

"I'm here to protect you," She finished. "That goes for your brother as well. Dipper and Mabel are my friends, so it might be easier to convince them."

"I hope you're right, Red," Bill replied. "Also, you have any idea when these two are arriving to kick my butt?"

Upon saying this, there was a loud banging at the front door. Bill spun around, and briefly hoped it was just Will. He doubted it, since his brother had this sissy way of knocking, that the sound eventually became imprinted into the blond's brain.

Wendy's eyes narrowed on the door, she seemed unsurprised.

"I'm guessing: right now."

Welcome-Part Five

"Upstairs. Quickly!" Wendy told him.

Bill reluctantly obeyed, and made a dash up to his bedroom. He made it inside, and shut the door behind him, just when he heard footsteps enter the shack, along with an unfamiliar voice echoing from downstairs.

"Wendy?" The voice gasped, sounding male. "What are you doing here?"

Bill leaned against the door, pressing his ear against the wood to hear better.

Wendy replied coolly. "Oh, I was raiding this place for snacks. What are you two doing here?"

"To catch a fugitive!" A another voice sang. "Hey, you can join us while we wrangle him up!"

He calculated the second unfamiliar voice. She was definitely female, but her voice was much different than Wendy's calm tone. She sounded bubbly and enthusiastic, like a little girl trapped in a woman's body.

"I already explored this whole place, there isn't anyone here," Wendy insisted. "Maybe, you charted wrong?"

"Really? But, that's impossible, I never get it wrong," The male stuttered.

"I think you meant *we,*" The girl remarked. "Also, Wendy, are you sure he didn't turn invisible or something?"

"Mortals can't turn invisible, Mabel," Her brother deadpanned.

"Give me a break, Dipper. I never been to this realm since...a *millennia* ago. How am I suppose to remember what mortals can and

can't do?"

"Well, they may not turn invisible, but they're definitely good at hiding," Dipper sneered. "I know *he* is here. It's only a matter of time, before *he* grows tired of cowering."

Bill glared. This maybe too quick to be certain, but he could tell that him and this *Dipper* fellow weren't going to be the best of buds.

"Calm down, Dipping Sauce," Mabel told him. "Maybe, *he* escaped before Wendy showed up."

"Yeah," The redhead agreed. "*He* probably ran off into the woods, I could help you search."

"Wait, you're coming with us?" Dipper asked, sheepishly.

"Of course, is there a problem with that?"

"NO! I mean, of course not, hehe..."

"Uh, alright then," Wendy responded. "Then, we should go as quickly as possible."

"Yes, we shall," The man said. A moment later, there was the sound of the front door being open.

Meanwhile, Bill slid to the flood, as his pacing heart slowed for a couple of minutes. He was safe, at least for now. Hopefully, that redhead would take them on a wild enough goose chase, to the point where they give up. He could finally relax--

Ring ! Ring !

Bill's gaze shot to his phone, which erupted in his ringtone, as he was receiving a video call from non other than his brother.

"What was that?" Dipper demanded.

"Oh! Did I forgot to tell you there was a goat?" Wendy blurted out.

"That didn't sound like a goat," Mabel noted.

Dammit, Will!, Bill's mind screamed.

He wanted to reject the call, but decided to accept it last second. He prepared to give Will a scolding of a lifetime, until he realized where his brother was located. In the video call, Will was surrounded by darkness, he was only in his white vest, which had little holes torn in it, and he looked terrified.

"Will? Where are you?" He fretted.

"Bill, I made a huge mistake," Will jittered. "Listen carefully, I am in a cave somewhere in the woods."

"OK, I'll be right there!"

"No! That's the worse thing you could possibly do. You'll fall right into their trap."

Bill frowned. "Who's *they*? What happened--"

"There's no time to explain," He interrupted, his face alert. "All you need to know, is that I been kidnapped."

"What!? By who?"

Will gulped. "By--"

That's when the signal died, and Bill was left with no answer. His eyes widened, and he tried to dial Will back. So far, no response.

No, no, no! Come on!, He thought, shaking his phone in desperation.

Alright, the phone was a bust, now to take action. Bill rushed towards the single window, and pried it open. Afternoon air wafted into his face, but he didn't allow himself to enjoy it, while his brother was endangered. In a hurry, he climbed onto a desk to reach the window, and after a couple of attempts, was able to swing one of his legs over the panel. He scanned the outside, for a moment he thought he could get through this, until he got an unexpected surprise.

Poof !

"Hello, *Cipher*."

Bill didn't know why, but every inch of him tensed, once hearing that voice. Very slowly, he turned around, and saw the twins from the downstairs, standing before him.

They looked exactly like their picture. The woman had a flowing red train skirt, a white bodice, long leather boots, and a hat with a sticker of a shooting star on it. As for the man, he was dressed more formerly, like a pioneer soldier, his sword sheathed on his belt, and a silver pine tree crest was attached to his hat. They were definitely twins, with similar features: such as brown hair, and face shapes. However, they seemed like complete opposites, noting their body languages and overall auras, kinda reminding the blond of his relationship with his brother.

Not to mention, their *eyes.* If Bill could even call them that. They looked so out of this world, Dipper had pale blue ones with pink pupils, while his sister had bubblegum pink eyes with blue pupils. And they both zeroed in on Bill, filled with suspicion and hostility. He was certain he was done for, until someone else barged into the room.

"Bill!" Wendy gasped, standing in the doorway.

Dipper spun towards her, betrayal almost prominent in his eyes. "You knew he was here? Why didn't you tell us?"

Wendy held a defensive stance. "Because, he's a *kid*."

"Have you forgotten what he did to our home?" Mabel protested.

"Of course, I remember it like it was yesterday," The redhead insisted. "But, Bill doesn't. He isn't the evil being that we once knew."

"His memories could easily be restored," Dipper argued. "Demons are like that, it only takes a trigger to turn him back into his former self. We can't trust him to still walk on this earth."

"Excuse me!" Bill yelled. "Don't you think I deserve a say in this?"

Dipper shot him a glare. Fast as lightning, he unsheathed his sword, and pointed it in the blond's direction. "Nothing you say will convince me, Cipher."

Bill stared at the obsidian blade, with stars scattered over the surface. The sword was twice as intimidating in person, than in the picture.

"Dipper, don't!" Wendy pleaded, jumping in between them. "Bill did nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong?" Dipper repeated, in disbelief. "Wendy, do you even hear yourself? He destroyed planets, he killed thousands, and worse of all, he--"

"It's all in the past," She remarked. "And if you can't see that...Then, I won't let you hurt him."

Mabel looked the redhead sorrowfully. "Wendy, we're your friends, are you really going to take *his* side?"

Wendy narrowed her eyes, held her hand up. Immediately, her axe manifested out of thin air, and she used both hands to grip the handle.

"Absolutely."

There seemed to be some kind of standoff after that. The Guardians stood across from each other, while Bill was still sitting on the windowsill, looking like an idiot.

I don't have time for this!, He thought. *Will's still in danger!*

"Hey! Twiddle Dee and Twiddle Dum!" He addressed the twins. "This has been a nice *chat,* but I really need to go somewhere."

"You're not going anywhere," Dipper growled, softly. "Not until we ask you a few questions."

Bill rolled his eyes. "I'm really in a hurry, so--"

"Dipper, look here..." Mabel interjected.

They all turned, and saw the woman knelt low while inspecting a broken floorboard. Bill's eyes widened, when she reached in and pulled out the maroon book.

Wendy's face contorted into shock. "Is that..."

"Journal Number 3," Dipper breathed, taking the book from his sister's hands. He spun to glare at Bill again. "How long have you had this!?"

"I found it a couple of minutes ago," Bill replied, quickly. "If you want it so bad, just keep it."

"Did you read it?" He demanded.

Bill paused, then quickly responded. "No."

Dipper returned this with a daggered look. "I don't believe you. This is the final straw."

He rose his sword threateningly, while Bill watched in horror. But before Dipper could do anything, the book in his hands started emitting a glow.

The male Guardian stared down at it. "What the--"

Then, there was a blast. It exploded from the journal, throwing both Dipper and Mabel across the floor. Dipper had released his hold on the book, and it was currently hovering in air. Bill gaped, when it rocketed towards him, and he caught it in his hands at the very last second before it could fly out the window.

Mabel got up first, rubbing her head. "What was that...?"

Dipper paled, as though seeing a ghost. "It can't be...the journal is bound to him."

Wendy saw that the two were distracted, and quickly took her chance. "BILL, RUN!"

It took a microsecond, before Bill obeyed. Clutching the journal in his arms, he climbed off the windowsill and onto the roof. He

stepped sideways, at the same time when a column of light shot of the window a hair's breadth away.

"Dang it, I missed him!" Mabel shouted.

"Don't let him escape!" Dipper roared.

Adrenaline pumping through his veins, Bill went into a sitting position and slid off the roof. He landed on his feet, but might have buckled his knees in the process. He swore under his breath, when a bolt of pain shot through him. Bill heard a yell from the window, then decided to endure the ache in his legs. Limping as fast as he could, he distanced himself from the shack and entered the woods, in hopes of finding his brother.

⁂

Bill had been searching for who knows how long.

Night was beginning to fall, and he had no flashlight to guide his way. It was only a matter of time, before Bill would be walking hopelessly through the dark. But, he refused to give up. Fortunately, he remembered that Will had been stopping by the picnic center, and went to look there. Once he arrived, he found something at last.

Laying on the ground, was Will's blue sweater.

Bill stared at it for what felt like eternity, before finally bending down to pick it up. He felt the soft clothing in his hands, and experienced a flood of different emotions at that moment, but one shone above the rest: *anger*.

He growled softly, fisting the sweater until his knuckles turned white. He swore, he will exact revenge on the bastards that took Will. But, he still needed to find them first.

Bill's brother told him that he was in a cave, but the blond was new to this forest. He would have to journey the whole woods, but that was the trip he was willing to make.

Tap tap tap !

On instinct, Bill tried to pinpoint the sound. His attempts were fruitless, since he couldn't see anything. He clutched onto Will's sweater, along with the journal, looking suspiciously at the trees.

He hoped it had been a squirrel. That is, until a heavy blow was landed in the back of his head, and everything went black.

....

...Bill?

Bill !

"Bill, wake up!"

The blond's eyes shot open, and everything was blurry at first. After his eyesight was restored, he realized he was laying on his side. Bill forced himself up, a headache pounding through his brain.

"Arrgh, what happened?" He questioned.

"I'm so glad you're okay!"

Bill turned to the voice, and he gasped when he saw Will sitting beside him. "Will, thank goodness you're here, let's go!"

Will frowned. "I don't think we can do that."

"And, why not?"

"Because we're in a cage."

Bill blinked, then looked at his surrounding. "Well, darn..."

They were indeed in a cage, that hovered a few feet off the ground by a chain. Outside their prison, were nothing but stone walls, indicating that they were obviously in a cave.

The blond rubbed the bridge of his nose, sighing heavily. "I told you not to go out alone!" He snapped at Will.

"You never told me that," He argued. "And I was looking for a job. *You know,* so we can survive."

"Then, explain how this happened," Bill said, gesturing his arms around him.

Will bowed his head, and looked ashamed. "I ran into a guy named Norman. He told me about this town, and offered to answer all my questions. It was an offer I couldn't refuse, so I met up with him in the picnic center and..."

"He kidnapped you and trapped you in this cave," Bill concluded. "What a creep."

"I'm sorry," Will said, miserably. "I should've told you about Norman, but I thought I could do it on my own. Now, you're stuck here too, because of me. I'm so sorry..."

The blue haired boy hugged his knees to his chest, and hid his face. Bill regarded him in concern, and hesitantly wrapped an arm around his brother's shoulders.

"It isn't your fault," He reassured. "Well, it partially is. But I should take the blame for being captured, since you warned me not to come. For now, let's put our mistakes in the past, and plan out our escape."

Will slowly looked up, and managed a weak smile. "Yeah, let's do it."

"Good, because we're a team," Bill smiled, nudging him playfully. "That's why people call us the *Demonic Twins*."

"Nobody calls us that."

"Trust me, it'll catch on," He insisted. "Now, tell me when Norman will return so I can get ready to punch him in the groin."

Will rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "About that, Norman isn't exactly...*human*."

Bill rolled his eyes. "Don't tell me, I'm gonna have to fistfight a zombie or something."

"Not a zombie," He replied. "More like--"

"Well, well, look who's finally awake."

The brothers turned in arrival of the voice. Bill's jaw almost dropped open, at what he witnessed before him.

A dozen or so, tiny men, like in *inches,* with red pointed hats, suspenders, and scruffy beards. The one in the lead had spoken, and he was grinning up at the twins.

"Morning, sunshines!" He beamed. "Well, it ain't technically morning, but it felt right in the context. So, MORNING!"

Bill slowly turned to Will. "Gnomes!? How did you get kidnapped by gnomes? More importantly, how did *I* get kidnapped by gnomes!?"

"We tucked you in with a big ol' rock," The gnome said, cheerfully. "By the way, the name's Jeff."

"I don't care, let us out!" Bill shouted, rattling the bars.

"No can do," Jeff chuckled. Then, he glared at the blond. "You're not going anywhere, Bill Cipher."

"Why does everyone know my name?" Bill said, incredulously. "It's really creepy!"

"Jeff, please," Will chimed in. "We mean no harm."

"Oh, I know you don't," He replied. "Your brother, however...there has been a bounty on his head for centuries."

"What? But Bill has done nothing to you!" Will protested.

"Yeah! Also, how high is this bounty?" Bill asked.

Will turned to him sharply. "Really, bro?"

The blond shrugged. "I would like to know if the price of someone as valuable as me isn't too low."

"Don't worry about that, your cost is all the riches in the universe,"

Jeff described.

"Oh, good," Bill said.

"If you're delivered dead."

"Not so good."

"As for you, my bluebell," Jeff said, addressing Will. "You'll be kept here safe and sound."

"Why would I stay here of all places?" Will remarked.

"Because you'll be marrying my whole tribe, of course!"

Both twins stared back at him, unable to comprehend what they just heard.

"Mind repeating that?" Bill asked.

"We're in dire need of a queen," Jeff explained. "And whadda' know! We came across this beautiful blue haired maiden. Isn't that right, boys?"

"Queen! Queen! Queen!" The rest of the gnomes chanted.

"No, no, no!" Will argued. "I am not your queen! I'm a boy. Bill, tell them--"

Bill was currently laughing hysterically.

"BILL!"

"HAHAHAHAHA!" He hollered. "Sorry, this is...this is just RICH! HAHAHA!"

The blue haired boy nudged his brother angrily. "This is no time to be annoying!"

Bill had finally calmed down from his outburst, and wiping the tears of joy that resided in his ears. "OK, I have to be honest. No matter how hard it is to believe, Will is male."

"We know, and we don't dare," Jeff decided. "The wedding starts at midnight!"

The rest of the gnomes cheered, and Will's face paled with dread. Bill looked at his brother's expression, and grew protective.

"Listen, potato man!" He growled at Jeff. "Will isn't going to marry you! And let us go, or else..."

"Or else *what,* wise guy?" The gnome leader taunted.

Bill narrowed his catlike eyes. "Or else the Guardians themselves will come up here and unleash their wraith on your home."

Will stared at him, and uttered a whisper. "Guardians?"

Jeff sneered. "You're bluffing."

The blond smirked. "Maybe I am, but then again...do you really wanna find out?"

The gnome hesitated, before turning to his troops. "Jason, Steve, Carl, and...Sorry, I always forget your name."

"Shembuloc," The gnome answered.

"Thank you! Anyway, I need you three to watch the entrance, in case Goldilocks here is telling the truth."

The three nodded, and hobbled off. Meanwhile, Jeff turned back to the twins.

"As for you," He started, glaring daggers at Bill. "The wedding will resume as natural, and...you will be sitting quietly in the seats, and support your brother."

Bill blinked. "Oh."

"Then afterwards, we'll kill ya."

"Oh..."

Welcome-Part Six

Much later, the twins were thankfully relocated from the cage. Unfortunately, they had unbreakable vines binding their wrists and ankles together, making it impossible for them to escape.

They were in one part of the cave, where Will was getting his appearance done for his 'wedding', by a single gnome.

"I think that's enough flower necklaces," He insisted.

"Shembuloc," The gnome replied, adding another flower necklace.

"You don't understand a word I'm saying, do you?"

"Shembuloc."

Will groaned, then turned to his brother. "OK, back to what we just discussed, you're telling me that the Guardians are good?"

Bill paused at his current activity, which was attempting to chew through the vines. "Well, most of them. There's two in particular, that grind on my nerves."

"And you only decided to tell me this now?" Will remarked.

"Hey! I didn't tell you, to protect you," Bill shot back.

"Really? So, you thought I couldn't handle it."

"No offense, but you're not the best at coping," The blond replied.

"I handled well enough," Will said, defensively.

Bill cocked his head. "Is that so? Shembuloc, can you tell me how responsible Will is, despite himself getting kidnapped?"

"Shembuloc."

He nodded. "Yep, that's what I thought."

Will frowned, turning away from his brother. "Fine, we'll discuss this later. What I'm really concerned about now, is this backup you're referring to."

"I'm pretty sure Wendy can find anything," Bill explained. "Let's just hope, those twins don't follow her."

"What do these twins even want with you?"

Bill hesitated. How would he even explain this to Will? That he was once an supernatural being, that died and came back as a teenager. His brother had heard him spout random fibs before, so it's doubtful Will would believe him.

"Bill?" His brother questioned.

"Let's just say, they mistook me for someone else," Bill sighed, and then added. "Also, they went crazy over some book I found."

"Book, you say?" Will responded. "As it so happens, I heard the gnomes mentioning a book when they carried you in, maybe it was the same one you found?"

Bill didn't know why, but he felt a rush of relief hearing that. "Will, this is important, do you have any idea where they put it?"

Will shook his head. "No. But, why is it so important?"

"Parentally, that book is magic," He explained. "It's *bound* to me or something, and it has every single info on the creatures in this godforsaken town."

"That would certainly be convenient," Will agreed. "But, do we want to risk angering powerful Guardians, by taking their property?"

"We don't know if it belongs to them," Bill insisted. "Also, they should be thankful that I'm keeping it safe."

The blue haired boy was about to reply, then yelped when Shembuloc pinned a rose into his hair, and the thorns must've dug

into Will's scalp.

"Easy with the rose, it has thorns," He told the creature.

"Shembuloc," The gnome replied, apologetically.

Will turned to Bill seriously. "Forget the book for now, I don't know about you, but I will NOT be a broken housewife!"

"If my hands weren't tied right now, I would smack you," Bill deadpanned. "Have you forgotten that I might die, after you get hitched with Mr Potato Head?"

"Sorry, I'm just nervous."

"Don't worry, every bride gets cold feet before their big day."

"OK, now I want to smack you," Will remarked.

⁂

Wendy's POV :

Jeez , where are they !?

Wendy leaped from tree to tree, in a number of seconds. Her green eyes scanned the area, hoping to find the familiar speck of yellow hair.

And, she wasn't doing it alone.

"Wendy, slow down!" Dipper called to her.

The redhead paused on a branch, and looked down at the twins. "I can't! There could be wild creatures around, and Bill's by himself."

"Why do you even care?" He replied. "I still can't believe you trust *him* over your friends."

Wendy gritted her teeth, and dropped from the tree. She landed before Dipper, and towered over him. "*This* Bill is my friend! Why is it so hard for you to see that?"

"In our defense, *he* did try to conquer our world," Mabel reminded. "How are you sure *he* won't go crazy like last time?"

The redhead paused, her answer was lost in the clutter of her thoughts. Finally, she managed to reply.

"I doubt a boy could do that much damage," She insisted, then after much hesitation, she added. "But, if it were to come to that...then I'll take full responsibility as a Guardian."

Dipper frowned. "Wendy, you know what will happen if--"

"It doesn't matter," Wendy stated, determinedly. "If Bill turns evil, then I'll bare the punishment."

The twins looked at each other direly, but the redhead had made her choice. Wendy promised to protect the Cipher brothers, even if it meant losing the trust of her friends. She believed that Bill was no longer the enemy, and a part of her hoped she wasn't wrong.

"Fine," Dipper said, reluctantly. "So, where do you think Bill ran off to?"

Wendy stared at him. "You're going to help me find him?"

"Mostly to get the journal back," He admitted.

"How are you gonna do that, bro-bro?" Mabel asked. "It's bind to Bill at the moment."

"Mabel, I have accomplished great things, I'm sure I can figure out a reversal spell."

"You also accomplished at being a huge dork," She teased, nudging her brother.

Dipper flushed in embarrassment. "Argh, Mabel."

Wendy resisted the urge to smile. It was good to know, that despite being the most powerful beings in the universe, the Pines Twins still have their sibling quarrels from time to time.

"You guys look for clues on the ground, while I scout in the trees," She told them.

Dipper and Mabel both nodded, and the redhead easily climbed back into the tree. So, as time progressed, the three combed most of the forest, until they finally found a lead. Wendy spotted something in the next clearing, that made her jump off the branch she was recently perched on, and run up towards the thing in question. She paused before two objects: a blue sweater, and Journal Number 3.

Wendy's face dipped in worry, as she picked up Will's sweater. Meanwhile, Dipper had his eyes trained on the journal.

"The journal!" He exclaimed, excitably reaching for it.

However, he barely laid a finger on it, as the book emitted large rays of light, nearly blinding the Guardians. When the light dimmed, it revealed the journal floating in midair. Instead of grabbing it, the three gaped with wide eyes, and by the time they came to their senses, it was too late. The journal sped away like a firefly, cutting through the woods.

A expression of horror masked Dipper's face. "It's getting away!"

"It must be heading towards Bill," Wendy noted. "Quickly, follow that journal!"

She bolted in the direction of the flying book, with the twins shortly following. Her feet drummed against the earth, as she ran through the forest, in hopes of finding her friend.

⁂

Will's POV :

The ceremony had just begun, and Will couldn't be anymore traumatized.

He was still tied up, and covered in flowers that didn't do wonders for his allergies. He was standing underneath a homemade canopy, and the little monster named Jeff, was standing across from him. Meanwhile, in the rows where the rest of the tribe were sitting, Bill

was tied amongst side them, as well as gagged by a pinecone.

"Let's get this done in time for our honeymoon!" Jeff chuckled. "Reverent, you know what to do."

The gnome nodded. "Shembuloc."

"I do," Jeff replied, grinning at Will. "What about you, bluebell?"

The blue haired boy gulped. "Shouldn't we ask if anyone objects?"

"Why is that?" He responded. "We all know everyone here agrees, and as for those who don't..." Jeff shot Bill a glare, and the blond growled softly in return.

"Well, what if I object to marriage?" Will pointed out.

"Why would that cross your mind?"

"Because you kidnapped a fifteen year old boy, and forced him to be your bride."

Jeff threw his arms in the air. "Oh, so it's okay for others to kidnap unsuspecting children, but when a gnome does it, it's crazy!"

"The context is still messed up, no matter your species," Will deadpanned.

"Doesn't matter now!" The gnome snapped. "I worked my butt off to find a suitable queen, especially after being rejected by Mabel, and I'm not gonna stop now. We're getting married, whether you like it or not, Missy."

Will gritted his teeth. "For the last time, I'm not a--"

He was interrupted, a cry of shock rang from the gathering gnomes. He turned, and so a ball of light rocketing towards them, or more specifically, it was rocketing towards Bill. Before Will could warn his brother, the ball of light landed in the back of the blond's head, causing him to spit out the pinecone.

"Gah! What was that and why did it just hit me?" Bill demanded.

The object in question, laid nearby Bill, and the light from it immediately faded away. Will stared, when it revealed book, and he recalled a recent conversation he had with his twin.

"Bill, isn't that the book you were looking for?" He asked him.

The blond blinked, and turned his head around. Bill's eyes widened, as he gazed over the six fingered symbol.

"It is," He breathed. "But, how--"

"Mind if we crash this wedding?"

Will didn't recognize that voice, and but Bill seemed to, since his face lit up as soon as he heard it. Everyone turned, and what they saw, were three Guardians, with a smirking redhead in the lead.

Welcome-Final

"You!" Jeff roared, glaring at the redhead.

"Me," Wendy smirked, twirling her axe expertly. "And what did I tell you creeps about forcing people to marry you?"

"It's our free will, and we'll do as we please!" One gnome in the row shouted.

Mabel proceeded to kick him aside. "That's for being stupid!"

Bill tugged at his bindings, and shouted over his head. "Red, get us out of here!"

Wendy nodded, and went into a fighting pose, with Dipper pulling out his own weapon. Jeff's beard bristled like a threatened feline, and he spread his arms defensively by his sides.

"Oh no, you don't!" He hissed. "I refuse to be bested by you circus freaks in sparkly getup!"

Dipper stepped forward with a glare. "Step aside, little man."

"You have no idea what you're dealing with," Jeff growled. "We gnomes are a powerful force, do not--!"

Then, Mabel kicked him.

"I never felt so alive!" She beamed.

Wendy rushed towards the Cipher twins, and tore off their bindings. Will released a little squeak, when he was hurled off the ground, along with Bill, right after the blond managed to grab the book.

"You don't need to carry us!" Bill yelled.

Wendy shook her head. "Sorry, but we need to move quickly!."

Then she made a dash to the exit while carrying them, followed by the Pine twins. They burst into the air of the forest, hearing a shout behind them.

"They're getting away with our queen!" Jeff screeched. "After them!"

"We won't be able to outrun them!" Dipper yelled.

"What are you talking about, Pine Tree?" Bill remarked. "Have you seen their little legs, the suckers are tiny--"

Stomp !

Stomp !

Stomp !

The ground shook beneath their feet, and they halted in place, before turning around. A few miles away, was a giant, entirely made from the gnomes.

Will's eyes widened in recognition. "Bill, isn't that the thing that attacked us in the bus?"

Bill groaned. "Can't we get a break!?"

Then, Mabel tugged at their arms urgently. "Quickly! Over here!"

The brothers watched as she quickly pushed nearby bushes aside, to reveal a golf cart.

"Uh, where did you get that?" Will asked.

Mabel grinned. "We *definitely* didn't steal it. *Wink, wink."*

A thunderous roar shook the trees, and scared nearby animals. The Cipher brothers stared in horror, as the giant stomped forward, already nearing them.

"Get in!" Dipper commanded.

Will and Bill obeyed, and climbed into the front seats, while the Guardians climbed into the back. Dipper had a look of distraught,

when he noticed Bill was in the driver's seat.

"We're letting *him* drive!?"

Wendy turned to him. "Don't worry, I'm sure he knows what he's doing--"

"Road safety laws, prepare to be ignored!" Bill yelled, slamming his foot on the gas pedal.

There was a massive jolt that almost tossed the young adults out, as the vehicle sped unevenly through the dusty path. Meanwhile, the gnome monster roared with fury, and started pursuing them. Bill swerved the cart in all directions, while Will clutched onto his seat for dear life. The giant swung out his arm at them, shooting a couple of gnomes onto the roof of the cart. The twins stared up, as the creatures tore holes with their sharp teeth. Quickly, Wendy climbed up on the roof, and kicked them off. One gnome managed to crawl onto Will's back, and he screamed. While holding the steering wheel with one hand, Bill used the other to pull the gnome off his brother, and smash it against the dashboard.

"Shembuloc..." It groaned, before Bill tossed it out of the cart.

The giant started uprooting trees, and tossing them at the escaping vehicle. Bill felt a surge of panic, when one of the trees hurtled towards them, then Dipper unsheathed his sword. The blond watched in amazement, as the young man split the tree in half with his weapon, before it could crush them. That was pretty cool, but Bill would never admit it out loud.

The path suddenly became familiar to him, and he veered the cart, just in time to enter a clearing where the shack was. Bill couldn't press the break in time, they ended up crashing into the side of the building. Fortunately, no one was injured, only dazed. However, now wasn't the time to be relieved.

The ground shook again, an indication that the gnomes were nearing. Bill noticed this, and quickly crawled out of the cart. As he did, the journal fell out of his jacket. Not knowing what else to do, he desperately flipped through it's pages, hoping to find a solution

to this mess. To his dismay, he found nothing of importance, until he reached a certain page filled with rune markings, then an idea started developing.

Then, the five were silent, as the giant pushed through the trees, and stepped into the clearing, towering over them.

"End of the line!" Jeff yelled from the top. "Hand over the boys, or we'll do something crazy!"

"Back off, Jeff!" Wendy shot back, holding up her axe.

The gnome chuckled. "You can fight us off with those weapons all you want, but there will always be more of us, and we won't stop until those twins are in our grasp!"

"Wait!" Bill shouted, moving to the front of the group.

Will looked at him with wide eyes. "Bill, what are you doing?"

The blond didn't reply. He stepped closer to the giant, feeling the combined breath of many gnomes on his skin, making him fight the urge to shudder.

"Maybe, we can make a deal?" Bill offered.

Jeff's eyes squinted suspiciously. "What kind of deal?"

"You leave us alone," He started. "And in return, you get to marry one of the Guardians of the World Balance: Mabel Pines."

"Wait, what now?" Mabel questioned.

Dipper glared at Bill. "What do you think you're doing?"

Bill turned to him and whispered. "Trust me on this."

"*Trust you?* Are you mad?"

"I know you hate my guts, but I know what I'm doing," Bill shot back. "You just have to believe me."

Mabel regarded Bill thoughtfully, then sighed. "OK, I trust you."

Dipper gaped at his sister in complete shock. "Mabel?"

The female brunette didn't respond. Instead, she stepped past Bill, and confronted the monster before her. "If you leave these boys alone, then I'll happily be your bride."

Wendy and Will looked in distraught, and Dipper seemed at most horrified, while Bill had an unreadable expression.

"Yes, that's what I'm talking about!" Jeff beamed, then proceeded to climb down his brethren.

The little man approached Mabel, and paused before her. He eagerly held out a ring, and the young woman reluctantly allowed him to slip it onto her finger.

"Finally, now let's get you back to the cave," The gnome said.

"You may now kiss the bride," Bill said, suddenly.

Mabel shot him a glare, while Jeff grinned widely.

"Don't mind if I do." He closed his eyes, and puckered his lips towards Mabel.

The Guardian visibly gagged, but leaned in anyway. That was when Bill struck. He stepped in front of Mabel, and opened the journal, where the rune markings glowed blue. Jeff's eyes sprang open, and he gasped upon seeing the sigils aimed at him.

"Hey! What is this--"

"One important lesson today," Bill sneered. "*Never* mess with my brother."

"Wait, please!" Jeff begged. "Let's think about this! Will, can you tell your brother to calm down a tad?"

Will glared. "I want a divorce."

Jeff gulped, on the same moment when a huge blast of blue light rocketed into him. The gnome screamed in terror, as he was shot

into the sky, hitting the giant and breaking the formation. Hundreds of gnomes toppled to the ground, before Wendy chased them back into the forest while banishing her axe.

"That's right, run you little pests!" She shouted at them.

Afterwards, Wendy turned towards the brothers, and rushed up to give them a bear hug. Both were surprised by this, but returned her embrace. Once she released them, she turned to Will with a smile.

"I found something that belongs to you," She said, before pulling out a blue sweater.

Will's eyes lit up. "Yes, thanks so much!" He was handed the sweater, and he quickly pulled it over his head.

Meanwhile, Bill and Dipper stood facing each other in silence. The male brunette rubbed the back of his neck uncomfortably.

"You didn't trade in Mabel," He noted.

Bill creased his brow. "And you thought I would?"

"Well, yeah," Dipper admitted. "And, you used the journal...to save your brother."

"Of course, he did," Will chimed in. "We've always been there for each other."

"Hmm, doesn't that sound like us, Dipping Sauce?" Mabel pointed out, smiling at her brother.

Dipper frowned. "Yeah, it does..."

Wendy moved forward, and looked at Dipper seriously. "Now, do you see where I'm coming from?"

He nodded slowly. "It seems Bill isn't evil...at least, not yet."

"Does that mean you're not gonna kill me?" Bill asked.

"No," Dipper decided, then added quickly. "But, mark my words,

Cipher, Mabel and I will be watching you from now on. As for the journal, until I figure out a reversal spell, you are only to use it for self defense."

"And I'll supervise them to keep them safe," Wendy said, smiling at the brothers.

Dipper looked Bill and Will up and down, he looked like he already regretted his decision. However, he didn't admit it, and sheathed his sword before turning to face the forest.

"There are many secrets to this town," He said. He wasn't facing him, but Bill sworn the man was addressing him. "I pray you never discover them."

Mabel waved goodbye to her friend. "See you later, Wendy!"

Then, she took the spot beside her brother, and the two vanished from thin air, with a few bubbles appearing in their place. Bill watched the bubbles pop one by one, before turning to his brother and the huntress.

"So, we just got attacked by gnomes," Bill started. "What now?"

Wendy crossed her arms over chest, and smirked coolly. "You guys have any snacks?"

Will scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I think I saw a vending machine inside."

"Great," Bill smiled. "I bet I can fit 10 expired marshmallows in my mouth!"

"Please don't," Will told him.

"Yeah, Bill," Wendy said. "Don't be a coward, do *20*."

The blond laughed. "Now we're taking, Red!"

Will sighed.

⁂

Later, the Pine twins were standing in a starless landscape. Mabel stood aside, while her brother paced anxiously in front of her.

"Dipper, maybe you should calm down," She suggested.

"How can I?" He remarked. "When I just let the most dangerous being on earth live!"

Mabel shrugged. "Wendy was right. Bill is a kid, now."

"A kid with the journal!"

"At least, he hasn't got all three," Mabel reminded. "Speaking of which, did you ever find the other two?"

Dipper exhaled deeply. He had searched the mortal realm for eons, and still haven't found the two other journals. After a while, he gave up on his search, but of course, Mabel wasn't paying attention.

"I tried to, but all I got was nothing," He said. "And I can't believe Journal Number 3 was in some weird looking shack this whole time!"

Mabel grinned. "Yeah, I guess you went looking through monster invested caves for nothing."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "Not helping."

Mabel was about to respond, when the void was lit up by a scorching light. The twins turned, and saw a raging fireball hurtling towards them. Yet, neither of them were concerned.

It was just their uncle returning.

The fireball barreled into them, and both Guardians felt an arm hugging their shoulders. The light faded, revealing their Great Grunkle Stan.

"Isn't it my favorite knuckleheads!" He chuckled. "You got any treasures for me?"

"Only this," Mabel said, holding up a broken off side mirror from

the golf cart.

Stan took it from her, and examined it. "This is useless...I can definitely sell this!"

He buried it in his pocket, and Dipper tugged at his arm to gain the Day Guardian's attention. "Grunkle Stan, something happened in the mortal realm..."

The Pine twins did their best to explain the situation with the Cipher brothers, while their uncle listened intently.

"So, the boy has the journal?" Grunkle Stan breathed, tiny sparks erupting from his fingers.

Dipper bowed his head. "Unfortunately, it is bound to him. Bill should be the last one to hold something that belongs to..."

He trailed off, and Stan regarded him sorrowfully. "I miss him too, kid..." He started. "So, the destroyer of our worlds, is now a 15 year old in shorts?"

"Not to mention, also his brother," Mabel pointed out. "The innocent one, named Will Cipher."

Stan's lips thinned, and he seemed weary. "Listen, kiddos. I think you should listen to your tree hugging friend on this one."

Dipper blinked. "But, Cipher--"

"Is a completely different person now," The old man said. "Unless he's opposing a real threat, I don't want you attacking him unprovoked."

The brunette looked ready to protest, but he grew silent instead, grumbling under his breath.

Stan frowned. "Besides, he's not the one you should worry about..."

"What do you mean, Grunkle Stan?" Mabel asked.

"There are more Demons out there, waiting to turn Bill back into

the monster he once was. Our new plan of action: is to get Bill on our side, before they get him on theirs."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "What if we can't?"

Stan's eyes darkened behind his glasses. "Then, we'll have a very powerful enemy, and we won't expect to defeat him so easily."

(**A/N:** ***This is an early update. I would've waited to publish this on Saturday, but I think you waited long enough.***

Gobberwonker-Part One

In a secluded area , surrounded by towering trees , and domed by a dark sky , there was a man in the center . He sat in silence , not bothering to find a way out , trapped in his own mind . The forest was filled with nothing , but his endless chanting :

" EHT DNE SI RAEN !"

He repeated this distorted message over and over , but no one heard it but the trees , and the creature that lurked in the dark depths...

⁂

Bill's POV :

It was a sunny day, and Bill hated every moment of it.

Don't get him wrong, he liked summer as much as the next guy. What he didn't like, though: was being dragged out of bed, by a pesky redhead in broad freaking daylight!

And to make matters worse, Wendy had insisted on taking the Cipher brothers to the town's lake. So here they were, Will overdoing it with the sunscreen, while Bill fought the urge to keep his eyes open. Around them, were the annoying sounds of laughter and splashing, as families hanged out around the vast water before them.

"Isn't this nice?" Wendy smiled, stretching in the sunlight.

She looked more human now, and it only took a change of wardrobe. She was now wearing a green checkered shirt, with a pair of jeans, and a hat. When Bill had asked about her attire, Wendy said she didn't like getting recognized by the mortals, something about too many autographs or stuff like that.

Bill narrowed his eyes at her. "Can you explain why we're here?"

Wendy tilted her head. "C'mon, this is your new home, don't you want to scout the sceneries?"

"What I want, is to sleep in all day," He shot back. "The plan was going perfectly, until you ruined it."

Will nudged his brother. "Don't be such a stick in the mud, this place is kinda nice. Oh look, some lovely seagulls--"

He screamed, when the birds started flapping around him furiously, until Wendy scared them away. After that, Will scrunched into a trembling ball, while covered in feathers.

"I changed my mind, can we go home now?"

"I second that," Bill agreed.

Wendy's gaze darted between the two, and she exhaled heavily. "I have a confession to make: I brought you two here for an important reason."

The twins looked at her with curiosity in their eyes. Wendy rubbed her arm hesitantly, before pointing towards the lake.

"You see that island over there?"

Bill squinted his eyes, and stared out over the water, and managed to spot a silhouette in the distance, barely visibly behind the layer of fog.

"Yeah, and what about it?" He demanded.

Wendy scratched the back of her head. "That's Scuttlebutt Island, it so happens that a monster lives there."

Will's eyes widened. "Really?"

"Yeah. For centuries, it's been devouring residents and disappearing from sight. I tried a million ways to capture the beast, but it always avoids me and my traps."

Bill knitted his brow. "And what does this have to do with us?"

Wendy avoided their gaze, and looked out into the lake. "I came into realization, that this beast recognizes the scent of Guardians and I act as a repellent towards it. Meaning, I will need some bait to draw it out."

Understandably, the brothers both were taking this in with horror. Bill shook his head, furiously.

"Nope, not gonna happen!"

"Bill, hear me out--"

Bill glared. "Forget it, Red. I am not down with being fish food!"

"Can't you ask somebody else?" Will suggested. "Preferably, someone who doesn't mind getting eaten?"

"You think I haven't *tried?*" Wendy remarked. "You guys are my only hope, and I swear, nothing bad will happen to you while I'm around."

The blond regarded her with uncertainty. "If we do agree to this, what will you give us in return?"

"The satisfaction of helping out a friend?" She said, hopefully.

Bill narrowed his eyes, and Wendy sighed in defeat. "OK, what do you two want?"

"One word: money," Bill replied. "Our budget is a little tight, even with Will working at that raccoon invested diner."

Will shuddered. "So many raccoons..."

"Well, I live in the forest," The redhead pointed out. "So, I don't have any to spare."

Bill arched a brow. "Aren't you a being capable of accomplishing the impossible?"

"May I remind you, that I'm the Spirit of the Forest? My powers can't reach beyond nature." Wendy then paused, and a smirk grew

on her face. "However, there is a other way to get some cash."

"I'm listening," Bill told her.

Wendy knelt down, so she was at their eye level. "If you get photographic proof of this monster, it'll make you really famous and rich beyond your wildest dreams."

A smile tugged at the blond's mouth. The idea did sound tempting. Meanwhile, Will was shaking his head.

"No, I refuse to be a part of this," He protested.

Bill ruffled his brother's hair. "Don't be like that, don't you want out of that job of yours with that creepy boss?"

Will crossed his arms. "For your information, Lazy Susan is a great boss."

Speaking of which, the diner lady suddenly made an appearance, walking passed them while holding a frying pan for some apparent reason.

"Hey there, kiddo!" She exclaimed, waving towards Will.

"Oh! Nice to see you, Lazy Susan!"

"Just a reminder, you're cleaning out the grease trap tomorrow," Susan told him. "And don't be surprise if you find something moving in there. Anyway, bye!"

She walked off, and Will turned back to Bill and Wendy. "Nevermind, I'm in."

Wendy smiled brightly. "Good. I'll go rent us a boat."

She stood and walked off, leaving the two brothers alone. Will made a distraught expression. "Did I seriously agree to be live bait?"

Bill nodded. "Yep."

The blue haired boy groaned into his palms. Unlike Will, Bill was

much more relaxed over the matter. His lack of concern, probably originated from his countless escapes of death, whether inside or outside the town. Honestly, becoming monster bait seemed like a boring way to go compared to the other scenarios he landed himself into.

"Have trust in Wendy," Bill said, patting his brother's shoulders. "Also, this is the least we can do in return for the times she helped us."

Will sighed, sitting down on the earth, and hugging his knees to his chest. "Yeah, you're right. But, I have a really bad feeling about this."

Bill sit down beside him. "Relax, you've seen Wendy in action before, she will protect us."

"You're only saying that because you want the money."

"No, no...Well, yes."

"How are we gonna get a picture of this thing anyway?" Will questioned.

Bill smiled. "Patience. Dedication. And a lot of cameras." He jumped to his feet, and beckoned his brother forward. "To the gift shop!"

Will's shoulders slumped, and he reluctantly got up and followed Bill.

⁂

A while later, the trio was sailing across the lake, in a rented boat. Wendy had shed off her disguise, wearing her signature fur pelts. Bill was currently stuffing his backpack with the cameras he recently bought.

Will rubbed the bridge of his nose. "I can't believe you bought 13 cameras."

"I don't regret it," Bill remarked. "Have you ever seen horror movies? Camera problems is the first thing to look out for, that's

why I have spares."

Wendy looked over from the steering wheel. "Shouldn't we be worried that the side character is the first one to get killed off in those kinds of movies?"

"That too," The blond said. "Also, sucks to be you, Will."

Will blinked. "What is that suppose to mean!?"

Bill didn't answer, instead he took out two cameras and handed them to Wendy and Will. "Here, I want you to keep these safe."

Wendy regarded the object quizzically. "OK, how do I use this...?"

She pressed the button, and accidentally flashed the thing into her eyes. She screamed, and threw the camera over the railing. Wendy blinked a couple of times, before looking apologetic.

"Um, my bad."

Bill dismissed this with a wave of his hand. "That's alright, we still have 12. You can share with Will."

"Actually, she can't," Will said, sheepishly.

"And, why not?"

Will pointed a thumb over his shoulder. "Because I just threw mine overboard."

Bill looked him dead in the eye. "*Why?"*

"Hear me out....there was a bird."

"And your first instinct, was to throw a goddamn camera at it?"

The blue haired boy shrugged. "In retrospect, my actions are flawed."

Don't kill him. Don't kill him. Don't kill him, Bill's mind told him.

After resisting the urge to strangle his brother, Bill turned to the

railings. The island was nearing, and bits of fog began to form around the ship. He fought back the creeping anxiety, trying to keep his brave posture.

He turned back to the others. "OK, since we're almost at our destination, we will need someone to lead the group. From this point, you may refer me as *caption*."

Wendy looked at him skeptically. "Uh, I've been to this island before, I should be caption."

"You're merely a compass, m'lady," Bill taunted. "Being caption is all about the façade, that you clearly lack."

The redhead rolled her eyes. "OK, how about I be co-captain?"

"There's no such thing as--"

Wendy snatched his backpack, and held it over the churning waters. "You were saying?"

"Alright, you can be co-captain!" Bill said, quickly.

The redhead smirked, and gave him back his stuff. "And as co-captain, I suggest we make a system in case any of us get lost."

Bill haven't thought about that, until it she mentioned it. "So, you have any suggestions?"

Wendy nodded, and held out her hand. The air shimmered by her palm, and then a item materialized in her grip. It was similar to a Viking horn, and she handed it to the brothers.

"Hold onto this," She told them. "If you find yourself someplace strange, blow on this, and I'll come running to save you."

Both nodded in return, and the redheaded Guardian shifted her gaze to the island, as it loomed closer. There was a jerk in the boat, as it finally reached land. Wendy was the first one to climb out.

"Hurry up," She said, looking at the twins. "We got a monster to banish."

Gobberwonker-Part Two

The twins ventured deep into the musky smelling forest, following the blaze of red hair in front of them. Moments later, they had left the boat on the shore, as they entered the deep marshes of Scuttlebutt Island.

"Is the money really worth it?" Will questioned, glancing anxiously at a giant spiderweb.

Bill turned to him. "Not just money. But a chance at fame."

"Is that really any better, though?"

"Of course, it is," The blond replied, incredulously. "When you're famous, you get all the penthouses, girls and boys, and enough expensive materials to fill the void in your heart."

The blue haired darted his eyes sideways. "That sounds like your kind of thing, I suppose."

"Suit yourself," Bill said, with a shrug. "You may be content on living in the shadows, but I'm gonna live in the moment. And by the heavens, I will get myself on a useless talk show!"

"Quiet down," Wendy snapped, her voice lowered. "This thing could be anyway, so we need to be careful."

She crept forward, with the brothers in tow. Everywhere, the forest seemed to be sleeping, with only the faint sounds of little creatures moving in the trees. Fog drifted over their feet, and everything was silent, when--

Snap !

The three paused, the astrosphere thickened with suspense, as something drew closer. Wendy immediately took stance, weapon in her hands, and eyes brightened with determination. Then, a shadow figure burst from the trees, and the redhead lurched forward with

her axe raised. Until, the figure stepped into the light, and it was revealed...to be Dipper.

Wendy stopped herself just in time, her axe hovering inches away from the Guardian's face.

"Hey, Wendy," Dipper said, awkwardly.

Wendy's eyes widened. "Dipper, what are you--"

She was cut off, when Mabel stepped out. Her face lit up, upon seeing Wendy.

"Yes, you're here!" She beamed. "Are you here to find him, too?"

Wendy tucked her axe back into her belt, and darted her gaze between the two. "Who is this *him?*"

Dipper regarded her puzzlingly. "Wait, then why are you here?"

"Trying to find a legendary monster. Duh."

"And what about them?" He questioned, glancing suspiciously at the Cipher brothers.

"We're bait," Bill answered, casually.

Mabel bent down, looking at the blond with big eyes. "Really? Can I help? I heard that most creatures are attracted to sparkly things."

Bill creased his brow. "What does that--"

"Ta-da!" She exclaimed, and two knitted sweaters magically appeared in her hands. One was sunshine yellow, while the other was a baby blue, they had Bill and Will's names stitched in glittering letters.

The twins stared in unified confusion, then Mabel spoke again. "I spent all night making these for you. Would you like to try them on?"

The blond narrowed his eyes. "Hell n--"

He paused, when he spotted Dipper unsheathing his sword a bit, and shooting him a glare. Bill sighed heavily.

"Alright, Shooting Star."

Mabel smiled, and pulled the sweaters over each brother's head.

"Never have I been so disrespected," Bill muttered, under his breath.

Will wrapped his arms around himself. "At least, they're soft."

Bill huffed. "So much, I can't even complain about it!"

Wendy gave a little chuckle, before facing Dipper once more. "OK, now answer my question."

Dipper removed his hat, to comb his fingers through his hair. A grim look formed on his face. "We're looking for Fiddleford."

The redhead stepped back in shock. "He's alive?"

He nodded. "We finally tracked his location to this island."

"He's *here?*" Wendy demanded, suddenly distressed. "Where he could easily get eaten by the monster?"

"Let's not think about the negatives," Mabel insisted. "Dipper and I known Fiddleford for years, and he's very resourceful for a cooky guy."

"But you're right, Wendy," Dipper said. "We will have to find him before this beast does."

"In that case: I'll help you," Wendy decided.

"Red, weren't you planning on doing something else?" Bill pointed out. He didn't like the idea of spending more time with the Pines.

Wendy gave him a lopsided smile. "Who says we can't do both? We'll have to work together, and we'll both reach our goals."

On cue, there was a wave of protests from Dipper and Bill, until Wendy shut them down with a stern look.

"We'll cover more ground as a team," She told them. "And I don't want to hear it from you two."

"Ooh, what awaits us on this perilous quest?" Mabel said, excitingly. "Our goals? Unlikely friendship?"

"A likely death," Will responded.

Mabel patted his head. "Great imagination. The possibilities are endless!"

"No, I'm pretty sure we're gonna die."

"Let's find out, then," She said. The brunette walked ahead of the group, and waved towards them. "Follow me!"

"And who made you *caption?*" Bill remarked.

"I did, because I'm awesome like that. Now, onward!"

⁂

The group traveled far, and the island grew more creepier as time progressed. The path ahead was dimmed, as the trees blocked the day sky, only bits of sunlight managed to filter through. The creatures peered at them from the shadows, their beady eyes shining with an ominous glow. And the fog continued to thicken, and soon they could barely see what was in front of them. It didn't help that the obvious tension in the pack, didn't soothe the astrosphere.

Dipper barely said a word, as he kept his eyes on Bill for the whole walk. As for Bill, this annoyed him to great lengths.

"Would you stop that?" He snapped, turning to the brunette.

Dipper scoffed. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Bill looked at him suspiciously. "Oh, so you weren't just undressing me with your eyes a minute ago?"

"Wait, I wasn't--"

"Boys, please," Wendy sighed, tiredly. "You can finish braiding each other's hairs, after we get this done."

With that, they both grew silent, but still occasionally sent each other death glares.

Soon, their path finally came to an end. They halted in their tracks, to avoid stepping over the massive cliff in front of them. A river flowed beside them, and morphed into a roaring waterfall. Bill looked over the edge, seeing dark churning waters. He kicked a pebble down, and numbered the distance from here to the bottom anxiously.

"Now what?" He asked. "It's a dead end."

Wendy frowned at the waterfall. "We will have to go around."

"It'll take all day," Bill complained.

"Either that, or we're swimming," She pointed out.

Bill knew better than to protest, and grudgingly joined the others, as they were about to turn the other way. However, he stopped dead in his tracks, when he heard a growl behind him.

The others heard it too, and slowly turned around. And then, a enormous shadow rose from behind the cliff, with a long neck, and monstrous glowing eyes.

"Crap," Wendy cursed, softly.

The monster growled, it's appearance shielded by the fog. It focused it's attention on the Cipher twins, leaving the Guardians unnoticed. Bill did the first thing that came to mind, and stepped protectively in front of his brother, while Will quivered behind him. The beast released another rumbling growl, but before it could strike, an axe was thrown at it's face, and lodged itself into it's eye socket. It seemed more furious, rather than in pain, as it roared viciously, shaking the whole outskirts of the forest.

"RUN!" Wendy yelled.

Too late.

The creature swiped it's tail at them. The force collided into them like a brick wall, and the next thing they knew, they were plummeting over the cliff. There was a brief moment of their screams of terror, before they were silenced, as the waters succumbed them.

Gobblewonker-Part Three

Bill's POV :

For a moment, there was only pitch blackness, before he opened his eyes. Bill groaned softly, his bones felt like stone, and he found it hard to move. Eventually, he had the strength to rise slowly, despite the difficulties. He sat up, on the same moment, when a voice spoke beside him.

"You're finally awake."

Bill nearly jumped, and spun around. He was now facing Dipper. The Guardian was leaning against a tree, his expression more stoic than usual. What was going on? Where were the others? More importantly, where was Will?

The blond then noticed his clothes were soaking, and memories came in confusing and terrifying flashes. The waterfall, the beast, and the fall to their certain death...but somehow, they survived. At least, Bill and Dipper had, he didn't know about the others.

"Pine Tree, where are we?" Bill demanded.

Dipper exhaled softly, now looking grave. "I don't know."

"Are the others alive?"

"I don't know."

Bill gritted his teeth. "Can I have a valid answer?"

The brunette scoffed, and left his place by the tree. Bill felt a shrill of panic, when Dipper approached him. Except, the young man walked past him, and stared out into the fog covered waters.

"When we washed up, I tried tracking them with my magic," He said.

Bill felt a tinge of relief. "OK, now where are they?"

Dipper turned back to him, a darkened look across his face. "Here's the thing: my magic had no affect."

The blond stared. "What?"

"Your reaction was the same as mine," Dipper said. "I don't know what it is, but *something* is interfering with my powers, and I can barely teleport let alone conjure a tracking spell."

"You think the same is happening to Red and Shooting Star?"

"I hope not," He replied, a look of worry upon his face.

Bill began to worry as well, until he recalled something. He quickly dug into his now soaked backpack. He ignored the wave of frustration, upon seeing half of his cameras busted, lucky to have bought a few waterproofed ones. After a bit more rummaging, he finally found what he was looking for.

"Yes!" He exclaimed, pulling out the Viking horn.

Dipper gaped at it. "Wendy's horn!"

Bill smirked. "Yep. Hopefully, this will help."

He prepared to blow into it, when Dipper stopped him. "Wait, what if the sound attracts the monster? I'm defenseless without my powers."

The blond hated to agree with the Guardian, but he had to consider the dangers. Bill looked at the lake before him, and an unease resurfaced in his gut. He will never forget the beast's devious eyes, as it glared into his soul.

With that, he tucked the object back into his backpack. "We will have to distance ourselves from the water, then we'll use the horn."

Dipper nodded in return.

Bill was about to stand up, when an arrow of pain surged through

his leg. He hissed under his breath, and looked down. Bile almost rose up his throat, when he saw that his ankle was a blooded mess. He wondered how he didn't notice that earlier.

Dipper's eyes widened, when he spotted the boy's injury. "You're hurt, let me help--"

"I don't need your pity!" Bill snapped.

He forced himself onto his feet, but might've done it too quickly. As soon as he put pressure on his wounded ankle, he cried out and fell forward. He would've landed on his face, if not for Dipper grabbing at the back of the blond's jacket. Bill was speechless, when the Guardian then slid his hands under the boy's arms, and easily hoisted him off the ground, like Bill weighed nothing.

Instantly, Bill started writhing in Dipper's grip. "Stop manhandling me, Pine Tree!"

Dipper only scowled in annoyance. "What part of *I wanna help* do you not understand?"

"Mostly the fact it's *you* of all people," Bill noted. "Why do you even want to help me?"

"If Wendy sees you like this, and sees I didn't do anything to help you, she won't be happy."

"You're so considerate," He remarked, sarcastically.

"Oh, hush. And stop squirming!"

Dipper started carrying him to a nearby tree. Meanwhile, Bill was flushing like no tomorrow. He hated feeling vulnerable, and the fact that it was Dipper seeing this side of him, made him feel worse. Why couldn't he be stuck with Will or Wendy? Heck, even Mabel! Anyone but this guy. Still, he supposed he was a bit thankful that Dipper decided to help him for once, instead of trying to execute him for crimes he didn't commit.

The Guardian placed him down, and positioned Bill so he was leaning against the trunk of the tree. Dipper knelt beside him, and

reached into his shirt, and pulled out a mini first aid kit.

Bill looked at him curiously. "You had that the whole time?"

"I'm always prepared," Dipper replied, rather defiantly.

"Too bad, you didn't bring along a GPS, that would've been mighty helpful about now."

"Shut up, and let me treat you."

Dipper took out two items, a bottle of disinfectant and a roll of bandage. He placed one hand on Bill's knee, and held the disinfectant in the other.

"This might hurt a bit," He warned.

Bill rolled his eyes. "Please, I have been through much worse-- AH! CRAP!"

He winced, as Dipper poured the liquid onto his injury, and it stung like a thousand hornets. Bill tried to move away, but the Guardian moved the hand on his knee to his shoulder, and prevented him from scooting off. Once the wound was clean, Dipper wrapped Bill's ankle in bandage, before moving back to inspect his work.

"OK, that might do it," He said. "But, you're definitely not walking."

Bill grimaced at his bandaged ankle. "Why not? Won't it help if I just *walk it off*?"

Dipper looked at him like he was crazy. "No. Who told you that?"

The blond looked at him indifferently. "Well, back home, that's what I always did when I got hurt."

The Guardian shook his head, he looked highly exhausted. "I hate to imagine how reckless you were, as to get yourself injured."

Bill bit back a remark. Little did Dipper know, his past injuries weren't caused by *himself,* more frequently, Bill's father had been the one to cover the blond's body in bruises. But, Dipper didn't need

to know about that, and he never will.

The change of topic came quickly. "So, how am I suppose to move, if I'm not allowed to walk? Or, are you going to leave me here, Pine Tree?"

"Tempting," Dipper taunted. "But, no. I'll have to carry you."

Bill shook his head furiously. "Nope! Not happening."

"Either that, or I'm deserting your stubborn ass."

The boy groaned internally, knowing he had little choice over the situation. After a while, Dipper helped Bill cling to his back, where the blond wrapped his arms around the brunette's neck.

Dipper rose from the ground."Just so you know, this is the first and last time I'm giving you a piggyback ride."

"Time to have fun while it lasts," Bill said, then kicked Dipper in the thigh with his good foot. "Onward, donkey!"

"Do you want me to drop you?" Dipper threatened.

Nevertheless, the Guardian walked forward, while carrying him on his back. Bill's gaze drifted back to the lake, and an unsettling feeling grew in the pit of his stomach.

He hoped Will was alright.

⁂

Will's POV :

In a clearing, Will was sitting on a stone, while his throat emitted soft high pitched squeaks.

Nearby, Mabel was regarding him in puzzlement. "What are you doing?"

"I'm avoiding screaming, as to not attract monsters. But, I also need to express my sheer terror."

"That's not gonna help us out of here," She pointed out. "C'mon, we need to move."

"Where exactly?" He asked, gesturing around. "If you haven't noticed, we've been stranded, separated from the rest of the group, and worse of all, your powers are gone!"

"I don't think they're completely gone, more like, something is blocking them," Mabel insisted. "And, it's not like powers are needed anyway. With a little determination, we can find the others in no time!"

Will stood up from the stone, and gave Mabel a look of uncertainty. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, but we don't know where we are, or if that creature is still looking for us."

"Pfft! Please, I faced monsters bigger than that danger noodle."

"But--"

"It's going to be okay, Will" Mabel reassured. "Because we got this, as long as we have the power of..."

"Friendship?" Will asked.

"Nope." The Guardian grabbed Will, and placed him on her shoulders. "MABEL!"

"Please put me down," Will said.

"It's alright, you weigh like a feather."

"No, but--"

"Now's not the time for chat, young blueberry," She told him. "It's time we find our friends."

Mabel walked forward, while Will prayed to heavens that he wouldn't fall off. As they trudged forward, the boy managed to relax as the brunette continued to carry him with ease. He directed his attention to the wild landscape around him, half waiting for that *thing* to appear again. Thoughts rushed back to Bill, and he hoped

his brother wasn't alone. Even though, Bill was resourceful and very hardheaded when it came to accepting help, and usually knew how to take care of himself. If anything, Will should be thankful he wasn't the one on his own, but he was still worried about what his twin might be going through.

Mabel must have sensed his discomfort, because she broke the silence. "You and your brother must really care about Wendy, if you agreed to be bait."

"We mostly did it for the money," Will admitted, sheepishly. "But yeah, we do think of Wendy as a friend. She's really cool."

Mabel nodded. "Yeah, before she was bound to Zero Gravity Town, my brother and I use to get into a bunch of crazy stunts with her."

"Bound?" Will repeated.

She craned her neck to look at him. "Oh, she didn't tell you? At a young age, each Guardian is assigned an important role. Wendy was given the *Spirit of the Forest* title when she was a teenager, and has been sent to supervise the creatures in the mortal realm, and hasn't left since."

So, did that make Wendy as trapped as the Cipher brothers? The redhead didn't seem to mind, she still faced every day with a cool smirk and oozing confidence. Still, Will sympathized with her. It must be hard for her not to see the Pine twins as much.

"Who gives out these *roles*?" He asked.

"The Guardians of Day and Night," She answered. "Also referred to as my uncles."

"Your uncles?"

"Yep, Grunkle Stan and Grunkle Ford," Mabel smiled. Then, her smile wavered. "But for the time being, it's just Grunkle Stan..."

Will frowned. "Is Ford...?"

The Guardian abruptly paused, and stared. "No! He's not dead!

He's...missing."

The boy furrowed his brow in confusion, but Mabel didn't bring herself to talk more on the topic.

"Anyway, Grunkle Ford happened to be best friends with Fiddleford," She moved on.

"Is that why you're looking for him?"

"Yep, and also because it's too dangerous for him to be alone. You see, Fiddleford is a Prophet, one of the most powerful, and he knows almost everything. Anyone would kill to get their hands on that kind of power."

A thought dawned on him. "If he knows everything, maybe he can tell us where the others are, and what happened to your powers."

Mabel grinned widely. "That's a great idea! New plan of action: we find Fiddleford."

Will bit his lip nervously. "Are you sure it's okay, while the others are still missing?"

"If we find Fiddleford, we'll be able to track them all at once."

He thought about this. In a way, Mabel was correct. By some miracle, if they managed to find one of their friends, the rest will still be lost. Once they find this Fiddleford, searching for the others will be quicker.

"Let's do it," Will agreed.

Mabel nodded, and proceeded to walk. Will looked up, seeing a shed of sunlight through the trees.

Hold on, Bill, He thought. *We're coming.*

⁂

Wendy's POV :

She didn't know where she was, but that was the least of her concerns.

Wendy had never faced a monster so great before. She could've done some serious damage on it, if it haven't moved so quick. Next time, she will not make the same mistake.

Her thoughts trailed back to the Cipher twins, and guilt twisted in her gut. What was she thinking? Bringing kids on a dangerous mission like this? She didn't know the monster would be that big, and she will never forgive herself, if either of those boys were hurt...or worse.

Wendy shook her head. Regret would have to come later, now she had to find her friends.

Grrrrrr !

She froze, hearing the low rumble in one direction. Oh, how she wished she hadn't left her axe in the monster's eye. She will have to use her fists, which she was not looking forward to.

The sound erupted throughout the forest, and Wendy charged in the direction it came from. She burst through the trees, and came out to see a lake.

But, no monster.

She blinked. *But, I heard--*

There came the sound again, and Wendy turned. A short distance away from her was a bunch of beavers, and one of them was nibbling on a chainsaw, accidentally turning it on repeatedly.

Wendy wasn't even surprised by this. She decided long ago not to question the nature in this town.

She prepared to turn away, when a shadow loomed over her.

There it is .

Wendy turned around calmly, facing the beast from earlier. Blood

oozed from it's punctured eye, and it bared it's razor teeth.

The redhead glared. "Let's go, Nessy."

The creature roared, on the same time Wendy charged at it. She leaped into the air, her fists raised, ready for the fight of her life.

Gobblewonker-Part Four

Dipper's POV :

Finally, Bill had the decency to shut up.

The blond was now fast asleep, resting his cheek on the back of Dipper's neck. Now that his expression wasn't contorted into a creepy smile, Bill looked peaceful, almost like a human being.

Dipper would've even found this display cute, if it weren't Bill, the same monster that destroyed his home.

The Guardian will never forget that day. Memories such as swirls of raging fire, cries of pain, and flashes of blood. So much blood.

Lastly, the image of Bill in the center of the once beautiful utopia, resorted to a burning hellscape, banishing Dipper's uncle, the Guardian of Night, to another dimension, while giving the brunette a wicked smile. That memory will forever be engraved in Dipper's mind.

It didn't matter what shape or form Bill took, Dipper will never forgive him for what he had done.

Which made his current situation all the more shameful. Why hadn't he just left Bill? The blond didn't deserve a shed of Dipper's sympathy. Regardless, he had to take Wendy into consideration. For some reason, the redhead trusted the Ciphers, and unless the male Guardian could think of a way to convince her otherwise, he had to protect Bill for her sake.

Then, there was also the discussion he had with his Grunkle Stan. That they must try to get Bill on their side, which Dipper found very doubtful. As far as his and the boy's dynamic went, Bill didn't trust him, or like him for that matter, and Dipper wasn't pleased by him either. The only thing they could agree on.

Ignoring Bill for now, Dipper paused, as he reached a fork in a path. He desperately longed to use his tracking powers, but the familiar rush of magic was vacant in his veins. He had a theory of what might had happened, he prayed he was wrong.

Suddenly, he felt a brush of hair against his neck, when Bill shifted. The boy opened his eyes, and adjusted them to their surroundings.

"What..what's going on?" He yawned.

Dipper darted his eyes towards him. "Looks like you're awake, too bad, I was getting use to the peace and quiet. Also, how's your ankle?"

"It hurts," Bill whined, resting his chin on the other's shoulder. "But, I think I can walk on my own."

"Are you sure?" Dipper asked, skeptically.

"Yes, Pine Tree. Jeez, I'm not that fragile."

"I only want to make sure, so you won't complain halfway through our journey, and ask me to carry you again."

"I didn't ask the first time," The blond noted, bitterly. "Now, would you put me..."

Dipper looked at him strangely, when the blond paused in his sentence. "What?"

"Uh, have you noticed you're sinking into the ground?"

The Guardian gaped, and looked down. To his horror, his feet disappeared in the earth, as it slowly consumed him.

"Ah! What is this!?" Dipper screamed, trying to free his feet.

"It's quicksand, you idiot!" Bill shouted.

"How do I get out!?"

Bill looked around rapidly. Then, his eyes caught on the branches

overhead. "I think I can reach the branches."

"OK, but what about me?"

"Once I'm up, I'll help pull you out."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "How do I know if I can trust you?"

"You don't really have a choice!" Bill snapped.

Good point.

With that, Dipper stilled, while Bill slowly climbed onto his shoulders. It took quite a struggle, with Dipper getting the blond's shoes in his face a couple of times, before Bill managed to stand on his shoulders. Bill wobbled a bit, and almost slipped off, if Dipper hadn't kept his ankles secure. The Guardian noticed the boy wincing, and eased his grip on Bill's wound. After that, the blond desperately reached for a nearby branch. Meanwhile, the quicksand swallowed Dipper up to his knees, and panic swelled in him.

"Hurry up!" He told Bill.

Then, like a miracle, Bill grabbed hold of the branch. After a little scuffle, he perched himself on it, breathing heavily. Dipper squirmed, as he felt the gooey contents sinking into his pants. He was almost down to his waist, and tossed a urgent look towards Bill.

"Any minute now, would be nice!"

Dipper almost expected the blond to shout *"See ya, sucker!"* and sprint off. Instead, Bill snapped off one of the branches, and thrust it in the Guardian's direction.

"Grab hold!" He told him.

Dipper obliged, and gripped the branch tightly. Almost immediately, Bill started pulling with all his weight. At first, Dipper didn't move an inch, then very slowly, he began ascending from the mass of quicksand. Bill was straining from the clear effort, but put all his strength in each yank. Eventually, Dipper's feet were free.

Bill used his remaining strength, and pulled him up. Dipper quickly climbed up, and swung his leg over the branch, so he was now sitting across from Bill.

"Thank you," He breathed.

"No problem," Bill replied, rubbing his hands.

Dipper noticed cuts and splinters on the boy's palms. He knitted his brow. He would have to treat Bill's hands once they get down, the boy did get hurt while helping him, so it was the least he could do in return.

Bill helped me, He realized.

Bill looked at him, furrowing his brow. "You're doing that pervy stare again."

Dipper resisted the urge to roll his eyes. Bill was his lifesaver, but still annoying as ever.

"We should get down," He said, then offered a hand to Bill. "You still can't put pressure on your ankle, so I'll help you."

Bill grumbled softly, but thankfully didn't protest. He allowed Dipper to carry him on his back again. After making sure to stay clear of the quicksand, Dipper jumped off the branch, and landed on the ground.

"Alright, now put me down," Bill said.

Dipper cooperated, and placed the boy by his feet, where Bill proceeded to lay on his back. As he did that, something slipped out from his backpack. Curious, the Guardian picked it up, and inspected it. He never seen such a device in his life. His eyes drifted to the button on top, and he placed his finger on it.

Bill noticed this, and his eyes widened. "Wait, don't--"

Dipper didn't heed his warning in time, and pressed the button. Immediately, a flash of bright light seared into his eyes, and he yelped. He unintentionally tossed the object, and then went to rub

his eyes. Once the dots disappeared from his vision, he saw Bill staring at the quicksand, where the item quickly sank in a matter of seconds.

Bill tossed him a glare, while Dipper shrank awkwardly.

"Sorry."

⁂

Will's POV :

He was pretty certain, that Mabel was trying to kill him.

He screamed, when the Guardian made a wild dash through the forest. Will held onto her for dear life, as she bolted at top speed, the wind rushing over them.

"Woohoo!" She cheered, her hair sweeping behind her. "We'll find Fiddleford in no time!"

"Can you please slow down?" Will pleaded.

Thankfully, Mabel did what he asked, but probably because the path ended for them. Will dared to peer from behind his hands, and what he saw before him, was a giant chasm, like someone drove a knife through the earth. Mabel helped him climb off her shoulders, and then she went to inspect the chasm.

Her gaze drifted overhead, and Will followed it. There, he saw a variety of dangling vines, right over the gaping hole.

He felt anxiety creep up on him. *Oh no, she can't be thinking...*

His assumption proved to be correct, when Mabel leaped forward without hesitation. She grabbed a vine at the last second, and was now hovering over the gorge below her.

"Mabel, be careful!" Will squeaked.

"It's alright," She insisted, dismissing his concern. "We just have to swing over."

"*We?*"

She nodded, and extended a hand towards him. "Grab my hand, and I will swing you to the other side."

Did she have any idea what she was suggesting? Will stepped back, shaking his head. "No, thanks!"

"What's the worse that could happen?"

"I could die!" Will shouted.

Mabel gave him a look of encouragement. "There's your problem. Just don't think about dying, and the rest will be easy."

"That is basically impossible, Mabel," He pointed out.

"No, it isn't," She replied. "If you keep thinking about the worst possible outcome, you'll miss out accomplishing things unless you take the leap of faith. Literally."

Will frowned, feeling the familiar emptiness he hid inside. "I don't think I can..."

Mabel regarded him with a warm smile. "Will, what do you want most, right now?"

"To find my brother," He answered, truthfully.

"This town will bring forth a lot of craziness for you and your brother, and I can guarantee that some of it might seem scary. It's alright to be scared, but you have to be brave to protect the ones you love. Okay?"

Will looked at her, feeling a smidge of comfort in her words. "Okay."

"Make sure not to look down," Mabel instructed.

He really wished she hadn't said that, now all he thought about was looking down. Bracing himself, Will dashed forward, before his feet left the ground. He blindly grabbed at the air, and waited for his

demise, when a strong hand caught his wrist. He looked up, glad to see Mabel holding onto him.

"OK, I'm gonna swing you over," She told him, already swinging back and forth to build momentum.

Will nodded, unintentionally glancing down. His heart did somersaults, when seeing the darkness below him.

"Wait! I'm having second thoughts--"

That was when Mabel tossed him to the other side. Will released a high pitched scream, when he was thrown over the chasm. He shut his eyes, and a moment later, he was rolling across a hard surface. Will pried his hands from his face, and saw that he made it across.

"I'm alive" He gasped, in disbelief. "Yes! I'm never doing that again!"

There was a *thud* behind him, and he was lifted off the ground, as Mabel embraced him. "You did it! That was awesome!"

Will was surprised at first, but returned her hug nevertheless. After Mabel released him, she suggested they move on, which he agreed upon.

More time progressed, and then they entered another clearing. Will immediately sensed an unsettling energy, and it amplified once he spotted a cave nearby. The boy wanted to avoid it, but Mabel had other plans. She approached it, her face unreadable.

"I can feel it," She whispered. "He's here..."

Before Will could stop her, Mabel entered the cave, the darkness swallowing her up. He thought about waiting outside, but a part of him didn't want to leave Mabel alone. So, with a beating heart, he followed her in.

As expected, the dripping of water from the roof, the musky scent, and tapping of a dozen centipedes crawling on the walls, almost made Will want to crawl and hide inside his own skin.

"Fiddleford?"

Will could barely see in front him, and quickly reached into his bag. He had replaced the batteries in the flashlight. He pulled it out, and lit the way. Before him, Mabel shielded her eyes from the sudden light, and it was revealed, that she wasn't alone.

Beside her, a old man sat cross legged on the dirty cave floor. He was wearing dark green robes, a pointy hat upon his nearly bald head, and a pair of glasses perched on his large nose. Next to him, was a weird looking walking stick, like a piece of twisted root. Will wasn't sure what he was expecting, but he certainly didn't picture Fiddleford to look exactly like a wizard from children's folklore.

"Fiddleford, wake up!" Mabel pleaded, shaking the man's shoulders.

Will realized Fiddleford had his eyes closed, and he was unresponsive to Mabel's voice. The female Guardian looked distressed by this, and Will decided to help her. He knelt before the Prophet, ignoring the foul smelling slush beneath his knees.

"Um, sir?" Will said, gingerly. "We're here to save you, can you please wake up?"

He made the notion to snap his fingers in front of Fiddleford's face, but regretted it a moment later. A wrinkly hand grabbed the boy's wrist, and was surprisingly strong. Will gaped in horror, as the old man opened his eyes, only to reveal that his pupils have rolled to the back of his head.

"*TUSM TSURTSID REHTORB!"*

Will had no idea what came out of Fiddleford's mouth, but it wasn't any language he heard of. It was inhuman, and held the prospect of death and worse things to come.

A second later, Fiddleford released him, and the boy quickly stepped back in fright. "What was that?"

Mabel didn't answer, instead she regarded the man in concern, as he started shaking vigorously. "Fiddleford, are you okay?"

The man looked up, his eyes looked normal this time, and he gave them a wide toothless grin. "Never been better!"

Will stared, as Fiddleford sprung to his feet and dusted off his cloak, like nothing happened. "Well, isn't it lovely Maple, and this blueberry looking lad!"

Mabel smiled at him, looking relieved.

"Holy banjo polish, what year is it?" Fiddleford asked, looking around the cave. "And why is it so dark?"

Will blinked. "Wait, so you don't remember how you got here?"

Fiddleford rubbed his chin. "The last thing I remember is waltzy dooing in the mortal realm, then I heard this growl. At first, I thought it was my ex-wife, but then this long necked T-rex came out of nowhere, and I had to scrabdoodle away!"

"So, you were chased by the monster," Mabel concluded.

He nodded. "Yep. Even gave that slippery fella a name: the *Gobblewonker,* because he gobbles up everything in his path."

"Speaking of this *Gobblewonker,* it attacked us earlier, and we've been separated from our friends," Will explained. "We were wondering, if you can help us find them."

"Don't ya have a Guardian to cast some tracking spell?"

Mabel rubbed her arm nervously. "About that...something is wrong with my powers, and I don't know why."

Fiddleford's eyes squinted from behind his glasses, and he nodded slowly. "I'm afraid to say, that your powers are fading."

Will and Mabel both had masks of horror. The female Guardian paled, as though seeing a ghost. "What?"

"It's been happening to every Guardian," The man explained. "Little by little, the magic is draining from this town, to the point where Guardians can't cast spells unless they're near their own kind."

"So, individually, Guardians are powerless?" Will breathed.

Fiddleford nodded.

"But, why is this happening?" Mabel asked.

"For the first time, I don't know," Fiddleford said, helplessly. "But, I sense grave danger in the near future."

The brunette clenched the fabric of her skirt anxiously. "Does this have anything to do with Bill?"

Will looked at her, surprised by the question. Meanwhile, the old man's gaze turned serious. "I think you already know the answer to that question."

Mabel turned another shade paler, and she nodded weakly. "I see," She whispered.

Will looked at her worriedly. What did this have to do with Bill? Was it the same reason why they were after his brother the last time? He wanted to know, but it was unlikely he'll receive any answers.

Quickly, Fiddleford's mood changed in a matter seconds. Again, he regarded them with a smile. "So? You wanted me to help you find your pals?"

The boy nodded. "Yes, will you be able to do it?"

"Of course!" He said, excitingly. "Follow me!"

He grabbed his walking stick and rushed out of the cave in a fit of laughter. Mabel and Will both gave him blank looks.

Will bit his lip. "I don't mean to sound rude, but Fiddleford seems a bit...crazy."

Mabel shrugged. "Honestly, it would be surprising if he's not."

⁂

Bill's POV :

He was yet again being carried by the Guardian, despite his many protests. Still, Dipper was insistent about his ankle, and refused to give in. Bill could understand that, but why on god's green earth, did the brunette have to carry him bridal style? Dipper mentioned it was easier for him, but it only made Bill feel more helpless than he already was.

He bowed his head back, sighing heavily. "Do you even know where you're going?"

"No, and neither do you," Dipper shot back, then huffed. "If only Wendy was here."

"Well, we're probably far enough from the lake, let's try that horn."

Dipper nodded in agreement, and stopped before placing Bill on the ground once again. The Guardian reached into Bill's backpack, that he decided to carry on his back for the boy. A moment later, he pulled out the Viking horn. Dipper waited for the surrounding sounds of the forest to reside, before taking a deep breath, and blowing the horn. A earsplitting noise emitted from the object, and echoed throughout the trees. Bill covered his ears, as his teeth vibrated in his mouth. Thankfully, the noise ceased, as Dipper returned the horn to the backpack.

"Hopefully, she will hear that," He said, gazing up at the sky.

Bill noticed the unfamiliar look in the Guardian's eyes. A strange emotion surfaced in Dipper's pink pupils. It took a minute, before Bill finally realized what it was.

He smirked. "You have a crush on Wendy, don't ya?"

Dipper jolted, like he just been touched by a brand of fire. "I-I don't know what you're talking about."

Bill laughed. "My god, you do like her!"

The Guardian turned red, bristling defensively. "No, I don't! She's just a friend!"

"Don't worry, I can keep a secret," The blond replied, slyly. "Though,

if an opportunity to blackmail is ever brought up--"

"I would seriously kill you."

Bill laughed again, then stopped cold, when he heard rustling nearby. Both turned, and saw the trees parted, and out came out three people. Bill's heart almost burst from his chest, when He saw Will, along with Mabel and some weird looking wizard.

"There you are!" He gasped.

Will perked up when hearing his brother's voice. "Bill!"

The younger twin ran up to him, and hugged him. When Will released Bill, he noticed with dismay, that the blond's ankle was bandaged.

"Bill, what happened to you?"

"It doesn't matter," Bill said, seriously. "All that matters, is that you're safe."

Nearby, Mabel was also embracing her brother, though more tightly than what was possible. "I thought you were dead!"

"Mabel...please...I can't breathe," Dipper rasped.

Once Mabel let go, the male Guardian gasped for air. After that, Dipper directed his attention to Fiddleford, and a smile formed on his face. "It's good to see you again, old friend."

"Oh shucks! It's good to see everyone too!" Fiddleford beamed. "The Pines, those strange looking fellas, and of course, that bloodthirsty monster glaring at us."

Bill froze, only now hearing the heavy breathing emitting from behind them.

The group turned, and emerging from the trees, was the beast. It's scales a slimy green, it's jaw filled with bone crushing teeth, and it had one glowing eye.

"The Gobblewonker!" Will squeaked.

Bill gave him a baffled look. "Did you just have a stroke?"

His brother glared at him. "No, it's--"

They were interrupted, when the creature hissed loudly, trying to move it's bulk through the trees. Bill was suddenly lifted from the ground. At first, he thought it was Dipper, but then it was revealed to be Mabel instead.

"We need to run!" She shouted, hoisting Bill onto her shoulders.

Bill held onto her tightly. Since Mabel was a inch taller than Dipper, the blond was further away from the ground, something he didn't appreciate.

The monster-- What did Will call it? The *Gobblewonker* freed itself from the bundle of trees, ripping a few of them out of the earth, then it surged towards the group. In return, they ran the other way, as the monster pursued them.

Gobblewonker-Final

They finally reached the boat, stumbling across the shore, before finally climbing aboard. Dipper rushed to the steering wheel, and turned on the engine. It roared to life, and the boat sped across the water, before the Gobblewonker crawled out of the forest and dived in after them.

The boat swerved across the lake, and sprayed water over the deck. Meanwhile, the monster emerged from the lake, snapping it's jaws at them. Mabel pulled Will away from the railings, right before the Gobblewonker tore a chunk of it off. Bill stared at the beast, and quickly went to take a camera out of his backpack, when he noticed it was gone.

"What the--"

"Take this, foul beast!" Mabel yelled, tossing the cameras at the Gobblewonker, only to have them drop into the lake.

"MABEL!" Bill snapped.

The Guardian turned to him. "Don't worry, I left one for you." She threw the camera towards him, only to miss, and have it fell short and break.

"Goddammit!" He shouted, grabbing his backpack from her.

They dropped to the floor, when Dipper made a sharp turn. They were now near the shore, and he was trying to avoid hitting people in boats.

"Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!" He yelled, to passing civilians.

The Gobblewonker was still gaining on them, it's bulk surging through the water like a speeding bullet. It bucked it's head against the back of the boat, causing a jolt that caused everyone to drop again.

"Yeehaw! Isn't this a hoot?" Fiddleford cheered.

Bill growled. "Old man, this isn't the time to celebrate!" He then spun towards Dipper. "Pine Tree, get us out of here!"

"And how exactly is that possible?" Dipper shot back.

Then, Will stood up and hobbled towards the front of the boat. He looked over the steering wheel, and spotted a wall of water ahead.

"Go into that waterfall! There might be a cave behind there!"

"MIGHT BE!?" Mabel yelled, incredulously.

Dipper darted his eyes in a panic frenzy, before gritting his teeth. "I hope you're right!"

With that, he sped the boat forward. Their screams were muffled by the bloodcurdling roar behind them, then they crashed into the wall of water, and entered a cave. The boat lurched forward as it hit land, and the group was tossed over the railings. Bill groaned, feeling a throbbing pain in his ankle. There was a banshee shriek, and they turned, to see the Gobblewonker had trapped itself in the entrance.

"It's stuck," Dipper breathed, in relief.

Bill's face brightened in realization. "Wait, it's stuck!"

Quickly, he searched through his backpack, and thanked all the gods he knew, when still had one camera left. He laughed triumphantly, while snapping pictures of the beast, while it struggled rapidly.

"Did you get a good one?" Will asked.

"They're all good ones!" Bill exclaimed, happily.

The brothers cheered. Their celebration was cut short, when Mabel asked. "Now that's finished, where's Wendy?"

Dipper gasped. "Oh no, I almost forgot about her!"

"Fiddleford can tell us where she is," Will reassured, looking hopefully at the old man. "Right?"

Fiddleford scratched his beard calmly. "Whatever do you mean? She's right here."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "This is serious! Can you please tell us where--"

The crack of stone interrupted him, and they all turned, seeing that the Gobblewonker had somehow freed itself. They screamed, when it prepared to snap at them...when it froze.

With baited horror, a bulge grew inside the beast's neck. Then the next moment, an axe shot out of it's flesh, and slit down it's throat. The Gobblewonker screeched, when blood and gore poured out of it's open throat, before it collapsed into the surrounding lake. The group observed, as it's poured entrails started moving, before a woman with red hair emerged from the cluttered guts.

"I'M ALIVE!" Wendy gasped, eyes wide as saucers.

Bill stared in absolute shock, as Wendy strutted up to them. She gave them a smile, despite covered in monster gore.

"Hey, dudes."

"How are you not dead?" Bill questioned, shielding his nose from the revolting stench.

Wendy shrugged off his shock. "This isn't the first time I've been eaten alive. You get use to it."

"Wendy!" Mabel beamed. "I really wanna hug you, but...Oh, screw it!"

Mabel embraced her friend, and didn't seem to mind the guts on Wendy's clothing. Wendy patted the Guardian's head. "I see you found Fiddleford."

"Yep," Mabel smiled. Then, her eyes shined, like she just recalled something. She turned towards the old man. "Fiddleford, now that

we're together, you think our powers returned?"

He nodded. "That's the gist of it."

Dipper held out his palm, and he grinned, when a plume of blue fire appeared. "Let's clean up this mess, then."

⁂

After disposing of the Gobblewonker's corpse, the group returned to the shore, where the families from earlier returned home. The sky was a bright orange, as the rays of sunlight dimmed.

"Mabel and I will have to leave, now," Dipper announced.

Wendy frowned. "Aw, can't you stay little longer? There's still time to hang out before the lake closes."

Dipper shook his head. "I'm sorry, but we got to get Fiddleford someplace safe. Maybe, next time."

"It's been real fun," Mabel smiled. "And Will, remember what we've talk about."

Will nodded, sincerely.

Bill limped towards his brother, and leaned on him for support. "I see you and Mabel had a bonding moment."

"I can say the same for you and Dipper," He pointed out.

The blond scratched the back of his head. "Eh, the guy is tolerable at most. At least, if it weren't for the Pines, I would've never scored a picture of that thing, and soon the whole world will know about this." He held out his camera smugly.

Suddenly, a hand snatched the object from him. Bill spun around, only to see Dipper crush the camera with his bare hands, including the film inside. The blond gaped, lost for words, as Dipper dropped the broken pieces to the ground.

"Apologies," He said, halfheartedly. "But, no one outside of town

should ever know about the oddities."

Bill inhaled deeply, before turning to Will. "Forget what I said. I despise him, and I will have my revenge."

Will rubbed the bridge of his nose tiredly.

The Pine twins turned and walked off, with Fiddleford in tow. After that, Wendy and the Cipher brothers returned to the lake, hoping to have a relaxing time, as the remaining sunlight slowly began to waver.

⁂

Will rubbed the towel against his damp hair, finally managing to get the fish smell out. After that, he got out of the shower and dressed in pajamas, before going upstairs.

Will opened the door, to see Bill laying on his bed, resting his bandaged foot on a cushion, while immersed in reading the journal. Their single window framed the night sky. The twins had wanted to stay at the lake a little longer, but Wendy had chastised that it was dangerous to walk through the forest at night, and escorted them to the shack before dark. Will was glad they did, because he wasn't looking forward to another monster attack.

"Huh, would you look at that," Bill said, pointing to a page in the journal. "The same monster that attacked us, is actually documented in this book. Plus, it's actually named the *Gobblewonker*."

Will smiled, and walked over to sit at the foot of Bill's bed. "There's still a lot of things we don't know about this place."

Bill grimaced. "Too bad, no one outside the border will believe us."

The younger twin examined his brother's glooming expression. "Are you still upset that Dipper broke your camera?"

"Not really *upset,* more like encased in blinding murderous rage."

Will hesitated, before walking across the room to his side. His shorts laid on his bed, and he dug in it's pocket to fetch something.

Once he had it, he returned back to Bill. The blond looked puzzled, when Will pressed something inside the journal.

"Here," He said. "After our brush with death, I bought a cheap camera from the gift shop with my work money. It only had enough film for one picture, can you believe that?"

Bill looked down. The image was a little fuzzy, but it was pretty clear what was showed: Wendy and him were laughing in the background, while Will smiled up front while taking a picture of the three of them.

"I know it's nothing special," Will said, sheepishly. "But, hopefully it can replace the one you lost."

"At a profitable point of view, it's worthless," Bill said, matter-of-factly. "However, when it comes to sentimental value...it's great."

Will rose a brow. "I'll take that as a compliment."

The blond grabbed his brother in a headlock, and playfully ruffled his hair. "You better, because that's all you gotta get from me."

"You jerk, let go!" He snapped, trying to free himself.

Bill laughed. "Ha, you really think you can--"

He groaned, when Will nailed him in the stomach with his elbow. When he was released, the blue haired boy looked at Bill in dismay. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to!"

"Hehe, well played, little brother," Bill chuckled, softly.

Will relaxed once realizing his brother wasn't mad, and grinned. "While, when it comes to cheap moves, I learnt from the best."

Bill laughed softly, then stopped once he felt something furry touch his hand. He squirmed, and retreated to the wall, when the goat jumped onto his bed.

"Ugh, why is that thing still here?" He demanded.

Will rolled his eyes at his brother, and allowed the animal to crawl into his arms. "This was his home first, so he has the right to stay."

"Why? He eats everything in his path," Bill reminded.

"Kinda like the Gobblewonker," Will realized. Then, he smiled thoughtfully down at the goat. "He's name can be *Gompers.*"

Bill narrowed his eyes at the animal. "Naming him based on the monster that tried to kill us. How accurate."

"Oh, hush," He told him, patting Gompers. "You're just intimidated by his cute face."

"No, I have a strange feeling about this goat," Bill admitted. "Either that, or he's just plain creepy."

"A lot of people find you creepy."

The blond scoffed. "I happened to be an *enduring* creepy, while he's just *creepy* creepy. There's a huge difference."

"Whatever you say, bro," Will said, sarcastically. "Anyway, I think it's time we go to bed."

Bill nodded in agreement. So, Will returned to his bed, with Gompers following him, before resting by the boy's feet. The two shared their good nights, before Bill turned off the lights, and they were shrouded in darkness.

⁂

"*My name is Mabel! It rhymes with table, it also rhymes with stable, it also rhymes with...cable!"*

"Mabel!" Dipper snapped.

Mabel winked. "That's my name, don't wear it out."

Dipper scowled, and his sister shrugged.

"I felt like lightening the mood," She admitted. "Since, we're walking

through a spooky dark forest at the moment."

She was right about that. Their current location was a path in the forest, the night domed overhead, and the the hoots of owls seemed to come from nowhere. The Guardians would've returned Fiddleford to their realm, but he insisted that he would like to live amongst the mortals. Dipper thought this was a terrible idea, but knew better than to argue with a Prophet, especially one that befriended his uncle.

"So, where would you like to stay?" He asked the old man.

The moon reflected in Fiddleford's glasses, making it almost impossible to see his eyes. "I've seen a pretty good junkyard over yonder."

Dipper blinked. "A junkyard? Are you sure?"

Fiddleford nodded. "Why not? I get free stuff, a place to call home, and maybe, I'll get me one of those raccoon wives."

"Sounds about right," Mabel said.

"At least, it's safe," Dipper decided.

As the three walked, the male Guardian felt anxiety itching at him, as he remembered about the discussion he had with Mabel earlier, about the magic fading from the town. He had seen this happen before, but last time, it happened in his own realm...when the Demons attacked.

"Fiddleford," He started, trying to keep his voice steady. "I want to know something important. Is it true that..."

Dipper stopped mid sentence, when he realized the man was nowhere to be seen. He furiously turned to his sister. "Mabel, I thought you were watching him!"

Mabel held up her hands defensively. "I only turned away for a second! I had no idea he was fast for his age."

He ran his fingers through his hair nervously, while his sister tried

to calm him down.

"It's okay, I'll find him," She reassured. "I memorized his old man scent. Wait here, until I get back."

Then, Mabel bolted into the nearby bushes, disappearing from sight. Dipper stood awkwardly, growing anxious by the second. A while later, his sister still hadn't returned, and he thought about going to look for her. Then, a voice rang in the air, one that chilled him to the bone.

" Blue Pine..."

Instinctively, Dipper unsheathed his sword, and darted his gaze around in a frenzy. "You!"

A cold laughter echoed, and the Guardian stayed rooted to the ground.

"*Did you miss me?*" The voice jeered. "*Admit it, you missed me."*

"Stay away from Bill!" Dipper shouted, trying his hardest to not let his fear be shown.

"*I missed you."*

The air was knocked out of his lungs, as something barreled into him with full force. Dipper was pinned roughly against a tree, a steel grip wrapped around his throat. He choked helplessly, attempting to reach for his fallen sword, but it was kicked aside. Tears sprang from his eyes, as his face turned blue from the lack of oxygen.

" Oh , Blue Pine ."

Dipper dared to look at the monster before him. Glowing red eyes seared through the darkness, and imprinted on the Guardian's soul. The brunette clawed desperately at the hand grabbing his throat, not sure how long he will last before he'll pass out.

"DIPPER!"

The red eyes blinked, before the enemy vanished in a puff of smoke. Dipper fell to his knees, gasping violently, as air returned to his body. He coughed softly, then a hand was placed on his shoulder. He looked up, to see both Mabel and Fiddleford.

Mabel had a look of distraught and worry. "Who was that?"

Dipper rubbed his neck, and regarded her seriously. "A Demon. One of the worse..."

Headhunters-Part One

[image]

Day passed over Zero Gravity Town, and the twins were now strolling on a pavement. It had been weeks since the Gobblewonker incident, and Bill's ankle finally healed. As of currently now, they had a specific destination in mind, and only one of the brothers were invested.

Bill kicked a stone his path, his mood seemed to drop as the seconds went by. "Why do we have to do this again?"

Will crossed his arms, unamused by his brother. "Because the Mayor gave us a free invitation."

"The *Mayor* also wears a pair of goggles for no reason."

"True," He admitted. "But, lighten up. This will be the first time we get to visit a museum. Plus, it's free, and we'll get to know more about this town."

The blond tossed an uninterested glance at the other. "We already know everything we need in the journal."

"But didn't you mention it was unfinished?" Will reminded. "There could've been more that the author wanted to write down, so we don't really know the full history."

Bill glowered at him. "Why are you so insisted about this?"

The blue haired boy looked sideways. "Sometimes I feel like...you and Wendy are hiding things from me."

The blond paused in his tracks, and so did Will. Bill looked at his brother in confusion. "What made you think that?"

Will put his hands behind his back, and shuffled his feet. "I dunno, sometimes I catch you two talking behind my back, and you refuse to tell me what your conversations were about. It feels like you guys

know something that I don't, and I find that frustrating."

Bill's lips curved into a frown. He was silent for a moment, before saying. "Will, you're imagining things. I am as clueless as you are about this town."

Will gave him a skeptical look. "Are you sure? Because--"

"I'm telling the truth," He insisted. "And hey, if you really want to go to some nerdy museum, then fine."

The younger twin smiled. "That's great to hear! Also, it's not nerdy, it's informative."

"Whatever makes you sleep at night, Will."

Together, the twins walked through town in hopes of reaching their destination.

⁂

Will's POV:

Much later, the two had finally arrived at Zero Gravity Town's museum. Will awed at the plotless white interior of the building, and the perfectly placed artifacts on display. The brothers were currently in a tour group, with a pimply teenage guide in the lead. The group was now passing a pedestal, that displayed a large dreamcatcher.

"And here, we have the Night Guardian's Dreamcatcher," The employee explained, while gesturing to the object. "It's a great weapon to fend off Demons."

The group chattered excitingly, while snapping pictures. Meanwhile, Bill sighed heavily, and Will nudged him in annoyance.

"Can you at least pretend to be interested?" He remarked.

In response, Bill stuck his tongue out at him lazily. Will knitted his brow, irritation growing in him. Despite his brother's disinterest, the blue haired boy planned to make the most of their tour, already soaking in what information was given to him like a sponge.

They soon reached another exhibit, that was suspiciously closed off by a curtain. Will was peaked with interest, while Bill looked like he couldn't care less. The employee beckoned them towards the curtain, and he grabbed the ahold of it.

"Behold, the wonders of all..., eh, wonders," The teenager stumbled, beginning to pull the curtain back. "Zero Gravity Town's *Wax Museum Exhibit!*"

The curtain was drawn, revealing what Will found to be very surprising. On top of a sea of carpet, were a bunch of wax statues. From recognizable celebrities and historic figures, and finally, to the main display upfront. Will's eyes widened, when he caught wax models of Dipper, Mabel, and even Wendy (including a replica of her axe), along with other figures he didn't recognize.

"We have it all!" The guide declared. "Wax Genghis Khan, Wax Sherlock Holmes, and...some weird goblin man? I'm guessing that's Larry King."

He then moved in front of the sculptures of Dipper and the rest of superior looking figures. "And right here, is our favorite work of art. The Guardians. They have sworn to protect our town, after monsters escaped from their world into our borders. And two of the well known among them are the Guardians of the World Balance, that slayed the vicious beast that destroyed their home."

From the corner of his eye, Will spotted his brother flinching for a split second. He tilted his head, and reached out to place a hand on Bill's shoulder, but the other batted it away. Will was very concerned at the moment. Maybe the bright scenery and crowded area was getting to the blond, and he needed to relax? Or, maybe Bill was put off by the wax figures? Frankly, Will found their blank emotionless eyes very disturbing, and the fact some of them took the form of his friends, made it worse.

The guide began talking again. "So, if there is any questions, don't hesitate to ask."

A short man with a big mustache stepped forward. "Toby Determined, news reporter here. I have a question: do you really

thing this constitutes as a wonder of the world?"

"Dude, it's wax," Bill deadpanned. "Also, your mic is a turkey baster."

"It certainly is."

Bill rolled his eyes, then turned to the guide. "Can I ask a question, college dropout?"

"Aw man, why you gotta expose me like that?" He sighed, then added. "Also, yes."

"Where do I get snacks in this dump?" Bill questioned, irritably.

Will furrowed his brow, annoyed by his brother's ill manners.

"Uh, there's some in the gift shop," The guide explained. "It's pretty easy to find, just follow the map on the wall."

Bill nodded. "Then, I'll be on my--"

"Actually, I'll get the snacks," Will said, forcing a smile upon his face. "You stay here and have *fun*."

The blond glared, and crossed his arms. "Really, William?"

"That'll teach you not to be a jerk," His brother retorted, before turning away. "And I want you to get those brain juices flowing!"

Will could hear Bill's groaning from behind him. He tried not to smile at his brother's displeasure, despite the fact the blond kinda deserved it at times. With that, he left the Wax Exhibit, a part of him relieved to distance himself from the creepy sculptures.

As the teenage guide instructed, Will checked the huge map framed in glass on the wall, and managed to pinpoint the location of the gift shop. Once arriving, he was greeted with the sight of rows knickknacks placed neatly on towering shelves. Will would've gotten distracted from the bobbleheads in the first section, before he forced himself back on the task at hand. He quickly found the food section, and searched it's contents for something the twins

could snack on. He paused in front of the rows of assorted chips, and noticed at the ones on top were the cheapest. Unfortunately, with the shelves being obnoxiously tall, and Will being a bit of a shorty, he could barely reach, even when using tippy toes.

"Need some help, little guy?"

Will was startled by the voice, and he spun around to see a young man standing behind him. The man in question was lean and muscular at the same time, his attire included a pair of blue jeans, a red vest, and a black leather jacket. He had stylish red hair, a chiseled jaw, and dark eyes.

The young man's mouth formed a smirk, similar to Wendy's. "Are you going to answer my question?"

He looks so cool, Will thought, in awe.

Finally snapping out of his trance, the boy admitted sheepishly. "Yes, I do need help."

The man nodded, then turned to the top shelf. "How many? And any specific flavour in mind?"

"The flavour doesn't matter," Will decided. "But, can you pick out two, please?"

The other nodded again, and pulled a pair of packets from the shelf. He turned to Will, and handed them to him. "Here you go, kid."

"Thank you," He replied, gratefully.

"Don't mention it," The man insisted. "It's kinda my job to help around here."

That was when Will noticed the little tag on his red vest. He looked at it curiously. "Your name is *K.C?"*

"That's right."

"What does it stand for?" Will asked.

K.C gave him a mischievous look. "If I told you, that would make me less mysterious."

The boy stifled a smile. "So, you work here?"

"It's kinda my first day," K.C explained. "Which explains my lack of uniform, which is a relief, since that only cramps my image."

"And dressing like a bad boy stereotype doesn't?" Will teased.

"Hey, I don't need judgement from some random sassy kid," He remarked. "By the way, what's your name? Or, should I keep calling you Little Guy?"

"I shouldn't be giving my name out to strangers."

"What are you, five?" K.C retorted. "And you already know my name, the least you can do, is give me yours in return."

Will shrugged shyly. "I know, but I have some bad experience when it comes to approaching people in this town."

"What kind of experience?"

"For one thing, I was kidnapped by gnomes."

K.C laughed loudly.

"It's not funny!" Will snapped, flushing. "It was the *third* most traumatizing thing in my life."

"Sounds like you faced a lot of troubles," He replied, his voice a light chuckle. "Looks like you need a protector, a friend like me perhaps?"

"I'm already stocked up with *protectors,*" Will admitted. "Maybe next time?"

K.C sighed. "Woe is me, I have been rejected by a 10 year old in short pants," He said, sarcastically.

"I'm 15, technically a teen," He shot back.

"If you say so, bro," The man teased back, then added. "So, if you're not looking for a protector, can I still be your friend?"

"Why do you wanna be friends with me of all people?" Will asked, gingerly. He refused to believe a cool looking guy would be willing to befriend someone as lame as him.

K.C paused, as though thinking. Then, he stepped forward, and wrapped an arm around Will's shoulders. "In this town, you meet a lot of interesting people. And you, interest me the most."

Will arched a brow. "Should I be flattered or creeped out?"

"Both," He answered, with a cheeky smile. "So what do you say, Little Boy Blue?"

The boy weighed out his decisions. K.C did seem really nice, and Will wouldn't mind having him as a friend. But, his time spent in Zero Gravity town made him cautious, there was no telling if the young man was some sort of weird warlock or had wild pixies hiding in his jacket. Jeez, all this time here, made Will's imagination a little unhinged.

Gently, he pried himself out of K.C's arm, and headed towards the exit while carrying the packet of chips. "I'll think about it," He promised.

"Alright," K.C responded, calmly.

Will prepared to leave, but something made him turn back to the man and say. "My name is Will, by the way."

K.C's lips cracked into a sly smile, revealing surprisingly sharp teeth. "Nice to meet you, *Will*."

Will smiled back. Strangely, the man's cool aura reminded him a lot of Wendy. He wondered if he could introduce the two later on, it seemed like they would make good friends.

"I hope to see you again, kid," K.C said.

Will was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a familiar yell.

It made him drop the chips in surprise, and whirl around. That sounded like--

"Bill," He gasped, then bolted out of the store.

"Kid, wait!" K.C yelled, but was ignored.

The boy sprinted in the direction he once took. Moments later, he arrived at the exhibit, and the sight before him left him horrified. Laying on the center of the floor, was a head...

...a wax head, of the statue of Dipper Pines.

The rest of the body laid nearby, along with broken off pieces, and an axe. And standing over the mess, was Bill Cipher.

"What happened?" Will gasped, turning to his twin.

Bill opened his mouth to reply, when the guide from earlier chimed in.

"He did this!" He accused, pointing towards the blond.

Bill bared his teeth angrily. "No, I didn't!"

"You were the only one here in the exhibit," The guide said. "While the tour moved on, you stayed behind and destroyed property damage!"

"But, I didn't destroy anything...yet."

"That's it, I'm calling the cops," He warned, pulling out a flip phone from his belt. "You gotta get it now, you're gonna pay for your shenanigans...in the next 13 or so minutes."

Will turned furiously towards his brother. "Ugh, I can't believe you done this! Would it kill you to behave for once?"

Bill blinked, then glared at him. "You actually believed I did this?"

"What's hard to believe? This is exactly the kind of thing you would do. You hated this tour to begin with, and thought this would be an

easy way to get out of it."

"Hey, I would've at least pulled a fire alarm," Bill countered. "Not cut off the head of a freaking statue! And the reason I gone on this stupid tour was for you, so technically, this was your fault."

"Don't you dare put the blame on me," Will snapped. "If you had told the truth, and actually tell me what you been hiding from me, then we wouldn't even be here!"

"There's nothing to know!" Bill shouted. "Why can't you trust your brother?"

"Because you don't seem to trust me!" Will yelled back.

The two silenced, both fuming with rage. Meanwhile, the teenage guide stood awkwardly.

"Are you two done? Because, the cops will be here in the next...10 minutes, I think--"

"Shut the hell up," Bill told him.

"OK."

Headhunters-Part Two

Bill's POV :

He didn't know how he ended up like this. First, he had stayed behind when the tour moved on, hoping to find something that would ease his boredom. The next minute, he had heard a *thud*, and the beheaded wax body of Dipper was spread across the floor. And now...

...He was in handcuffs.

And two cops stood by his sides, one skinny and tall, while the other was short and chubby. The two had briefly introduced themselves as Officer Blubs and Deputy Durland.

"Looks like we got this punk under control," Blubs said.

"Woohoo!" Durland cheered.

Bill growled under his breath, and tossed a glare at the growing crowd of people around them. His eyes landed on Will, and it looked like there was a shimmer of regret in the younger twin's eyes. Good. Bill was still very much angry with him. Even though, a part of him refused to face his own faults, like not telling Will of their true heritage.

But, he was doing his brother a favour by keeping that a secret! Will would have a heart attack, if he knew they were once Demons that destroyed worlds. At least, Bill had been the one to destroy worlds...

He was snapped out of his thoughts, when there was a tug in his handcuffs. "Hey!"

"Come along, city boy," Blubs told him. "We'll be escorting you to the town's jail, where you'll face the charges of your actions."

"Wait!"

They turned, and saw Will rushing up to them. "Isn't this a little harsh?"

The overweight cop turned to him. "Kid, this guy destroyed public property, what do you suppose we should do, slap him on the wrist and move on with our day?"

"No, but--"

"There's nothing you can say to change our minds," Blubs argued.

Will frowned, and darted his gaze towards Bill. The blond then saw his brother's expression switch to determination. "What if I can prove Bill's innocence?"

The cops stared at him, along with Bill himself. Wait, did Will only decided to believe him now? The blond would've been upset that his brother took so long to do so, but a big part of him was relieved as well.

"What did you just say?" Durland asked.

Will stood up straight. "Give me until the end of the day to prove my brother didn't do it."

Blubs looked at him skeptically through his sunglasses. "You sure about this?"

"Yes," He told him, defiantly.

The cops shared a look, before Officer Blubs spoke again. "Fine. You'll have until the end of the day, and during that time, your brother will be kept in the police apartment. That's my final offer."

"Alright," Will agreed.

"Excuse me, officer," Bill chimed in, turning to Blubs. "You mind if I have a little talk with my brother."

Blubs grimaced. "I'll allow it, just don't take too long."

With that, Bill approached Will quickly, and whispered to him.

"Look, I'm glad you finally came to your senses, but how exactly are you going to break this case?"

The blue haired boy bit his lip thoughtfully. "I have been watching a lot of *Ducktective* lately."

"I'm doomed," Bill said.

"Hey, don't worry," Will reassured. "I know what I'm doing."

"You got your crime solving lessons from a duck!"

Will patted his shoulder, giving him a serious look. "This is when you should start trusting me. I will get you out of this, I promise."

Bill regarded him hesitantly. He gotten into trouble before, and mostly managed to get out of it. But this time, he doubted that he'll be able to get out of this one. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to admit that to Will.

"Don't make me regret letting you help me," He told his twin.

Will nodded, saying nothing more.

"C'mon, let's go," Blubs said, grabbing Bill's shoulder and turning him away.

Bill took one last glance over his shoulder as he was escorted out of the museum, and saw Will with a worried expression. He then glanced over at the beheaded statue of Dipper, and dread filled his stomach.

⁂

Will's POV:

After the cops left with Bill, Will returned to the shack. He had recently used his phone to take photos of the Wax Exhibit, in hopes of scavenging some clues. He examined each picture while sitting cross legged on the surface of his bed. Nothing seemed to stand out to him so far.

Will sighed heavily, feeling stress fill him to the core. He may have

bitten off more than he could chew with this one. He didn't know the first thing to do! But, he couldn't let Bill down, not after promising him...

"What's up, dude?"

Will screamed, and whirled around. There, sitting on the windowsill was his friend, Wendy.

He clutched his chest, trying to calm his speeding heart. "Wendy, you really need to learn how to use a door!"

Wendy shrugged. "Doors lack imagination."

She hopped off the windowsill, and went to sit beside him. "So, where's Bill? He promised to show me how to steal snacks from vending machines."

Will looked down at his lap, where he clutched his phone in his hands. "About that..."

Then, he went onto explaining what happened back in the museum. Wendy didn't express any dismay, until Will mentioned that it was the statue of Dipper that was beheaded.

"Oh man, Dipper is definitely not gonna be happy with that detail," Wendy pointed out.

"Does it even matter?" Will snapped. "Bill could be facing serious jail time, and I don't know how to help him, no matter how many cheesy TV shows I watched."

The redhead patted his shoulder reassuringly. "No, he's not, because I'm going to help you."

He felt a surge of relief upon hearing those words, but then uncertainty crawled in. "But how? You have any experience in this kind of thing?"

"No," She admitted. "But, you did say the wax sculpture was destroyed by an axe, and that happens to be my speciality. You have a picture of it?"

Will nodded quickly, and showed her the photo on his phone. Wendy looked at the screen thoughtfully, and then her eyes lit up.

"Oh! The axe is left-handed!"

"There's a difference?" Will questioned.

"I don't joke about axes, Will," Wendy said, seriously.

He regarded her with a puzzled look, before looking over the pictures in his phone again. "OK, so we know the culprit is left-handed. But, I don't think-- Wait!"

"What did you find?" She asked, looking over his shoulder.

"Look," Will said, showing her the screen. "The exhibit had this carpet, and near the body, are footprints...and they each have a hole in them. Bill may be messy, but he never had holes in his shoes."

"So, our culprit is left-handed and has a hole in their shoe," Wendy concluded. "Who does that bring us down to?"

"Probably, everyone else in the museum that morning," Will sighed.

Wendy clapped him on the back encouragingly. "Then, we better start looking now."

Will nodded. Hopefully, halfway they'll be able to help his brother.

⁂

They had scouted through town, and found nothing.

Will didn't think it was possible, but everyone in this godforsaken town seemed to be right handed. He approached each person that joined the tour, but came back with zero results. As for the clue with the shoe hole, Wendy took that into her own hands...by aggressively holding random citizens upsidedown to check their soles. Will was concerned by her kind of strategy.

It was almost nearing afternoon, and Will was beginning to panic.

He looked down in his notebook, that was filled with a bunch of nervous doodles. He murmured anxiously, as he and Wendy walked through town.

The redhead sensed his distress, and put an arm around his shoulders. "Don't worry, we still have time left."

"But, what else is there?" Will noted, miserably. "We looked through every person who was with us at the museum."

"Are you sure, you didn't miss anyone?"

He shook his head. "No, we searched everyone who was in the group."

"What about someone that wasn't in the group?" Wendy suggested.

"No, that can't be..." He paused, as realization struck him like a bolt of lightning. "I got it. I know who it is!"

Wendy beamed. "Really? Then who?"

Will rushed up ahead of her. "No time to explain! Our culprit is in the museum!"

The redhead quickly followed him, as the boy sprinted across the pavement. Minutes later, they reached their destination. The two entered the building, and Will darted his eyes around. His gaze landed on the person he was looking for: the teenage guide that led the group this morning.

"You!" Will yelled, pointing to him.

The guide spotted them, and his eyes widened before he bolted the other way. Without hesitation, Wendy lunged towards him, and pinned the poor guy onto his stomach.

"Don't move, criminal scum!" She snapped.

"What's going on?" He stuttered, in a panic.

Will knelt before him, and glared. "You know what's going on. You

framed my brother for a crime *you* committed!"

"What? That's crazy talk!"

"Oh, yeah?" Will remarked. "You got tired of Bill's behavior, and thought this would be a sweet revenge."

"I told you, I was leading the group," The guide countered.

Will stood up. "We'll see about that. Wendy, check his shoes."

The teenager blinked. "Wait, what--"

He was cut off, when the redhead lifted him and hanged him upsidedown. "Ah! Please don't, I'm gonna be sick!"

"Not after we prove Bill is innocent," Wendy shot back. "And, we will in right about a sec..." She paused.

"What's wrong?" Will asked. "Is he the one we're looking for?"

Wendy suddenly dropped him, and the guide groaned. She faced the blue haired boy with a grim look. "There's no holes...he's not the culprit."

Will felt a massive drop in his chest, and he looked at his friend in distraught. "Are you sure? Maybe you should check again--"

"Will," She interrupted. "It's no use."

He stared, and then bowed his head in his despair.

"Ugh, weirdos," The guide muttered, standing to his feet and walking off. "I don't get paid enough for this..."

Wendy glanced at him as he walked off, and then regarded Will in sympathy. She walked over, and ruffled his hair gently.

"We can keep looking," Wendy insisted. "It's too soon to give up, we can--"

"We can't," Will remarked, his eyes growing misty. "I let Bill down..."

Wendy frowned. "Will..."

He brushed her off, and turned away. "I'm sorry, but I need to be alone right now, can you wait for me back at the shack?"

She looked like she wanted to protest, but in the end, she nodded solemnly. Wendy slowly walked away, leaving Will alone. The boy wrapped his arms around himself, trying to stop himself from tearing up. What was he gonna do now? How could he face Bill after such a failure?

Will trembled slightly. *I'm sorry, I let you down.*

"Are you okay, kid?"

He blinked, and looked up. Towering over him, was the same guy he met this morning, K.C.

"I'm fine," Will lied.

K.C looked at him for a while, then his eyes darted to the side. "I heard what happened to your brother and..."

"Yeah?"

"There's a way I can help you."

Will stared. "You can? How?" He asked, desperately.

"I didn't only volunteer at the gift shop," K.C said, smirking. "I also supervise the security cameras."

A rush of joy crushed into Will. "The cameras! They must've seen what really happened!" He beamed. "Can you please show me?"

K.C nodded, shooting another toothy smile. "Oh, anything for you, kid."

Headhunters-Part Three

[image]

Wendy 's POV :

She sat on the porch, gazing at the sky absentmindedly. Her thoughts filled with worry for the Cipher twins. Wendy wondered what was taking Will so long, and even considered going to find him, but she thought against it. The boy needed to time to think.

She huffed, and hugged her knees to her chest. The first time she actually had real companions in the mortal realm, and this happened. It pained her that she was hopeless in this situation, unable to help. Will and Bill were her best friends apart from Dipper and Mabel.

Speaking of which.

"Wendy!"

The redhead perked up, and saw the Pines twins rushing towards her. She jumped to her feet, and approached them quickly with a smile. Wendy paused, once noticing the looks of dismay on their faces.

"Is something wrong?" She asked.

Dipper nodded frantically. "Yes, and it involves the Cipher brothers."

Wendy's eyes widened. "What? I don't understand--"

"We can explain everything," Mabel told her. "But, you're not gonna like it."

She knitted her brow suspiciously. "What is it?"

Dipper was the one to answer. "After our ran in with the lake monster, we went to find Fiddleford a new home. On the way, I was

attacked."

"By who?" Wendy gasped.

"Bill's brother."

She tilted her head. "Will?"

"No," Mabel told her, her eyes darkened. "Kill Cipher."

Wendy's whole body chilled upon hearing that name again. The Ciphers use to be a violent bunch, but non was more merciless than the Red Demon himself.

"I thought he was banished," Wendy breathed. "Along with *her!*"

"It seems he has returned," Dipper said, seriously. "And he's after Bill."

She rubbed her temples furiously. "Why did it have to be *Kill?* He's ruthless."

"Plus, he's annoying," Mabel groaned. "Before the war, Dipper only kept him around because the two were dating or whatever."

"We never dated!" Dipper remarked, turning red.

Mabel looked at him with an exasperated look. "Oh, so sneaking around under our uncles' radar was you two being *accomplices* and not making out?"

Dipper growled under his breath. "Mabel, this is not the time for jokes!" He snapped, then turned towards the other Guardian. "You have to tell us where the twins are, so we can warn them."

Wendy opened her mouth to answer, when she realized something. "Will..."

The Pine twins looked at her worryingly, then their eyes widened in surprise, when she bolted past them.

"Where are you going?" Dipper called after her.

"Will's alone!" She responded, increasing her speed.

That was all she needed to say, and then they quickly followed her without a moment of hesitation

⁂

Will's POV :

He followed K.C into a dark room.

Before him, was a long table, with glowing screens from left to right. The screens showed almost every area in the museum.

"Wow," He breathed, looking around in awe.

"Fancy, isn't it?" K.C said, cheerfully.

The man beckoned the boy towards the screens. Will looked over them, and saw that one of them was pitch black. K.C reached towards it, and must've done something, because it immediately switched on. Once the static cleared, Will saw a video taken of the Wax Exhibit.

"This is it!" He said, excitingly.

Will watched as the group moved on, while Bill stayed behind. For a while, nothing happened. He scrunched his brow in confusion, then blinked, when the Bill began approaching the sculpture of Wendy.

What's he doing?, Will wondered.

He watched on, then for a horrifying moment...Bill reached for statue, and pulled the axe free from it's hands.

Will's eyes widened. "No..."

Bill then slowly turned towards the statue of Dipper, and with robotic movements, he stalked towards it with the axe raised. Will watched with complete shock. This wasn't right. This couldn't have happened!

Just when Bill was raise the axe higher, K.C paused the video. Will turned to him, and the man gave him a look of sympathy.

"I think you seen enough."

Will was lost for words, and couldn't believe what he just saw. Bill lied to him.

"I was a fool," He hissed, under his breath.

K.C placed a hand on his shoulder. "It's your brother, of course you were going to take his side. I would do anything for my brother..."

Will shook his head furiously. "No! I knew Bill was like this, but I fell for his tricks anyway. I don't know what to think now."

"Listen, kid," He responded. "Maybe, it's best if you and your brother part ways for a while."

The boy frowned at him. "What?"

K.C shrugged. "Just saying, you probably don't wanna see him for a while after this stunt."

He was right about that, but even though Bill drove him crazy, Will couldn't leave him in a jail to rot.

K.C regarded him for a while, then turned on his heels, and faced the exit. "I'll leave you to think about it. The museum closed already, so don't take too long."

Will nodded weakly.

With that, the young man left without another word. Meanwhile, Will felt a crushing betrayal, as he gazed at the paused image of his brother holding the axe. Bill was a troublemaker, but he would never lie to Will about this. Something wasn't right.

After some hesitation, Will started the video again. A lump grew in his throat when he saw Bill raise the axe...but then, the blond's eyes turned blank. Will watched in astonishment, as Bill blinked and dropped the axe to the floor. The blond didn't seem to notice the

weapon nearby, and turned to look around, as though nothing happened. Bill didn't do it. But then, who--?

Will held his breath, when he noticed the nearby wax figure...was moving. He nearly screamed, when it jumped off it's pedestal and ran to grab the axe from the floor. While Bill was unaware of what was going on behind him, the wax figure swung the axe and chopped off the head of Wax Dipper, and it toppled to the floor along with the rest of the body. The wax figure returned to it's pedestal, just when Bill turned around and the camera switched off. The screen was black, reflecting Will's terrified expression.

What just happened? The wax sculptures were alive!?

"Oh no," He breathed, turning away from the screens. "K.C!"

Will made a dash out of the room, and ran in the direction of the Wax Exhibit. When he got there, K.C was standing in front of the body Wax Dipper, his back turned to Will.

"K.C, I might sound crazy, but the wax models are alive!" Will gasped.

K.C was silent, and then a soft chuckle emitted from him. "Oh, kid..."

Slowly, he turned around to face him. Will almost stumbled backwards by what he saw. K.C's once dark brown eyes, were now blazing red with black slits for pupils.

"*Of course, they are,"* He hissed, his voice now distorted and inhuman.

Before Will could utter a gasp, shadows loomed over him. He turned, and his heart raced upon seeing the wax sculptures alive and closing in on him.

"What's wrong, chap?" The wax figure of Sherlock Holmes taunted, glaring at Will. "Never seen cursed relics before?"

"W-what is this?" Will trembled. "K.C, what--"

"You still don't understand what's happening?" K.C taunted, his mouth curved into a wicked grin. "This is a trap. These wax figures are alive and they work for me."

The boy trembled in his shoes. Emotions like fear and confusion swirled within him like crushing waves trying to drown him. Only one question surfaced in his mind.

"W-why are you doing this?"

K.C's expression then turned serious. "For the same reason as yours...to bring my brother back to me."

"What does that have to do with me?" Will questioned, fearfully.

Then, he looked at him, with those hellfires he called eyes. "I can't bring him back...while you're still around."

Then, like a silent command, the sculptures stalked forward. Will scrambled in retreat, only to end up tripping on the carpet, and falling backwards. He stared in horror, as K.C towered over him.

He smirked. "Killing you will be just as fun the second time."

Then, he reached out a hand, and grabbed Will by the collar of his sweater. The boy nearly choked, as the fabric around his neck tightened. He was lifted off the ground, and shared the same level as K.C's glaring red eyes.

"You!"

Both turned to the unexpected voice, and Will never felt so relieved. Standing before them, were Dipper and Mabel. Dipper shot K.C a daggering look. Suddenly, K.C dropped Will to the ground, and turned to the twins.

"Kill Cipher," Dipper hissed.

K.C glanced at him, and briefly licked his lips. "Blue Pine..."

Headhunters-Part Four

[image]

(A/N: ***I do not regret putting in the picture on top)***

Bill's POV :

He waited in a lounge area in a police station, while his wrists were still handcuffed. Frankly, Bill expected far worse treatment, at least he wasn't behind bars. At least, not yet.

He grew tense, once Officer Blubs and Deputy Durland approached him.

"Looks like your brother is running late," Blubs taunted. "Which means, there's no one to take your side."

Bill narrowed his eyes. "No need to rub it in, old man."

"I'm not trying to be rude," He insisted. "Just remember, you got yourself in this mess, city boy."

Like any other day of his life, of course Bill was taking the blame for this one too. But, it was only reasonable, right? He was the troublemaker, the *bad* twin. That was what he was told by his parents, what Dipper and Mabel believed, and what he has always been. The chubby cop was right, no one will be willing to side with him now.

Officer Blubs looked at him smugly. "From now on, listen to the professionals--"

"Guys!" Another cop said, coming out from the back. "Steve is going fit an entire cantaloupe in his mouth! I repeat, an entire cantaloupe."

"It's a 23-16!" Durland announced.

"Let's move!" Blubs ordered, before shooting Bill a stern look. "And you, stay right here."

The two cops quickly left with eager looks, while Bill rolled his eyes at them. He was about to rest his head against the back of his seat, when a shadow was casted over him.

"Hey, dude."

"Wendy?" He gasped, starring at the redhead standing in front of him. "What are you--?"

"No time to explain," She told him. "Now, hold out your hands."

Bill was confused, but obliged. He immediately regretted it, when Wendy raised her axe and swung it down. He shut his eyes in fear, and heard a loud *clank!* He slowly opened them, and saw that the chain connecting the shackles around his wrists were cut in half, so he could move his hands freely.

Bill looked at his hands with a smile. "Thanks, Red."

"Don't celebrate yet," Wendy warned, a dire look in her green eyes. "Will is in trouble."

In an instant, Bill was on his feet. He looked at her frantically. "What do mean, he's in trouble? What happened now?"

From Wendy's expression, Bill must have looked like a wild man by now. "I could spend what little time we have left by explaining to you. Or, we can go now."

Bill nodded in understand, and followed the redhead to the exit. Behind him, he could hear a yell of protest from one of the cops, but he ignored it, and followed Wendy out.

⁂

Will's POV :

Dipper was the one to strike first.

He charged forward at Kill Cipher (formerly known as K.C). Will watched closely, as Dipper unsheathed his sword and swung it at the red haired man's neck. However, at the last second, his weapon was deflected by crossed twin knives that Kill seemed to have pulled out of thin air. Kill landed a kick into Dipper's lower stomach, which shoved the brunette backwards.

"Trying to cut off my head already?" Kill jeered, grinning at Dipper. "C'mon, whatever happened to casual conversation?"

"The time for talking is over," Dipper shot back, raising his blade once more.

Kill twirled his knives in his hands. "Very well."

The two advanced on each other, their weapons sending sparks in the air. Meanwhile, Will was panicking silently, and tried to stay clear of the conflict. Unfortunately, the wax figures didn't seemed finished with him. They tried to grab him, regarding him with white eyes. Will felt his heart leap, when one of them grabbed the back of his sweater. He was saved, once Mabel ran up and kicked the living sculpture aside, and stood in front of him protectively.

"You okay?" Mabel asked him. "Oh, who am I kidding? You're being attacked by living wax! Of course, you're not okay!"

"Mabel, watch out!" Will yelled, pointing behind her.

A wax figure was about to strike her with an axe, but Mabel turned around just in time. She extended her palm forward, and a stream of colourful bubbles emitted out and covered the sculpture head to toe. It yelled in distress, and toppled backwards.

Will stared. "What was that?"

"Bubbles of Pure Madness," Mabel smiled. "By the way, do not let that stuff get on you, you will regret it."

He didn't ask her why, because he knew he'll fear the answer.

As the bubbles cleared the air, it was revealed that some newcomers came to join the battle. These ones, were the wax copies of Wendy,

Dipper, and Mabel.

"Oh, come on!" Will yelled. Couldn't one thing go their way?

Mabel's wax doppelganger instantly charged at her. The brunette did her best to dodge the punches sent her way, and she grabbed the sculpture's wrists furiously.

"You can't defeat me, I'm the original!" Mabel roared, before she snapped the arms off her copy's body.

Will would've applauded her, if he didn't find the scene so brutal. He then gasped out loud, when both Wax Wendy and Wax Dipper grabbed him by the arms. He called for Mabel, and she quickly reacted. After shoving her armless copy to the ground, she ran at the sculptures keeping him hostage. She leaped forward, and landed a swift kick in each of their heads. As result, they released Will and stumbled backwards. After they recovered, they were about to charge at Mabel, but then she grew fireballs from her hands and threw them. They hit their exact targets, and Will watched as the sculptures immediately melted into a gooey substance. He turned to thank Mabel, but instead saw the drained expression on her face.

Will regarded her in concern. "Are you--"

"I'm fine," She reassured, forcing a smile. "It's been long since I did a powerful spell like that."

Their exchange was interrupted, when a yell was heard from Dipper. They turned, and saw the Guardian clutching a deep cut in his arm. Nearby, Kill was chuckling coldly, one of his blades was stained with some strange galaxy-like liquid.

"You're getting rusty, Blue Pine," He hissed. "You would've sliced off one of my fingers by now." Kill stalked forward.

"Shut up," Dipper growled, softly. "Axolotl should've burned you alive, along with the rest of your monstrous kin!"

The redheaded man paused a few inches away from the Guardian, smiling. "I know you don't believe that. You missed me too much."

Dipper stiffened nervously. "I-I don't."

Kill's smile widened, then he snaked an arm around Dipper's waist. The brunette looked surprised, when the other pulled him closer, so the men's torsos brushed together.

"Don't lie to me," Kill purred, in the other's ear. "I missed you."

Dipper stared at him, and opened his mouth slowly. Except, he didn't have the chance to speak, because Mabel had already body slammed Kill.

"Back away, tempter!" She yelled, then turned to Dipper. "Bro-bro, can you not flirt with the enemy?"

"We weren't flirting!" Dipper squeaked, blushing.

Kill was thrown across the floor, and when he got up, he looked mad. "You twins have always been a nuisance!"

"Says the one who helped in the destruction of our world!" Mabel shot back.

"You *killed* my brother!" He shouted, his red eyes pulsed. "And I'll stop at nothing to bring him back. And once I do, this world will be ours!"

Then, Kill threw one of his blades, and it rocketed towards Mabel. Before the Guardian could jump out of the way, the knife landed in her leg. She screamed, and fell onto her side, while her wound oozed dark starry liquid.

"Mabel!" Dipper exclaimed, and knelt down to aid his sister.

Will was about to run to their side, when a figure stepped in front of him. Kill stood before him, and grinned evilly. The boy knew he was no match for the man, and he quickly ran the other way, and left the Wax Exhibit, with Kill's chilling laughter following him behind.

⁂

Darkness surrounded him, as Will delved deeper into a dimly lit hallway. He slinked past many creepy displays, like stuffed prehistoric creatures and portraits with eyes that seemed to follow him around. His heart thrummed in his chest, as he tried to find a hiding place.

"Where did you go, you little brat?" Kill's voice bounced off the walls.

Panicking, Will scurried behind a nearby pedestal holding a vase. He kept still as possible, before daring a peak once hearing a pair of footsteps approaching him. He saw two figures: one of them was Kill, while the other was Wax Sherlock Holmes. By the look of annoyance on Kill's face, it was obvious he wasn't pleased with the living sculpture accompanying him.

"Why are you following me?" He demanded.

Sherlock huffed in return. "I'm making sure you hold onto your end of the deal once you finish the boy off."

"Relax, when my brother returns, I'll make sure you and the rest of your waxy pals get first pickings in the apocalypse."

"Good. Though, I can't believe I'm putting my trust in a Demon's word no less."

"Believe it or not, I ain't too thrilled with working with you either."

Will expected them to argue, a part of him hoping actually, since it would buy him some time to escape. Except, they moved on, and drew closer to his hiding spot. Will shrank back into the shadow, clutching his sweater, as he heard the footsteps come closer. This was his fault! How could he ever been so trusting towards this monster? Bill would've never did what he had done, his brother would've never gotten into this situation.

Then, what would Bill do?, Will questioned himself.

He scanned the area, and his eyes caught on something. The Dreamcatcher, was across from him. He would have to cross Kill's path. Will took a deep breath. He wasn't sure what Bill would've

done, but he knew exactly what he had to do next. And, Will was not looking forward to it. So, before his courage could waver, he jumped out from his hiding place, and reached for the Dreamcatcher.

"There you are!" Kill yelled, throwing his knife at the boy.

Will bowed his head in time, as the blade flew past and embedded itself into a stuffed deer's forehead. As the two enemies surged forward, he grabbed the Dreamcatcher and swung it in Kill's direction. As the object hit him square in the chest, the Demon's clothes and skin immediately sizzled and smoked beneath it. Kill cried in agony, and bile rose in Will's throat at the stench of burning flesh. Then, the boy was nailed in the jaw by Sherlock, causing him to drop the Dreamcatcher. Will fell back, and watched in dismay as the wax figure stomped on the artifact until it was nothing but bits and pieces.

After that, he turned to Kill. The young man was breathing heavily, most of his red vest was fried away, revealing his scarred torso with the scorching imprint of the Dreamcatcher burned into his skin. Despite that, Kill had a smile on his face.

"Well done," He spoke, calmly. "I'm not even mad, I'm impressed. Did being reborn as a little kid finally made you grow a pair?"

Will backed away, but then immediately felt his arms being grabbed. He glanced over his shoulder, and felt his spirits drop, when looking into Sherlock's white eyes. He returned his gaze to Kill, when the man casted a shadow over him.

Kill panted heavily, smoke emitting from his wound. "I'm feeling pretty weak right now," He admitted. "But, I can still strangle you."

"You don't have to do this!" Will pleaded. "I'm sorry for what Mabel and Dipper did to your brother, but what does killing me have to do with--"

"Must I explain everything to you!" He roared, baring his fangs. "Bill Cipher is my brother."

Will gaped. "That doesn't make any sense..."

"It doesn't make any sense, because you can't remember," Kill growled. "You and Bill were both Demons, and were part of the Cipher clan. Bill was killed, but now he came back as a 15 year old boy. My job is to destroy any attachments he might have in the mortal realm, so he can follow his true calling. That means you, Will."

The boy only stared at him, no words came to his head, as shock and confusion fogged his mind. Him and Bill? Demons? What!? It didn't make sense, the brothers were normal kids that happened to run into bizarre situations. There was nothing extraordinary about them...right?

"You seen the cameras," Kill carried on. "The real Bill is still in there, the one that wants to destroy the Guardians, especially Dipper. It may have been a wax version, but Bill still had the desire to seek revenge on him for what he did."

"No," Will finally spoke, glaring at him. "Bill is not a monster, and if you were really his brother, you would see that."

The red eyes narrowed. "A true Cipher would see the truth. But, you have never been family to me."

"Finish it," Sherlock pressed, forcing Will's hands behind his back.

Will trembled in fear, as Kill wrapped his hands around his neck, and started tightening his grip...

"Hey, strawberry pimp!"

Kill blinked, and spun towards the new voice, only to have an axe struck him in the arm. Will's ears hurt, as the man released an inhuman shriek. Blood pumped out of his wound, but his arm was somehow still attached to his body. Meanwhile, two figures approached them, that happened to be Bill and Wendy.

Wendy shot Kill a glare. "Darn, I was aiming for the head."

"Good to see you too, treehugger," Kill shot back.

"Kill, ain't you going to stop her?" Sherlock questioned, looking fearfully at the Spirit of the Forest.

Kill coughed blood. "Forget that, you're on your own," He rasped. Then, he tossed a grin towards Bill. "I'll see you soon, Blondie."

Bill only stared back in distraught.

Then, in an instant, Kill disappeared in a puff of red smoke, and Wendy's axe dropped to the floor in his place. The redhead moved forward, and picked up her weapon, before shooting a sharp look towards Sherlock. Wisely, the wax figure released Will and ran the other way.

"Don't wait up for me," She told the twins, before chasing the living sculpture with a battle cry.

After she went, Bill rushed towards his brother. Will was bombarded with a lot questions, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. In the end, he only managed to answer only one of Bill's questions:

"Are you alright?"

Will felt a stinging in his jaw from the recent blow, but other than that... "I'm fine."

With that, Bill refrained from interrogating him, seeming satisfied for now. Moments later, Wendy returned while swinging her axe and whistling a merry tune.

"Well, I just committed wax homicide, wanna see how Dipper and Mabel are doing?"

Headhunters-Final

[image]

Later, they found that all the wax sculptures were destroyed, and that the Pine twins were more or less alright. Mabel's leg had been treated, but she still had to rely on her brother for support. Things soon took a rough turn, when the police arrived. Will feared that Bill would be facing permanent imprisonment. But, Dipper quickly explained what had happened, and surprisingly, the cops believed it! The museum staff even apologized, and noted that they forgotten to do their manual check if some of the museum artifacts were cursed, giving the sense that this was a normal occurrence for them in this town.

After that, Bill was off the hook, and the group was walking on the pavement, as nighttime neared. On the way home, Dipper and Mabel did their best to explain the Kill situation to the Cipher brothers.

"So, that guy was our brother," Bill reflected, seeming as though a bitter taste was in his mouth.

"Unfortunately," Dipper murmured in agreement. "And this time, it looks like he's hellbent on resurrecting the old Bill."

"So, it's true?" Will breathed. "We use to be Demons, and Bill destroyed your home?"

The Guardians nodded gingerly, and the boy turned towards his brother. "And, you knew about this, Bill?"

"Yes," The blond answered, hesitantly. "But, would you have believed me if I told you?"

"No," Will admitted. *But, the least you could do was try to tell me,* He thought, sorrowfully.

Bill placed a hand on his brother's shoulder. "To be honest, I didn't

completely believe it either, until I saw that *Kill* guy, then it opened my eyes."

Will shuddered at the memory of the Red Demon. "Does this mean he'll be hunting us down from now on?"

"We won't let that happen," Wendy promised. "I'll protect you with my life if I have to."

"And Kill may be violent, but he ain't usually the sharpest tool in the shed," Mabel remarked. "Which is a wonder why Dipper went out with him."

"Tell me about it," Wendy agreed.

"Really, after how he acted?" Will chided.

Dipper narrowed his eyes at his sister, while she giggled. "Mabel!"

"Only trying to lighten the mood," She insisted to him.

Bill moved closer to Dipper, and smirked. "First Wendy, now Kill? Someone's into redheads," He snickered, softly.

The Guardian shot him a well earned death glare.

"Though, in Dipper's defense," Mabel continued. "Kill wasn't even his first choice, it was--" Then, her brother kicked her. "Ow!"

"That's enough sharing for tonight," He stated, sternly. "For the time being, we need to consult with Fiddleford about Kill and our fading powers."

Mabel nodded quickly, seeming to have forgotten about the past topic. "You're right, especially about the powers. I couldn't even cast a simple fire spell, without feeling exhausted."

"I thought you said it was a powerful spell?" Will reminded.

She shrugged. "I only said that, so you wouldn't worry about me."

"I'm more worried than ever," He responded, truthfully. "Does this

mean you guys could be losing your powers?"

Dipper sighed. "We don't know, yet. Hopefully, we can find a way to fix this, before Kill returns."

"Will roughed him up a bit," Wendy said, tossing a proud look towards the boy. "It'll take a while, before Kill recovers."

"Good," The male brunette replied. "If you can guard their shack, that would be nice, Wendy."

Wendy smirked. "Please, I've been sleeping outside their shack as soon as they moved in."

"Wait, what?" Bill questioned.

⁂

Bill's POV:

After they dropped off the twins, Dipper and Mabel left after a brief goodbye. Wendy then ushered the Cipher brothers to bed, before she returned to the woods surrounding the premises. Moments later, the twins were preparing for sleep, when Bill noticed his brother looked tensed.

"It's going to be okay," He reassured. "Red, Pine Tree, and Shooting Star are going to protect us."

Will turned to him with a weak smile. "Thanks, but that's not what was on my mind."

"Then, what is?"

The blue haired boy hesitated, before turning his whole body towards Bill while sitting crossed legged on his mattress. "Bill, I want you to promise me from now on, that you'll tell the truth."

Bill frowned. "I don't think--"

"Please," Will said, his eyes gleamed. "If anything strange happens that you think I can't handle, tell me anyway. And, if you think that I won't believe you, keep in mind, that I've just been told that I was

a Demon in my past life! At this point, nothing will surprise me."

The blond thought long on it, then sighed. "OK, if you ask, I'll tell you the truth from now on."

"Thank you," Will said, softly. "Now, are you feeling...weird?"

Bill tilted his head. "What do you mean by *weird?*"

Will shrugged nervously. "Like...someone's telling you to do bad things?"

He blinked. What the hell was Will going on about? *Telling him to do bad things?* Like some reverse *Jiminy Cricket?*

"No, Will, I don't have some little voice that's telling me to be a bad boy," Bill retorted. "What's up with you?"

There was a strained look on Will's face, like he was holding something back from escaping his mouth. "No reason," He said, quickly. "Goodnight, Bill."

Then, in an instant, his brother laid down on his side and covered himself with his blanket. Bill looked at him strangely, but decided to ignore his twin's antics for now. He curled up on his mattress, on the same moment when Will said this:

"Just so you know...I'm sorry for accusing you at first, because deep down, even though you refuse to show it, you're a good person."

Bill didn't answer, but he will admit, that a part of him desperately needed to hear those words.

Silence then filled the bedroom, and Bill turned off the lights. He rested his head on his pillow, and shut his eyes. As he drifted into a deep sleep, it didn't take long before a nightmare arrived...

He didn't know where he was . He only knew that it was dark . Dark . With fire licking at the sky . And the tangy smell of blood (who knew blood smelled tangy).

He tried to breathe through the smoky air , but his lungs rejected most of

it . Moments later , he realized there was a shape hovering over him . A brunette man with tears streaking down his cheeks . Emotions burned in his eyes : sadness , anger , hatred , and heartbreak .

" How could you !?" He cried , his voice shattered like glass .

Bill managed to breathe out a word through his hoarse throat .

" Pine Tree ..."

He reached out a hand , that was gloved for reason , and went to brush the young man's cheek. Dipper shivered , when the hand grazed him , before he batted it away . He released a furious yell , before plunging his sword through Bill's heart .

The blond felt a metallic rush of blood , and the warm liquid pooled inside his bottom jaw . Bill spasmed , and choked as his airways were blocked .

There was a call from nearby , and through his blurry vision , he saw a young woman with brown locks running towards them . Shooting Star ...

Once arriving, Mabel pulled her brother away from Bill , and stared down at the blond in horror . " Dipper , what have you done !?"

The Pine twins began arguing , but all Bill could hear were muffled voices . A tickle of blood ran down his jaw , as he tried to breathe .

" BILL !"

He recognized that voice . Bill turned , and saw his brother . The youngest Cipher , Will , was regarding him in dismay , his whole body trembling . Bill caught the first signs of tears , that riveted down the little Demon's cheeks .

***They made him cry** , Was all Bill could think .*

He looked back at the Guardians , but focused mostly on Dipper . He growled softly , and as the final remains of his life ebbed away , only one word pulsed in his head :

Revenge .

Bill gasped.

He sat up on his mattress, cold sweat plastered his vest to his back. His chest heaved, as he tried to control his breathing.

What was that?

"*Baa!*"

Bill glanced down, and saw two beady eyes staring at him blankly. "What do you want, goat?" He snapped.

Gompers only stared, before he suddenly went to jump onto Bill's bed. The blond tried protesting, but the animal was already curled up by his side, and it didn't look like he would move anytime soon. Bill thought about pushing him off, but decided he didn't have the energy. Instead, he laid back down on his bed, with Gompers's warm flank pressed against him. He was ashamed to say, that he felt a level of calmness with the goat by him.

"If you lick me, I'll fry you into barbecue," Bill told the goat, who only snored in return. "Goodnight, you little monster."

⁂

Meanwhile, in a clearing surrounded by birch trees, Kill Cipher was sitting in the center. He growled under his breath, upon looking at the burnt state of his torso, with a permanent scar.

"*Well, well,*" A voice singed through the trees. "*Isn't it Kill, coming here to lick his wounds.*"

Kill rolled his eyes. "I don't need your lectures, Jill."

Instantly, a girl appeared before him. She looked about the age of sixteen, and looked fairly normal if not for a few details. She had pale skin, luscious blonde hair, and pointy ears. She wore a yellow sweater and shorts, and she looked pretty innocent, but Kill knew the amount of destruction his sister was capable of.

"Did you kill blueberry yet?" Jill asked, twirling a strand of her hair with her finger.

"No," He spat, bitterly. "Parentally, Will is much braver in the body of a little brat."

She sighed. "Typical, never allow your idiot brother to do a girl's job."

Kill turned to her sharply. "Hey! It's not like you could've done better, plus, you always make me do the dirty work."

"Don't pretend you don't enjoy it," Jill giggled. "Anyway, this was only a little mishap, we'll get him next time."

"But what about afterwards?" He questioned. "Even if we get Bill on our side, he's still mostly mortal and is no use to us."

"Kill, this is *Bill* you're talking about," She pointed out. "He's like the most powerful Demon among us, apart from--"

"Don't say his name," Kill interrupted, glaring. "I don't want to hear about that bowler hat wearing nerd! He had the power to surpass Bill himself, but he wasted his talent."

"Irritable tonight, I see," Jill smiled. "Look, Brother, if you're so worried about Bill being useless...we can always use the journals."

He regarded her with uncertainty. "How are we even suppose to find them?"

Jill's eyes lit up with a golden light. "Oh, I already found one...along with a new *friend*."

Trust of a Peacock-Part One

A / N : ***just dropping in to say that you may notice there will be a lack of Dipper and Mabel in the next few chapters . Don't worry , they'll return soon .***

After the incident with Kill, the Cipher twins were a little on edge. Specifically, Will.

The blue haired boy was currently pacing around the living room one morning, and of course, he had to do it while Bill was watching television. The blond grimaced in irritation, as Will kept blocking the screen.

"Dang it, Will!" He snapped, catching the boy's attention. "Can't you cower in the kitchen, instead disrupting my morning television?"

Will furrowed his brow. "Oh, sorry, I just have a few things on my mind, for example: THERE'S A DEMON OUT TO KILL ME!"

Bill leaned onto the armrest of the couch, regarding his brother with an indifferent look. "Relax, alright? Wendy already told you a dozen times that there's no signs of Kill outside our shack."

Will's face contorted into a paranoid expression. "But, what if he's somewhere in town? The diner? The arcade? Or, maybe the--"

"For god's sake!" The blond shouted, standing up to his feet. "You need to calm down, because honestly, there's only so *much* of your paranoia that I can take before I lose my mind."

"I've been through a near death experience! How do expect me to calm down?"

"Since when had either of us *not* been through a near death experience?"

Will was silent for a moment, before saying. "Good point."

Bill walked over, and ruffled his brother's hair. "Exactly. Maybe, we can go somewhere, in hopes of taking your mind off things?"

"Are you sure it's safe--"

"I'm positive," He insisted. "And we'll only be out for a short while, and Wendy would always come running to save us whenever we're in trouble."

Will still looked unsure, but there was a hint of interest. In the end, he nodded in agreement. "OK, what do you have in mind?"

Bill rubbed his chin in thought, on the same time when a voice spoke from the television.

"*Come one and all, to the Tent O' Telepathy!"*

The twins turned, and on the screen, was an image of a huge blue tent, with people surrounding it.

"*Here, you will see the one and only Lord of Peacocks and Trust! Gideon Gleeful."*

"What makes him so special?" Bill scoffed.

"*He's a psychic.*"

"What?" He said, then his eyes brightened. "Wait, this is perfect!"

Will tilted his head. "It is?"

"Yeah! This *Gideon* guy is obviously a fake, which gives me an excuse to laugh at someone."

"You laugh at people all the time," His brother reminded.

"Yes, but this time, they'll deserve it," Bill remarked.

"Are you sure this guy is a fraud?" Will asked. "I mean, I've met a Prophet before, and he was legit."

"He has cheesy advertisement, of course he's a fraud. So what do you say, wanna have a laugh with me?"

Will rubbed his arm in hesitation, then decided. "Sure, what's the worse that could happen?"

"You're paying, by the way," Bill told him.

"Ah, there it is," Will sighed.

As the twins prepared to leave, the advertisement was still playing, with a silhouette of a boy on the screen.

"*Come on down, folks! Gideon is expecting you...*"

⁂

Will's POV :

He thought the amount of people on the ad was just for show. But no, once they arrived at the *Tent O' Telepathy,* there was at least twice as many people than what was seen on television!

The brothers were currently waiting in a long queue towards the entrance of the blue tent. As expected, Bill grew quickly impatient, while Will decided to distract himself by looking around.

He still couldn't believe how much of the town showed up. Was Gideon this well known? Will couldn't admit it out loud, or else Bill would've made fun of him, but he was actually excited to see what tricks the Lord of Peacocks and Trust had in store for them.

Finally, the tent was finally opened, and the crowd poured in, an eager buzz in the air. The twins joined the rest of the people, as they sat on the rows of seats. Will almost jolted, when a spotlight turned on, and focused more on the stage. He watched intently, as the curtains pulled back to reveal a boy standing behind them.

"Gideon is a kid?" Bill said, incredulously.

Will looked more closely at the figure on stage. Gideon looked about his age or younger. Despite that, Will had never seen anyone look so regal. The boy on stage was wearing a blue vest, and over it was a coat with fine golden embroidery, along with shorts and expensive looking shoes, and finally, a long cape with the patterns

of peacock feathers. Gideon had fluffy snowy white hair that was slicked back, and blue eyes. Such a vibrant shade of blue, that Will almost found them hypnotic. Suddenly, Gideon glanced in his direction with those eyes, and Will being over reactive, decided to duck under his seat to hide.

Bill stared at him. "What are you doing?"

He had no idea. Gingerly, Will returned to his seat, and watched as Gideon began talking.

"Welcome, everyone," He greeted, in a Southern accent. "My name is Gideon Gleeful, but most of you might know me as the Lord of Peacocks and Trust. Why people call me that is no mystery: in this tent, I'm not only here to entertain you, but to give you advice to aid you in your future."

"And this advice being *give me money,*" Bill whispered to his brother, jokingly.

Will looked at him with a knitted brow. "Don't you mean *my* money?"

"You're still hung up on that, huh?"

Meanwhile on the stage, Gideon pulled out a deck of cards from his shirt and carried on. "These cards in my hand will decide your futures, but I can only show one of y'all. Now, who would like to volunteer?"

Immediately, people started raising their hands eagerly, and yelling out their names. Will sat silently, and tossed a look towards Bill, who looked unimpressed. He was about to talk more to his brother, when--

"You there, with the blue hair!"

Will blinked, and turned around to see Gideon smiling in his direction. His heart sped in his chest. "Me?"

The white haired boy nodded. "Yes. You're new here, right?"

"Y-yes," He replied, sheepishly.

"Don't be shy," Gideon told him, gently. "Come up here, and let me see what this town has in store for you."

Will was about to protest, but then Bill tugged at his arm with a grin. "Oh, you have to do this, Will!"

"Why?" He questioned.

"Because it'll be entertaining, at least for me."

Will was about to snap back at his brother, when Gideon pressed. "Are you gonna volunteer?"

He was about to answer *no,* when Bill stood up and pulled Will to his feet. "Of course, he will!" He announced, nudging his brother forward.

The crowd egged Will on, and the boy shot his twin a glare, before reluctantly heading towards the stage. He climbed up the steps, his eyes slowly adjusting to the brightness of the spotlight. Slowly, Will approached Gideon, until he was standing before the other boy. Gideon was even shorter up close, Will towering over him by a few inches.

"Hey," Will said to him, tugging at his sweater awkwardly.

Gideon looked at him thoughtfully, and Will suddenly felt at ease by the boy's soft gaze. "My apologies, if I put you on the spot," He whispered.

He shrugged. "It's fine, it's only a little stage fright..."

"You'll do great," The boy reassured. "I swear on my lucky bowtie."

Will only noticed now, that Gideon was indeed wearing a bowtie. In the center, was a smooth blue stone, that reflected his face like a miniature mirror.

"Now, let's begin," Gideon said, holding up the deck of cards.

Will expected the other to offer him one of the cards, when he was given a surprise. A glowing blue aura surrounded the deck, and the cards flew into the air. The crowd was entranced by this, and even Bill looked shocked. Will watched in awe, as the cards spiralled around him and Gideon, causing a slight breeze to blow at their hair. Gideon smiled calmly at the boy across from him, and with an expert hand, he snatched one of the cards from the tornado around them.

"You have three possible futures," He told Will. Then, he showed the twin the card, it had the image of two masks. "Your first card is *Janus,* the man with two faces. Meaning: *you will meet a friend, who isn't what they seem.*"

Will watched, as Gideon flicked the card to the floor by his feet, and then grabbed another one. The second card had the image of a heart with a lock around it.

"Your second card is *Distrust,*" Gideon continued. "*You will experience something, that will make you lose trust in the ones you love.*"

Will frowned, but watched intently as the boy grabbed the last card. However, once Gideon looked at it, all the colour drained from his face, as though he seen a ghost.

"Is something wrong?" Will asked, concerned.

"Uh..." He stumbled, nervously.

"Does it have something to do with the card?"

Gideon didn't answer at first, then he gulped softly, and said in a shaky voice. "Your last possible future is..."

Then, he slowly revealed the card. Will's eyes widened, when he saw the picture of a white skull.

"*Death.*"

Trust of a Peacock-Part Two

"What's up with Will?" Wendy asked.

Bill looked at her from the couch. "Why are you asking?"

"Well, he's been hiding in his sweater and rocking himself in the corner for the past 10 minutes."

The blond sighed. "He got some fake prediction from some *psychic,* and now he's overreacting."

"I'm not!" Will protested, his voice muffled from the coverage of his sweater. "And you seen Gideon's face when he looked at the card!"

"He was putting on a show!" Bill snapped. "The little snot probably grabbed that card by mistake, and decided to play along."

"What cards? What are you two talking about?" Wendy pressed, looking confused.

Will finally pulled his head from out of his sweater, so he could turn to Wendy. "This morning, we met this kid psychic, and he says there's a possibility that I might die."

"Oof, dying sucks," She agreed. "Also, did this psychic happened to be named Gideon by any chance?"

"You know him?" Will asked, incredulously.

Wendy shrugged. "Barely. He's the richest mortal in Zero Gravity Town, but also happens to be very generous. There has been rumors that he might be a lost Prophet, but most assume that he's just faking his powers for fame."

Bill gestured towards the redhead, while looking at his brother. "See? Nothing to worry about."

Will relaxed a bit, but there was a nervous edge in his side. He

couldn't forget the terrified expression on Gideon's face, and it brought along a wave of doubt and fear. The *death* card wasn't even his only concern, the other predictions also didn't hold much light. The first possibility, he will be betrayed by a friend. The second one, he'll lose trust in the ones he loved. The last one being...

His thought process was fortunately put to a halt, when there was a knock on the front door. "I'll get it!" Will said quickly, and stood up from the corner.

He moved towards the door and opened it. There, on the front poach, was the last person he expected to see: Gideon Gleeful in the flesh, with the same regal clothing he had on this morning. Will felt conflicting emotions when facing the young psychic. One part of him was nervous and a little frightened, while the other part was glad to see those blue eyes again for some apparent reason.

"Gideon?" He said, confusion fogged his mind. "Why are you here? And how did you find my address?"

The shorter boy shuffled his feet shyly. "I couldn't get you out of my mind. I wanted to apologize for what happened on stage, it was not very swell of me..."

Will waved his hand dismissively. "It's alright, there's no way you could've known things would go that south."

"Still, I feel like I have to make it up to you," Gideon decided. "How about I pay you back the money you spent--"

"No, you can keep that," He insisted. "Really, it's fine, you don't have to do anything for me."

Gideon frowned, and then said without hesitation. "Would you like to come over to my house?"

Will stared. "Your house?"

The boy nodded eagerly. "Yes, it's only a quick visit, you won't regret it."

Will was silent, not knowing how to reply to Gideon's offer. What

would one say in this situation? Granted, the peacock boy was still a stranger, and had recently told him he was destined to die, so the right thing to do would be decline the invitation. Yet, when Will eyed Gideon's innocent face, it was almost impossible to say no.

"Will, who's at the door?" Bill demanded, appearing beside his brother.

Gideon smiled at the blue haired boy. "Your name is Will? I like that name."

Will blushed at the compliment, while Bill's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "What the heck are you doing here?"

Gideon turned to him, as though only noticing now that Bill was here. There was flash of emotion in his eyes, that Will couldn't describe. It was gone in a second, and Gideon smiled sweetly in return.

"I'm here for Will," He explained. "I invited him over to my house...only if he agrees to go, that is."

Bill glared. "I think he'll be staying home."

Will regarded him in surprise. "Excuse me, but that isn't your choice to make."

"William, don't test me, I am 60 seconds older than you," Bill remarked.

"I'm only saying, Gideon asked *me,*" Will shot back. "So, I should decide whether to go or not...and you know what, I will go."

Bill grimaced at him, while Gideon's smile widened. "Excellent, I'll wait outside until you're ready."

"Good," Bill said, tossing a hard look towards Will. "That'll give me enough time to talk with my brother."

Gideon looked at him blankly. "Of course, I'll be quiet, you won't even know I'm here--"

Bill slammed the door closed in his face. After that, he turned towards Will. "What was that?"

Will narrowed his eyes. "What?"

"Don't *what* me! A few minutes ago, you were cowering in your sweater by what that guy said, and now you're all buddy with him?"

The boy was asking himself the same question, but a part of him refusing to admit it to his brother. "I dunno, maybe this is my chance to make a new friend?"

"May I remind you of your other attempts to make *friends?* I'll keep the list short: gnomes, living wax sculptures, and an evil redhead," Bill remarked. "What I'm saying, is that sometimes you can be overly trusting."

"Or, I'm just being friendly," Will countered. "And, Gideon did seem to feel guilty about this morning, so this is the least I can do."

"Will is right, Bill," Wendy said, from the kitchen. "Let your brother live his own life."

Bill rolled her eyes. "No one asked you, Red. And, stop stealing from our cabinets!"

The redhead stuck her tongue out at him, while carrying an armful of snacks towards the living room. The blond only glared at her, before returning his attention to his brother. There was a clear look of reluctance on his face, then he said:

"Fine. But I want you back by 2pm sharp."

"Thanks, Bill," Will beamed. "I'm gonna put on my outdoor socks!" Then, he made a dash up the stairs.

After he went, Wendy turned to Bill curiously, while already opening a packet of chips. "You seem awfully overprotective, more than usual."

Bill shrugged. "I don't know why...but that Gideon kid gives me the creeps."

There was a moment of silence, then there was a tiny voice outside the shack. "I can still hear you."

The blond narrowed his eyes. "That's it, I'm getting the broom."

"Bill, no," Wendy chided.

⁂

Will's POV:

Much later, a black limo drove Will and Gideon through town. This was the first time the boy had such expensive treatment. However, he couldn't properly enjoy the experience, since he was still nervous.

"Are you alright?"

Gideon was sitting beside him, though there was a wide gap between them. Will gazed through the tinted windows, and didn't reply for a while, before saying:

"You didn't have to do this," He told the other boy. "I know the incident on stage wasn't completely your fault, and even though you insist that it was, I already forgave you. So, there's no reason to invite me over..."

In the reflection of the window, he saw Gideon smiling sweetly. "Is that what you think? Well, let me tell you a wittle ol' secret: I *want* to hang out with you, Will."

Will turned to him in surprise. "What? But, you barely know me...Wait, did you find out things about me with your psychic powers?"

He released a light laughter. "Heavens no, I would never use my powers on someone without permission," He said, then added sheepishly. "I don't know why, but something about you interests me."

Will found that hard to believe. As far as he was convinced, he was bland and uncool, especially compared to others like Wendy or Bill. Why would anyone wanna hang out with him?

"Just checking..." Will started. "But, is this some kind of trap, so you can kill or marry me?"

Gideon blinked, stared at him, then blinked again. "What? Of course not, why would you ask that?"

The boy rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. "I've been through a lot..."

"I somehow believe that," Gideon chuckled, softly. "And no, I'm not gonna marry you, and I'm definitely not out to kill *you.* I'm only hoping to befriend you, because you seem like a nice guy."

Will was shocked to hear that his voice was genuine, and a small smile crept up his face. "You seem nice as well, Gideon."

The snowy haired kid nodded in return, and then he perked up when the limo finally pulled to a stop. "Looks like we're at our destination."

Gideon's driver opened the door for him, and Will followed his new companion out. After that, he was awestruck, once seeing the huge manor before him, with a lush garden in front. Will almost felt intimidated by the building, but Gideon beckoned him forward. Gingerly, he trailed behind the other, until they were both within the manor's entrance.

Once inside, Will's gaze darted about, to sink in the beautiful interior. And oddly enough, there were always peacock themed decorations here and there, such as paintings, feathered carpets, sculptures, and so on...

He must really like peacocks, Will thought, peering curiously at a peacock themed plate on display.

The two were silent, as Gideon led him down a long hallway. There, Will saw paintings that didn't show birds. They were old looking, and showed people that he assumed were Gideon's relatives. It was only until he past one big portrait, was when he stopped dead in his tracks.

Will stared at it. The portrait showed a young man in a blue suit,

brown hair, and the most familiar face he had ever seen.

Dipper !?

As crazy as it seemed, the man in the painting looked exactly like the male Guardian, except for the blue eyes. But, how could that be?

"Oh, I see you spotted a painting of my Great Uncle."

Will stared at him. "Your great uncle?"

Gideon nodded proudly. "Mason Gleeful. He was the most respected amongst the family, along with his sister. It's a shame I never met him, he sadly past away when I was very young."

"I'm sorry for your loss," Will said, in sympathy.

Questions still plagued his mind, but he decided to leave them for another day, and hopefully Dipper would answer them.

"Thank you," Gideon told him, then as though to lighten the mood he said. "C'mon, I have something to show you."

He walked on, with Will in tow. The hallway started narrowing, and more doorways appeared as the two progressed. The blue haired boy suddenly caught sight of one door, one that had shooting stars carved in the wood. Curious, Will walked forward and turned it's doorknob. The door opened agape, and without thinking, he peered inside.

"Wait!" Gideon gasped, finally noticing what the other was doing.

It was too late. A flash of light momentarily blinded Will, and he blinked rapidly, before seeing what was inside. His eyes widened in surprise. Inside, was a bright pink room, filled with pictures of Mabel Pines. He gaped, at the thousands of portraits on shelves, as while as the huge shrine in the center.

What the--

"I'm terribly sorry!" Gideon stuttered, flushing. "You weren't suppose

to be in here, and-- Oh gosh, I'm so embarrassed!"

Once his shock subsided, Will quickly said. "No, it's alright. It was my fault, I shouldn't have opened the door without your permission," He insisted, then glanced awkwardly at the shrine. "You seem to be a fan..."

Gideon nodded sheepishly. "You can call me that. I always idolized the Guardians, but there's something about *her* that catches my interest every time."

A wistful look drifted into his gaze, one that Will recognized. Gingerly, he asked. "Gideon, by any chance, do you have a crush on her?"

The other boy blushed hard, and looked away. "Maybe a little one," He admitted, softly.

What do you mean by 'little'? Will thought. *You built a shrine around her!*

Gideon continued. "One day, I wish to see the Guardian of the Heart up close. But, I think it's unlikely that will happen."

He'd be surprised, if he knew what Will had been through. Maybe, he could ask Mabel to meet up with Gideon, since the boy really seemed to admire her. He was about to say this to Gideon, when the other suddenly ushered him out of the room, and closed it behind them.

"Let's move on, shall we," He insisted, like nothing happened. "We still have that important stop."

Will looked at him thoughtfully, but then nodded in agreement, thinking that Gideon wanted to brush off the embarrassment. So, the two proceeded walking. Eventually, they arrived at a different doorway, and when Gideon opened it, Will stared in amazement.

Inside the room, was an arcade, with games old and new. The blue haired boy stepped forward, the sounds of jingles and blinking of lights on screens surrounded him. Will wasn't sure how to take this in, then Gideon placed a hand on his arm.

He smirked in Will's direction. "So, shall we play?"

Will smiled widely.

Trust of a Peacock-Part Three

The next day, Will was telling Wendy and Bill about his time at Gideon's manor.

"And then after we hung out at the arcade, we went to an indoor pool. You heard it correct, a pool indoors!"

"It seemed like you had fun," Wendy smiled.

"I did," Will said. "And Gideon was a blast, I can't believe I ever felt uneasy around him."

Nearby, Bill was sitting on the couch, furrowing his brow. He was silent throughout the whole conversation, and Will was starting to worry.

"Bill, are you alright?

Wendy looked sideways at the blond. "He's probably jealous of the fun you had."

"You can't make me admit it," Bill told her. "And actually, I'm thinking about something else..."

"Like what, exactly?" Will asked.

Bill looked him in the eye. "I think the munchkin is tricking you."

He stared, and didn't think he heard correctly. "What? Why would you--"

Bill interrupted. "For one thing: he hung out with you. *Willingly."*

"Hey! I'm fun to hang out with!" Will protested, even though he didn't believe his own words.

"Nah, Gideon is definitely lying to you," His brother countered, his eyes narrowing.

Will could practically feel the overprotective aura around Bill. Understandably, the blond was suspicious, since his brother had gotten himself into dangerous situations, both result of his trusting nature. But, Gideon was different, he just knew it. The white haired boy didn't have the same demeanor as Norman or Kill, for the first time, Will felt like he made a genuine friend...

"Don't worry about me," Will told his brother, gently. "I think it's fair to say, that I can handle myself by now. So, don't try to stop me from seeing Gideon this afternoon."

Bill's eyes widened. "You're meeting up with him again?"

He nodded in return. "Yeah, he invited me to his father's factory."

"Who makes plans at a freaking factory?" The blond snapped. "Will, this is obviously a trap!"

Will narrowed his eyes. "No, it's not. I'm only going out with a friend."

"That guy isn't your friend," Bill shot back. "For once, can you actually think things through, before you start holding hands with people who want to kill you?"

"OK, now you're being unreasonable," He pointed out, then turned to the redhead. "Wendy, back me up here!"

The Guardian glanced between the two, then sighed heavily. "Will, I'm sorry...but Bill kinda has a point."

"Ha!" The blond exclaimed, triumphantly.

Will frowned at the woman. "But, why?"

Wendy rubbed her arm sheepishly. "Kid, in this town, there are a few amount you can trust. And there's still very little we know about this *Gideon* guy."

"Which is exactly why I'm forbidding you from seeing him," Bill chimed in, sternly.

The blue haired spun sharply towards his brother. "Are you serious now, Bill?"

Bill's expression softened. "I know it seems crazy, but I'm trying to protect you--"

"No!" Will snapped. "You're *suffocating* me! Just like you always do!"

In a fleet of frustration, he stomped towards the exit. Will paused outside the shack, when Bill called his name.

"Will, don't do this," He said.

Will turned his body around to face him with a glare, then held onto the door.

Bill gasped. "Don't you dare slam the door in an act of anger--"

That was exactly what Will did.

"Goddammit!" The blond yelled from inside.

Then, Will turned on his heels, and headed into the woods around him.

⁂

Will's POV :

A long while later, he had arrived at the destination Gideon had told him. He looked at the huge building, and wondered where his newfound friend was. That was, until a voice called from the roof, and Will was shocked to Gideon waving at him overhead, before he indicated to a nearby ladder. After a rather difficult ascent to the roof, he managed to settle beside Gideon. He then went on and vented to him about his troubles, and Gideon seemed understanding as always.

"I know it isn't my place to say this," Gideon started. "But, your brother sounds quite controlling, Will."

Will shook his head. "No, he's only wants what's best for me...even

though, he can overreact at times."

"Yes, but even you must see that he's going too far," Gideon insisted.

He didn't answer, a part of him considering what the other boy told him. Will had to admit, Bill could be overprotective, but he also had the right to be, though...

"Let's change the subject," Will suggested, eager to move on. "Why did you invite me here, Gideon?"

Gideon's face once again melted into a kind smile. "I thought it had a nice view," He said, then gestured in front of him.

Will turned, and stared in awe at the whole scale of the town, as the sun slowly dipped in the horizon. Any other time, he would've been afraid at this height, but with Gideon, he couldn't be anymore relaxed. The only time he been this comfortable with someone, was with his brother, but somehow, that also changed with Bill's recent behavior. He wondered if Bill was worrying about him, the thought made him anxious.

"There's another reason why I brought you here," Gideon continued.

Will regarded him curiously, as the other boy took something from behind his back, and placed it between them. It was a long flat box.

"What's this?"

Gideon had a twinkle in his eyes. "A present for you."

The blue haired boy blinked, and a light blush dusted his cheeks. He couldn't remember a time when someone gave him a gift. Granted, his parents never bothered with celebrations like Christmas, or even their children's birthdays.

"For me? But, we only been friends for a short while," Will pointed out.

"Enough time for me to get attached," Gideon chuckled, sheepishly. "Will, you are not only my friend, but the *first* friend I made in years. I would do anything for you."

The boy stared, not expecting such a confession.

"Would do the same for me?"

It took a few seconds, before Will registered his question. "Of course. Friends stick together."

Gideon's smile widened. "So, we are at an agreement?"

Will tilted his head. "What agreement?"

"That we should kill your brother."

He froze, feeling his blood run cold, as he gaped at the disturbingly innocent smile on Gideon's face. "What?"

The white haired boy didn't reply, instead he reached out and peeled the lid off the box. Will looked in horror, at the row of sharp knives in the containment. Gideon picked up one of the blades, and admired it in the light.

"You'll do it tonight," He told Will, handing the knife to him. "Make sure Bill's back is turned, and then the rest will be easy."

Will batted his hand away, and scooted back, suddenly wanting to be away from the boy. "Killing my brother!? Are you nuts!?"

Gideon shook his head. "No. Listen, I looked into it, and I've seen the future where Bill destroys everything! He's not what he seems!"

"Seen the future?" Will repeated, nervously. "But, I thought you were a..."

"A fake?" He questioned, calmly. "Tell me, friend, is this fake?"

Gideon leaned closer to Will, so that the other boy was forced to back away. However, the white haired boy grabbed the other by his shoulders, and Will stared into his unblinking eyes. Then, for a flicker of a second, he was bombarded with visions, of a town scorched in flames, while an ominous figure rose above the destruction, with one golden eye.

Will gasped loudly, as Gideon released his grip, and the vision vanished. He was trembling violently. "What was that...?"

"Something we need to avoid," Gideon told him, seriously. "Which means, Bill needs to go."

"You don't know if Bill was responsible for that!" Will shouted.

"I know what I saw," He said, eyes narrowing to slits. "And you should've connected the dots by now. *Janus:* You see Bill as a friend, but that's all a lie. *Distrust:* He's the one that will make you lose trust. Finally, *Death*..."

Will shook his head rapidly, feeling his heart speed up in his chest. "No! Bill would never hurt me!"

Gideon's gaze softened, and he regarded the other in sympathy. "I know this is hard for you, especially since this is your brother. But, you have to believe me."

At that moment, Will didn't know what to believe. He knew that Bill was once a powerful Demon, but...it couldn't be, he refused to believe his brother would go down that path!

All of a sudden, he felt a warm hand placed over his. Gideon was giving him a near pleading look. "I wasn't lying, when I said that you are my friend. As my friend, I don't want to see you get hurt. Please."

Even though the things he was saying were crazy, Gideon honestly believed he was doing the right thing. But...

"I'm not killing my brother, Gideon," Will said, strictly.

Gideon frowned. "But, the vision--"

"I don't care what you saw. Even though he's annoying, Bill is the only family I have left, and I'm not going to hurt him," He growled. Then, he adopted a softer tone as he moved on. "I think of you as a friend, too, and I know you only want to protect me and this town. But, I refuse to go through with it."

There was silence on the other boy's part, then eventually, Gideon sighed. "I understand."

Will smiled, and froze when a pale hand brushed at his temple. He regarded Gideon puzzlingly, while the boy's expression darkened.

"I'll do it for you, then..."

Will's eyes widened, just when a fogginess drifted into his head from Gideon's fingertips grazing his skin. It wasn't long, before he entered a deep dreamless sleep.

⁂

Bill's POV

This was one of the rare times he'll admit this, but this was all his fault.

He dialed Will's phone countless times, while Wendy watched nearby. After many attempts, Bill didn't have an answer. He was about to throw his phone to the wall, when the redhead stopped him.

"Calm down," Wendy told him. "Maybe you should give your brother some space."

"I know," Bill admitted, grudgingly. "But, he could be in danger for all I know!"

The Guardian crossed her arms. "Sooner or later, you have to stop underestimating Will. He fought off Kill by himself, for Axolotl's sake."

"Red, you haven't grown up with him like I did," He countered. "As far as I can remember, Will always needed me to protect him."

"And what? Because he's becoming independent now, you feel like you're not needed?"

Bill flinched, but tried to hide it with a remark. "The point is, I care about my brother, but he can be naive."

"And you can be impulsive," Wendy shot back. "You both have your flaws, but you balance each other out, that's what makes you two a great team. You just need to trust each other more."

He pondered over her words, and knew she was speaking the truth. He was about to respond, when his phone rang. Bill's heart almost leaped out of his chest, when he saw Will dialing. He immediately accepted the call, and pressed it to his ear.

"Will, are you alright?" Bill demanded. "That little pipsqueak didn't do anything, right?"

" How flattering ."

The blond froze, when hearing the eerie voice on the phone. "Gideon? Put Will on the phone!"

" I'm afraid I can't do that ."

"Why not?" Bill growled.

"What's happening?" Wendy asked.

He couldn't answer her, because that was when Gideon spoke again.

"Well, he's very tired, that's all," He chuckled, softly. "*If you want, you can come over and see him."*

"Listen, you little pest," Bill hissed. "You're going to tell me your exact location, and then I'm going to march down there and beat you to a pulp."

"*Sounds splendid,"* Gideon remarked, sarcastically. "*On one condition: Don't you dare bring that redhead along with you."*

Bill's eyes widened. "How did you--"

" If you tell her , your brother's little nap will be permanent ."

He gritted his teeth, rage and fear pumped through his veins. "Fine, gremlin."

" I'll send you the address soon . See you then , Bill ..."

Then, the call was cut short.

Bill slowly put the phone away, and took a deep breath. Then, he slowly headed towards the door. "Wendy, Will just called. He asked me if I could pick him up."

Wendy nodded. "Alright, do you need me to come--"

"No," He stated, calmly. "Don't wait up, I'll be right back..."

Then, he left without another word.

Trust of a Peacock-Final

After following the directions the pipsqueak sent him, Bill finally arrived at a dull building. By now, he was charged with adrenaline and pure anger. If he didn't get a chance to punch Gideon in the face, he will be very unhappy.

With no hesitation, Bill stomped up to the front doors and kicked them open. "YOU SON OF A--"

"Oh, you're finally here," Gideon said, coolly.

The shorter boy was standing in the center, surrounding by towers of boxes. Bill didn't know what kind of things came out of this factory, and he didn't really care.

Bill glared at Gideon. "Where's Will?"

Gideon smiled, and then gripped his bowtie. Almost immediately, a light emitted from his hands and eyes, and something floated up from behind him. It was a large crate, and it was stuffed with pillows, and resting on them was a familiar blue haired boy. Gideon gently placed the crate behind him, giving Will a strangely affectionate look.

"Your brother and I indeed grew close," He said. "It's hard to imagine how an angel like him is related to a monster like you."

"You wouldn't be the first to think that," Bill noted. "And if you care so much about him, why did you threaten to kill him over the phone?"

The boy smirked. "Oh no, I would never hurt Will. That was only a fib, to make sure you would come alone."

The blond growled softly. "Why are you even doing this!?"

Gideon's eyes glowed with a deep viciousness. "Now that you're up close, I finally know who you are...Bill Cipher, Destroyer of Worlds,

the *One Eyed Beast*."

Bill gaped. "What the hell--"

He was cut short, when out of nowhere, objects flew out of the boxes and zipped across the ceiling. When they slowed, it was revealed that they were shears. Bill winced, as they aimed their razor blades at him. Then, he felt his whole body grow numb, and he was lifted into the air, with a light surrounding him.

"How are you even doing this!?" He yelled, struggling to no avail.

"You're not the only one with secrets," Gideon spat. "Now, time to get rid of you once and all."

Despite his current situation, Bill rolled his eyes. "If I had a dollar for every time someone wanted to kill me, I'd be a freaking billionaire by now!"

"Yes, go ahead and make jokes," He snapped, his eyes blazing like blue flames. "It'll make your death easier for me."

Then, the shears loomed closer to the blond's face. He cried out loud, when one of them sped past, and grazed a cut on his cheek. The other shears grazed at his skin, opening bleeding cuts, erupting needles of pain across his body. Bill realized Gideon didn't immediately kill him, more like the boy was playing with him, hurting him for his own amusement.

This kid was insane.

"Bill...?"

The blond breathed heavily, as the warm tickle of blood ran down his wounds. He managed to turn his head, and saw Will raising from the crate. Once the boy registered the scene before him, he gasped in shock at seeing his brother in the air.

Gideon looked distressed. "Dang it! That sleep spell was supposed to last longer!"

"Bill!" Will yelled, climbing out of the crate.

"Don't come any closer!" Gideon shouted, blocking Will's path. "Can't you see, I'm trying to help you!"

"What you're doing, is hurting my brother!" He screamed back, rage lit in his eyes. "Put Bill down, now!"

Gideon narrowed his eyes. "If I let this monster go, it'll be the end for all of us. Bill is a Demon, and he has to be stopped!"

Will looked at him blankly, then bowed his head. "I'm sorry about this, but you left me no choice..." Then, he lunged at the other boy.

Gideon didn't have the time to react, as Will pinned him onto his back. Then, as fast as he could, the blue haired boy reached out and ripped the bowtie from around the psychic's neck. Nearby, the power faded from the shears and they fell to the floor, and so did Bill. He screamed in panic, but fortunately, managed to land in some nearby empty boxes. Dazed, Bill slowly rose to his feet, meanwhile, Gideon was staring down Will, as the boy gripped his bowtie.

"It's over, Gideon," Will said, determinedly. "You can't hurt anyone, now that I have your magic amulet."

Gideon didn't move an inch, then his gaze darted to Bill. He bared his teeth. "Guess I have to do it the old fashion way."

Then, to Will's dismay, the peacock boy picked up a nearby shear and advanced on Bill. The blond, still recovering from his wounds, tried his best to back away from Gideon, as the other started slashing the sharp object at him. However, both boys didn't notice the window behind them, and before Will could warn them, Gideon lunged forward with a furious yell. He barreled right into Bill, and both ended up crashing through the window.

Will felt his stomach drop, and rushed forward. He looked down to see the two plummeting down the hill, the bottom nearing them in each passing second. He stood in shock, before only deciding now to do something. Then, he shifted his gaze to the bowtie, and clenched it in his hands desperately.

Please! Please! Please!, He pleaded to it.

And, like a miracle, the amulet began to glow. Will felt relief crash on him, as he saw the two figures below began to slow their descent to the earth. After Gideon and Bill were placed gently on the ground, Will had another command for the amulet, and very quickly a light surrounded him. He was lifted into the air, and was slowly lowered down the hill. The two boys stared at him, as he landed before them with ease.

Will faced Gideon with a glare. "I said: *it's over.*"

He threw the amulet to the ground, where it smashed into a dozen pieces. Gideon only gaped in complete shock, trembling slightly.

"You must understand, Will!" He pleaded. "Your brother is a Demon! You can't trust him!"

By now, the blue haired boy was fumed with anger. "Gideon, if you hate him so much for being a Demon, then you might as while hate me too."

Gideon paled. "What do you mean?"

"I am a Demon...at least, I use to be," Will said, softly. "But, why should that matter? I'm still me...we can still be friends."

He reached out for the boy, but Gideon backed away from him, rather harshly. Will regarded the boy before him, whose eyes that were usually caring towards him, but were now cold as ice.

"To think I ever thought of you as a friend," Gideon hissed. "Stay away from me."

Then, he turned on his heels, and slinked off into the shadows. Will felt a crushing feeling in his chest, and looked down sorrowfully at the remains of the amulet by his feet. He bent down, and picked up the pieces. When he rose again, Bill was by his side.

"C'mon, Will," He told him, gently. "We don't want Wendy to worry."

Will only nodded, and then followed his brother, as the night loomed over them.

⁂

"HE DID WHAT?"

Much later, the twins had returned to the shack, and after they patched up Bill's wounds, they told Wendy of their recent encounter with Gideon.

"I swear, when I see that little punk, I'm gonna hang him from the highest tree from his underwear!" She snapped.

"Count me in," Bill said, eagerly. "What about you, Will?"

Will was silent, gazing at the pieces of amulet he arranged on the table. He sighed heavily. "I really thought Gideon was different..."

Wendy and Bill shared a look, before they approached the boy, and stood by his sides with warm smiles.

"Don't sweat it, kid," Wendy reassured, ruffling his hair playfully. "You still have plenty of friends who aren't fakes like that guy."

Will returned their smile, though it was a weak one. "I suppose you're right."

"Of course, we are," Bill said. "I can imagine what the little pipsqueak is doing now, properly brooding somewhere, planning out his *revenge.*"

Wendy chuckled. "Properly using his *psychic powers. Ooohh!*"

The two erupted in laughter, Will laughed along with them. "Hehe, yeah...though, I am still a little worried."

"Please, we faced bigger threats than Gideon," Bill reminded. "I mean, what's the worse he can do?"

⁂

Gideon's POV :

He was alone in his room, feeling panic swell up in him.

Why did he do that? Why did he say those things to Will?

The pained expression on the boy's face, will forever be imprinted into Gideon's memories. He felt extremely guilty, after all, it wasn't Will's fault that his brother was a monster.

I have to get him on my side, Gideon thought. *But, will he be able to face me after what I said?*

The vision flashed through his mind once more. The destruction was terrifying, he couldn't let that happen. He had to stop Bill, but how? Even *Journal #2* couldn't help him.

Looks like someone's desperate .

Gideon froze, once hearing the distorted voice bounce off the walls of his room. "Who's there?"

Then, he noticed red smoke clinging to his feet. He cried out in fear, when it expanded, and a form rose from it. It was a man in a leather jacket, with red hair, and equally red eyes.

"Hey there, partner," The man smirked.

Gideon yelped, and backed into his chair, landing on it. A second later, was when a sixteen year old girl appeared on his lap.

"Oh, look at how fluffy his hair is!" She beamed, combing her fingers through his white locks. "Can we keep him?"

"Who the hell are you two?" Gideon demanded.

"I'm Kill, and the weird girl fussing over you is my sister, Jill," The redheaded man explained, then tossed a disproving look at his sister. "Seriously, Jill, stop scaring the kid."

Jill rolled her eyes, but got off Gideon, so she could stand beside her brother. After that, the psychic rose to his feet and glared at the

two, feeling a little braver.

"Why are you here?"

"We're here to help you, of course," Jill giggled.

Gideon rose a brow. "With what, exactly?"

"You know what," Kill shot back, crossing his arms. "To stop the Demon that destroyed our home."

He blinked. "Wait...you mean Bill?"

Both nodded. "And, we can't do it without you," Jill insisted. "So, what do you say, handsome?"

This would be Gideon's chance to do something! But, he barely knew these two besides for their names, and the way they appeared on the exact time that he needed help...it was almost too good to be true.

Jill must've noticed his hesitation, then a smirk played on her lips. "Would you like something in return?"

Gideon looked at her suspiciously. "What are you playing at?"

"There must be something you desire," She said, coolly. "Riches. Fame--"

"I already have that."

The blonde girl hummed. "I guess you're right. How about something better...like the heart of special one?"

She held up a hand, and blue flames rose in her palm. Gideon stared in amazement, when it began to take shape. He turned a deep red, when it took the form of a *shooting star*.

"Agree to work with us, and then she'll be yours."

By now, Gideon wasn't thinking straight. All he could think about was saving the town, protecting Will...and finally winning the love

of the Guardian of the Heart.

"I agree," He said, the air seemed thick around him as he breathed out those words.

Kill's eyes gleamed. "Good. Now, listen very closely to what we have to say..."

The Inconvenience-Part One

For the past few days, an unusual pattern kept repeating itself. Particularly, with Wendy.

The Cipher twins slowly grew to notice that their redheaded friend has been vanishing into the woods for hours, before returning to the shack in the dead of night. As her friends, they were understandably concerned by this. And as this routine of hers continued, their worry grew to great lengths.

"You think something's wrong in the forest?" Will questioned one morning, to his brother.

Bill shrugged, his arms resting on the kitchen table. "Hell if I know, Wendy has always been a mystery."

"You think we should ask her?"

"Even if we did, what help would we be to her?" He remarked. "I'm not much of a nature guy."

Will nodded in agreement. "True, remember when you punched that squirrel in the face?"

"He stole my lunch bar, and he had it coming!" Bill snapped.

Before the conversation could move on, the window to the kitchen suddenly flung open. The frame was filled with red hair, as Wendy struggled to crawl in. A second later, she toppled to the floor.

"Ow," She said, before standing up and leaning against the table.

"Hey, Wendy," Will greeted.

Wendy blinked at him, dark rings surrounded her eyes. "Oh, hey Will, didn't see you there..."

"What's up with you, Red?" Bill demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"For one thing, I've seen you climb through windows with much more grace," He noted.

Wendy shrugged him off, taking a sit by the table. "I was up late and had little time to sleep, no big deal."

Will eyed her with concern. "You been like this for some time now. Is there something wrong?"

She frowned. "No, what made you think that?"

The blue haired boy pulled out a chair, and sat beside her. "Since you're the Spirit of the Forest, we thought that something might've happened to burn you out like this."

Wendy's frown deepened, and she bit the nail of her thumb nervously. Eventually, she said with a sigh. "The forest is fine. The truth is...I've been hanging out with some friends."

Bill regarded her with skepticism. "I thought the only friends you have here are us, and those Pine twins."

Wendy bumped his shoulder softly. "Believe it or not, I'm pretty popular around the woods," She said, cheekily.

"So, who are these friends of yours?" Will asked.

She explained. "They live in the mortal realm, and they always been there for me ever since I earned my role as a Guardian."

"Why haven't we met these randos?" Bill remarked.

Wendy sighed. "Unfortunately, I barely have the time to hang out with them, since I'm always busy. Which is why, I started meeting up with them at night, since at least then, I get a break from being the *Spirit*."

"Why didn't you tell us earlier?" Will pointed out. "You're our friend, we don't mind you having fun once in a while."

The redhead smiled warmly. "That's a relief, because the gang and I are actually suppose to meet up tonight and..." She paused, and then a spark ignited in her eyes. "I have an idea! You two should join us!"

Both twins stared in surprise. Will looked at her with uncertainty. "Are you sure?"

"Heck yeah," Wendy beamed. "You'll finally get the chance to meet them, and hey, maybe you'll like each other."

Bill drummed the fingers against the table in thought, and nodded. "Sure, it's better than doing nothing in the shack."

"But, we're only kids," Will said, nervously. "What if they think we're lame?"

"And by *we,* you mean *you,*" Bill corrected.

Wendy gave him a smack in the head, before addressing Will. "My friends are usually welcoming...though, they can be a little hardcore."

Bill snorted. "Trust me, they never heard of the word *hardcore* until they meet me."

"Is that so?" Will taunted. "You may be a tough guy, Bill, but you still have a soft side."

"Since when?" His brother shot back.

The blue haired boy smirked mischievously. "Remember the *Lamby Dance?*"

Bill's eyes widened.

"What's the *Lamby Dance*?" Wendy questioned.

"Will, I swear to--"

"When we were young, Bill would put on a little dance to cheer me up whenever I was upset," Will explained, ignoring his brother's

death glare.

Wendy grinned. "That sounds so cute!"

Will nodded in agreement. "It was. He would even put on a little lamb costume and sing about grazing, I still have the pictures if you like to see them."

"Show me," She said, eagerly.

"Delete that from your memory!" Bill shouted, furiously.

Both laughed hysterically, while the blond flushed. Eventually, Wendy stopped and gave both brothers a bright expression.

She made the motion of zipping her lips. "I'll make sure to keep the lamb dance a secret from the gang. So, you both agree to meet them?"

Bill tossed a look towards Will, and the younger twin nodded shyly. "I guess it wouldn't be too bad..."

"Great," She said, standing up from the table. "They'll will be arriving in a few hours. For the time being, I'm gonna nap on your couch."

Then, she left the kitchen, leaving the two boys alone. Almost immediately, Will's eyes widened in panic.

"What did I just agree on?" He breathed. "If Wendy's gang is as cool as her, there's no way we can impress them!"

"Again, I think you meant *you* in this situation," Bill retorted. "Also, learn to relax once in a while. For the first time, we're not battling demons, and finally get a chance to experience what a normal friend group feels like."

Will processed this, and then slowly relaxed. "You're right, maybe this could be fun."

Bill scooted closer to him, and wrapped an arm around his brother's shoulders. "Of course it will. Now, let's get you changed out of that

nerdy outfit."

"This is the only outfit I own, Bill."

"And it looks terrible. Thank me, later."

⁂

As the sun dipped into an afternoon sky, the Cipher twins were waiting on the porch.

"So, what do you think Wendy's friends are like," Will asked his brother curiously, as the soft breeze drifted through his hair.

Bill twirled a leaf between his fingers nonchalantly. "I dunno, but I get a feeling they'll be as weird as Red."

The blue haired boy looked at him up and down. "Is that an insult or a compliment?"

The blond grinned in his direction. "Knowing me, there's no telling which," He said, flicking the leaf in Will's direction.

Will batted the leaf away when it landed in his lap, and was about chastise Bill for it, when a light rustle in the bushes made him pause. Both brothers directed their gaze to the forest, for a moment, fear pumped through their veins as they expected another threat. However, they immediately relaxed, when a pair of familiar faces revealed themselves.

"Hey, guys!" Mabel smiled, bounding towards them with a hop in her step.

Dipper didn't greet them as enthusiastically as his sister, but that was expected of him. Instead, he gave them a curt nod.

"What are you guys doing here?" Bill questioned.

"Checking on you, of course," Mabel said, brightly.

"And we're looking for Wendy," Dipper noted.

Will frowned. "Why? Is something wrong?"

The male brunette shook his head. "Not for now, but we only want to discuss important matters to her, specifically regarding our powers."

Bill stood up from the porch, dusting off his shorts. "That'll be a problem, since she recently invited us to hang with her friend group."

The Pine twins took this in surprise. Mabel was the first to reply. "Really? I heard she had friends in the mortal realm, but neither Dipper or I met them..."

"You think we can join you two?" Dipper asked, suddenly.

Bill narrowed his eyes at the other. "What about these *important matters* you been going on about?"

Dipper rubbed the back of his head awkwardly, his cheeks dusted pink. "I'm sure it can wait. We are also Wendy's friends, after all."

"Yeah, sure," Bill remarked, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh hush," Dipper snapped at him.

Meanwhile, Mabel was sitting beside Will, hugging the boy's shoulders in excitement. "This is great! A chance to make new friends. Though, I wonder if Wendy will let us."

"She cares about you two, of course she'll let you," Will reassured. "Also, if you squeeze me any harder, I think you might dislocate something..."

"Oops, sorry!" She said, releasing him.

Will breathed in relief, on the same time when another figure appeared in the clearing. The sweep of red hair was unmistakable, and Wendy smiled at the brothers. Her face lit up even more, upon seeing the Pine twins.

"Just in time, you two!" She exclaimed, running up to them.

Dipper blushed madly, and cleared his throat. "Hey, Wendy, we heard you were meeting your friends and..." He trailed off.

Mabel finished the sentence on behalf of her brother. "We were wondering if we could join you."

Wendy released them, and gave them a warm look. "Duh! Of course, you can." Then, her eyes darted to the forest. "And, here they are."

They all followed her gaze, as the rustling began once more. Then, forms pushed through the bushes, and stepped into the orange haze of the descenting sun. Shock masked their expressions, as the newcomers were revealed to be animals.

There were four of them, and they were all huge. The first one was a buck with large antlers, and beside him was a blond wolf with bared fangs. Moving on, there was a slim black bird with long purple plumes flowing from it's head and tail feathers. The bird was perched on the last animal, a rather large bear.

Bill finally snapped out of his dazed trance, and said. "Red...what the hell?"

"What?" Wendy questioned.

"Are you running a petting zoo or what?" He remarked, gesturing towards the animals.

Wendy smirked, placing a hand on his hair. "Just watch..."

Bill grimaced, but listened to her. As the group watched, almost immediately, the creatures before him began to change. They shrank until they were of an average height, pelts melted into skin and clothes, and they stood on their two legs. The group of animals, were now teenagers wearing pelts.

Bill's eyes widened. "What the f--"

Will nudged him silent. "Language."

The blond glared at him, before whirling towards Wendy. "What the heck just happen?"

"They're Changelings," Wendy explained, indicating to the group. "People that take the forms of animals. Surprising, eh?"

"Wendy!" The boy with blond hair exclaimed, whom recently had been the wolf.

The rest of her friends rushed forward to greet her, and Wendy gave them wide smiles. "Hey dudes. I want you to meet my pals."

She gestured to the Pine twins. "You already now these goofballs."

"If I knew you guys could turn into fluffy creatures, I would've exercised my hugging muscles!" Mabel beamed.

"She's not one for first impressions, unlike this guy!" Dipper said, then he pointed to himself with his extended thumbs, only to be received by awkward silence. "This guy..."

Bill facepalmed. "I almost feel sorry for you."

Wendy moved on, pointing to the brothers. "And these two are Bill and Will," She said, then turned to the boys. "Guys, I would like you to meet the gang."

She pointed to the blond teenager and the boy with sleeve tattoos. "This is Nate and Lee."

The two punched each other, laughing. Meanwhile, Wendy moved on to the girl with purple streaks in her hair, who had a phone that wasn't noticed earlier.

"And this is Tambry."

"Hey," Tambry said, without looking up from her phone.

Wendy then gestured towards a round boy with brown hair. "And this is Thompson, who once ate a ran over waffle for 50 cents."

"Don't tell them that," Thompson whined, in a nasally voice.

"And..." Wendy paused, looking around. "Hey, where's--"

"Wendy!"

The new voice made everyone turned to the towering trees, and saw a form perched on one of the branches. Before anyone could question, the figure jumped down and landed, and stepped out of the shadows. And there stood a young man with black hair, piercings, black leather pants, and a lean figure. It looked like he had been wearing a tight dark hoodie, that had been sliced in half, revealing his bare chest, which had a tattooed stitched heart on his pale skin. Lastly, he had a bow under one of his arms, and a quiver of arrows hung over his shoulder.

Bill squinted. "Who's this Hot Topic weirdo?"

"Oh no," Dipper breathed.

"Robbie!" Wendy beamed, running to hug the newcomer.

Robbie's mouth was hidden by the collar that surrounded his neck, but it seemed that he was smiling. "Are you the same person? There's less twigs in your hair than when I last saw you."

Wendy nudged him playfully. "Shut up, bro. Anyway." Then, she turned to the brothers. "Guys, this is Robbie, he's a Guardian of the mortal realm like me."

"Cupid of Broken Hearts," Robbie said, smugly. He slung an arm over Wendy's shoulders. "Also, who are these runts?" He pointed towards the Ciphers.

"Nice. *Real* nice," Bill shot back, sarcastically.

"I-I'm Will," The blue haired boy stuttered. "And this is my brother, Bill."

Robbie removed his arm from Wendy, and approached the boys slowly. Will froze, when the taller narrowed his eyes at them.

"These are mortals," Robbie sneered.

Bill glared. "Wow, you deserve a cookie for figuring that out."

"Bill!" Will chided, then turned to Robbie nervously. "He didn't mean it, he just likes jokes, and jokes are hilarious. Haha-- please don't kill us!"

Robbie was silent for a moment, before roughly messing Will's hair. "Whatever, kid."

Once his hand was removed, Will smiled weakly. "Hehe...Ow."

Then, Robbie turned towards the Pine twins, a look of recognition and contempt brushed his features. "Long time, no see."

"Hey Robbie! You remember me?" Mabel asked, excitably.

"Of course...you're Girl Dipper, right?"

"Um, close enough."

Dipper glared daggers at the Dark Cupid. "Oh, I definitely remember you, Robbie Valentino."

Robbie glared back. "Good."

Will scooted closer to Bill nervously. "I sense tension."

"I know," Bill started, then a wide grin masked his face. "This is going to be fun to watch!"

The Inconvenience-Part Two

Bill's POV :

The group were now strolling through a path in the woods. Night was already crawling overhead, and soon they were surrounded by an eerie darkness. Despite the creepy scenery, Wendy and her gang were unfazed. Understandably, considering they were powerful beings. As for the Cipher twins, Will was anxious as always, while Bill had other thoughts on his mind.

He shifted his gaze to the two people in front: Wendy and Robbie. Bill was mostly looking at the Cupid, before eventually turning to Dipper. The Guardian was also eyeing Robbie, and his lips thinned. The rivalry between the two young men was obvious, but he still decided to test his theory.

He slinked closer to Dipper. "So, what's it with you and Leather Pants over there?"

Dipper tossed him a hard look, as though annoyed that Bill decided to talk to him. Then, he said. "Nothing much. Unlike most Guardians, Robbie was born and raised in the mortal realm, so there are very few times we interacted."

"Then, why are you acting like he just kicked a puppy?"

The brunette's lips curled into a grimace. Obviously, he rather not have this conversation, but the blond couldn't help his curiosity. Though, Bill didn't know what came over him, as to be interested in Dipper's life.

Dipper's gaze darted to the two figures in front, and Bill looked to see Robbie with an arm around Wendy's shoulders. Finally, everything was clear.

"Oh, someone's jealous," He taunted.

Dipper rolled his eyes. "I'm not--"

"Don't even deny it," Bill chuckled. "Who knew a inter dimensional warrior could be insecure compared to a dude in tight pants."

The Guardian flushed. "I refuse to talk about this, Bill."

The blond thought about pressing him, but decided against it. Bill could be reckless, but that didn't mean he was gonna pester someone with a sword.

"Alright," He sighed, then took a glance at Robbie curiously. "Strange, I expected a Cupid to look like one of those chubby babies with wings."

"Robbie isn't an ordinary Cupid," Dipper said. "He doesn't specifically make people fall in love, he only gives hope to those with broken hearts. He is a very skilled archer, be lucky that he doesn't recognize who you really are, or else he would've plunged an arrow into your skull the second he saw you."

Bill rolled his eyes. For once, he would like to go somewhere in this town, and not be mistaken for the enemy and targeted by every weirdo in sight.

"Hey guys!" Wendy called from in front.

The group paused, and looked ahead of them. Behind a tall fence, was an abandoned looking store. Dry paint chipped off from it's brick walls, the windows looked dusty and gave little view of the inside, and hanged limply on it's roof was the giant sign *Dusk 2 Dawn.*

"Here it is," Wendy smiled, gesturing towards the store. "The condemned Dusk 2 Dawn."

"Cool!" Lee and Nate beamed.

"Why was it shut down?" Will asked, nervously. "Was it rats, or--"

"Try murder!" Lee said, eerily.

"Some folks died there," Nate agreed. "It's been haunted ever since."

"Ooohh!" Mabel said, excitably.

Will trembled. "Uh, haunted? Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Wendy clapped him on the back encouragingly. "Don't worry. If there's any paranormal activity, I don't think they'll be any match for us Guardians and Changelings."

That made the boy relax a little, empathise on *little.* One by one, the group climbed over the fence. Bill looked up worriedly, as Will struggled on the top.

"Dude, hurry up!" Robbie called, impatiently.

"Okay, okay," Will sighed, shakily.

He struggled some more, and accidentally slipped off. Bill's eyes widened fearfully, when his twin plummeted to the ground. Fortunately, Dipper rushed forward, catching the boy before he could hit the ground.

"Thank you," Will breathed, gratefully.

"Whoo, Dipper!" Mabel cheered. "Nice save!"

Wendy smiled, and Robbie clicked his tongue before turning away.

After Dipper placed Will on the ground, the group moved forward until they stood before the shut doors. There was a hustle, as Robbie tried to yank it open. Dipper then volunteered, and tried to open it, but only got the same result.

Robbie scoffed. "I thought the Guardians of the World Balance were suppose to be strong."

Dipper shot him a glare.

Growing impatient, Bill stepped forward. "Let me give it a try."

"Yeah, I can't open it, but I'm sure the mortal can break it down like

Hercules," Robbie rolled his eyes.

Bill shot him a hard look. "You underestimate my *breaking and entering* skills thoroughly."

Without another word, he approached the side of the building. Using the boxes and the dumpster, he climbed to roof. He then faced a vent, and he could hear sounds of protest from Will and Wendy, but he ignored them. Bill then proceeded to punch the vent, and on the third try, he busted it open. He climbed into the tight space, having a bit of difficulty squeezing in his shoulders. After a while of crawling through the vents, he came out a vent in the store. Bill wiped the dust off his shirt, before heading to the doors and opening them easily.

He smirked at the surprised group. "Be my guest," He said, gesturing inside.

"Good call inviting this one!" Nate beamed.

They entered the store, closing the door behind them. Darkness surrounded them, and Bill felt a chill up his spine. Meanwhile, the rest of the group were marvelling the place.

"Where do you think they keep the dead bodies?" Lee smirked at Nate, and his friend nudged him playfully in return.

Suddenly, the store was filled with light, almost blinding Bill. Once he recovered from the flash, he realized Wendy was standing by a pair of light switches. She strutted to the center of the floor, smiling at the Cipher twins.

"What do we do now?" Bill asked.

"Anything we want," Wendy replied, coolly.

The boys grinned at each other.

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And so, the once abandoned store was their territory of fun and laughter. The group spent the majority of the time having food

fights with expired snacks, filling colas with mints and watching them exploded the liquid everywhere, and other activities.

Will was busy dodging the flying food around him, laughing, before coming to an abrupt halt. Before him, was a stand with pink sweet powder. He grabbed a pack, and looked at it curiously.

"*Smile Dip?"* He read.

"Hey! It's been long since I seen that product."

He turned around, and saw Mabel standing there. "I never heard of Smile Dip before, is it any good?"

Mabel grinned. "I should know, I invented it."

Will's eyes widened. "Wait, you did?"

She nodded. "It was a gift I created for the mortals years ago, and it was pretty popular. Unfortunately, it got discontinued."

"Why?"

Mabel shrugged awkwardly. "Something about causing *hysteria* and *hallucinations.* But, yet again, what do lawyers know?"

Will tossed a nervous glance at the pack in his hand, then hesitantly tore it open. Inside was the glittering pink powder, that smelled sweet.

"Maybe I could try a little bit," He decided. "What's the worse that could happen?"

"That's the spirit," Mabel smiled.

The blue haired boy took out the stick, and then dug into the candy contents. He licked the powder off, and his eyes went wide.

"How does it taste?" She asked.

"I can see sounds...and hear colours," Will said, blankly.

"Oh no."

Meanwhile, Wendy and Dipper were sitting together on one of the shelves.

"Thompson, come here!" Robbie called.

Thompson ran past eagerly. "I don't know what it is, but I'll do it!"

"Whoo, Thompson!" Wendy cheered.

Dipper chuckled. "Your friends are quite the wild bunch."

"Yeah, I was kinda surprised you wanted to come, to be honest," Wendy admitted, shyly. "You and Mabel are always working, I hope this isn't wasting your time or anything."

Dipper frowned, before placing a hand over hers. "It's the least we can do. You are special to us..."

Wendy smiled warmly, making the brunette blush and flinch his hand back. "Thanks, Dipper, and--"

"Wendy!"

Dipper narrowed his eyes, when Robbie slid up next to the shelf. "I just found some old lottery tickets, I bet you I can find five lucky stars."

"Excuse me, we were just in a middle of a conversation," Dipper remarked.

Robbie looked at him coldly. "Relax, you don't own her."

Dipper was about to snap back, when Wendy chimed in, probably sensing an argument. "It's okay, Dipper, how about we talk later?"

The brunette fought the urge to protest, and frowned as Wendy got off the shelf and walked alongside Robbie. For a split second, the Dark Cupid sent a glare at him over his shoulder.

Jeez, what did I ever do to you?, Dipper wondered, in annoyance.

"Tough luck, Pine Tree."

The Guardian looked down, where he saw Bill inspecting him. Not wanting to give the blond a reason to taunt him, Dipper balked defensively.

"Whatever you saw, it's nothing," He insisted.

Bill tilted his head. "I barely count your horrible attempt to flirt as *nothing.*"

"I wasn't flirting!" Dipper snapped, flushing.

"Hell yeah, you weren't," The blond retorted. "You were blabbering like an idiot."

Dipper frowned, suddenly a little insecure. "I was?"

Bill nodded, then smirked. "If you want someone to practice flirting on, my door is always open," He teased.

Dipper looked at him blankly. "I rather be crushed into stardust and thrown into the deepest depths of space."

"A simple *no* would've been fine," Bill pouted.

Dipper suppressed a smile, and then said. "Is that the reason you're talking to me? To give me terrible dating advice?"

"Partially. But, I also wanted you to help me carry ice from the cooler."

"Why do you need ice?"

"To pour it down Thompson's pants."

"Suddenly, I wish I haven't asked."

Bill chuckled, then tugged at Dipper's leg. "So, you gonna help me?"

"Why can't you carry it yourself?" Dipper questioned, impatiently.

"I have weak upper body strength."

Liar, Dipper thought. Despite Bill's age and lean form, he was

boarder than his brother, and his arms did have a fine amount of muscle to them.

He wanted to decline Bill's offer, figuring that the blond was just lazy, but then he caught Robbie and Wendy chatting happily together by the counter. Dipper frowned. He suppose he needed a distraction about now.

So, he followed the boy to the cooler. Bill moved forward, and yanked it open, cold mist drifted into their faces.

"This place is pretty nice," Bill said, smiling around the store. "It's hard to believe that people think it's haunted."

Dipper was about to nod in agreement, when he froze, upon looking into the cooler. "Bill..."

Bill stared at him in confusion before following his gaze, and he released a small gasp. As the mist cleared, it revealed a floating object, which was a brain with eyes and tendrils flowing from it's sides.

"I spoke too soon," Bill breathed.

The Inconvenience-Final

With a yell, Dipper slammed the cooler shut.

There was a moment of silence, filled with their rapid breathing, before Dipper hesitantly opened it again and peered inside. Nothing. The monster from before was gone.

"What was that?" Bill breathed.

Before the brunette could reply, they were suddenly surrounded by the rest of the group.

"What happened?" Robbie asked. "We thought we heard a lady screaming or something."

Bill stifled a laugh, and Dipper shot him a look before turning to the people before him. "Well, you see--"

"Hey, look over there!" Bill suddenly said. "It's the game that tricks people into exercising, *Dancy Pants Revolution!*"

The teens looked at the game, and rushed towards it, cheering, leaving Dipper and Bill where they were.

Dipper turned sharply towards the boy. "What was that?"

Bill rubbed the bridge of his nose. "This night is important for Wendy, we can't ruin it."

"But, you saw--"

"Saw *what?* A floating brain in a cooler?" Bill shot back. "I've seen you take down bigger threats! We shouldn't exaggerate over something so insignificant."

Dipper took this in. He felt a little reluctant trusting Bill, but in a way, he agreed with the blond. It was just one monster they saw, it couldn't be that bad. With that, the two joined the rest of the group,

the discarded ice packs on the floor forgotten.

When they arrived shortly, Thompson was sweating up a storm trying the dancing game, while his friends cheered him on.

"Wow, he's terrible at this," Wendy chuckled.

"Yeah," Dipper said, blushing at her.

Bill rolled his eyes at the male Guardian. However, as he did that, he caught sight of the glass door beside them. He stared, and quickly tugged on Dipper's arm. The brunette turned to him with a rather annoyed look, but then Bill pointed to the glass. Dipper turned, and nearly gasped when he saw everyone's reflections, but they were all skeletons. A second later, the reflections went back to normal.

"Bill, what--" Dipper paused, then he realized the boy wasn't next to him.

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Bill ran through the aisles, until he came across his brother. However, Will was leaning against a stand, with Mabel knelt beside him.

"Will, I want you to focus," She said, holding up her fingers. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

Will was barely looking looking at her, foaming at the mouth. "Eleven...teen."

"What did you do to him!?" Bill shouted, approaching them.

Mabel looked at him nervously. "It's okay, he'll be back to normal in no time...hopefully."

Bill growled under his breath, before kneeling beside his disoriented brother. He shook Will's shoulders rapidly. "Do you hear me? We need to leave!"

Meanwhile, Will could only see a distorted colours, and a

hallucination that involved a giant golden retriever for some reason.

HSIREP SYAWLA SREHPIC, It said.

Will patted Bill's hair, thinking he was the dog. "You're such a good boy..."

Bill batted his hand away, and glared at Mabel. "Shooting Star, I want you to know, that I'm personally holding this against you."

"Understandable," She agreed.

"Bill!"

They turned, to see Dipper approaching quickly. "Bill, why did you run off?"

"I was going to get Will, but your sister poisoned him!"

Dipper briefly glanced at the stand, and sighed. "Oh man, why did it have to be *Smile Dip?*"

"Again, I'm really sorry," Mabel said, genuinely.

"Dipper! Bill!" Wendy called. "Where did you run off to? We found something cool!"

"We have to tell them that we need to leave," Dipper told Bill, urgently.

Bill nodded, and the two sped off, leaving Mabel to take care of Will. Once the two met up with the group, they realized the figures were facing the floor, where there were chalk outlines of two bodies.

"The rumors were true," Nate breathed.

Lee grinned, and nudged his friend. "I dare you to go lay down in it."

"You're on," Nate told him, cheekily.

Dipper's face contorted in fear, when the young man stepped closer

to the chalk. "Wait!" He yelled, without warning.

Nate paused inches away from the outline, and everyone turned to the brunette.

"Dipper, what's wrong?" Wendy asked, concerned.

Bill urged him on by nudging him, and Dipper said hesitantly. "We should be careful, because...maybe this place really is haunted."

Robbie rolled his eyes at him. "Settle down, Captain Buzzkill."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "Hey! I'm only thinking about the facts."

The Cupid stepped forward threateningly. "Doesn't mean you have to suck the fun out of everything!"

The brunette backed up, as the other came closer. "Will it kill you to think responsibly? We're not mortals, we are GUARDIANS."

"Uh, Dipper," Bill chimed in.

"What?" Dipper snapped.

Bill gingerly pointed to the young man's feet. Dipper slowly looked down, and to his dismay, he had unwittingly stepped inside one of the chalk lines. Before he could move, the lights in the store suddenly flickered, shocking the people inside. Then, the chalk outline Dipper was standing in glowed an ominous green.

"What's happening?" Wendy gasped.

"Oh crud!" Bill yelled.

Tambry seemed to be the only one unfazed by this, then a glow surrounded her phone. Before she could utter a gasp, she was sucked into the screen with ease. The group stared, as the phone dropped to the floor. Wendy shakily reached for it, and picked it up.

She scrolled down the screen. "*Status Update: AHHHHH!.*"

There was a pounding from the nearby security cameras, where

Tambry was trapped behind the screen, her face stricken with horror.

"Tambry!" Robbie gasped.

"Can you hear us?" Dipper yelled to her.

Tambry wasn't looking directly at them, and she seemed unresponsive for now.

"We need to leave, now!" Bill shouted at them.

Wendy nodded, then turned to Thompson. "Get away from that game! We need to--"

"Wait, I almost got the high score!" Thompson panted, sweating a lot.

Then, like a blur, Thompson vanished in thin air, and appeared a second later inside the game itself.

Thompson blinked. "What the--"

"*Time to shake what your mama gave you!*" The game announced.

He screamed, when he was suddenly pelted by descending arrows. "Ow! So many arrows!"

"*You're a dancing machine!"*

"No, you're a dancing machine!" Thompson sobbed.

"Thompson!" Wendy cried.

"Nobody puts Thompson in harm's way but us!" Lee growled, then spun around furiously. "Show yourself, ghost!"

"*Very well..."*

The whole group froze at the sound of the deep voice, on the same time when something large came hurtling past them, before crashing into the counter. A moment later, it was revealed to be Mabel.

"Ow..." She groaned.

Dipper ran to aid his sister. "Mabel, what happened!?"

Before she could reply, a form hovered overhead. Bill stared in disbelief, at what he saw. Floating over the shelves, was his brother. Will had a glowing aura around him, as while as eerie white eyes vacant of pupils and life.

"*Welcome, trespassers!"* Will spoke in a voice that wasn't his own.

Bill bared his teeth. "Get out of my brother, you Ecto-freak!"

The spirit chuckled villainously. "I'm afraid not, this vessel belongs to me! And so do all your lives!"

Lee growled, his long blond hair curling at the ends. "He said get out of the kid, you monster!"

Then, in a matter of seconds, he transformed into a giant wolf and charged at the possessed boy.

"Lee, don't!" Nate yelled, but it was too late.

The spirit laughed manically, and rose his arms. Immediately, luminous chains appeared behind him, and shot towards the wolf at his signal. The chains coiled around Lee tightly, trapping his limbs in place. Then, a tremor shook the store, the floor spilt up to reveal a gapping hole. Despite his struggles, Lee was dragged into the darkness, just before the hole sealed shut.

"LEE!" Nate cried.

Robbie immediately spun towards the doors, and took out his bow and arrow. He aimed and shot at the glass, but there seemed to be a forcefield, and it rocketed back at him. Robbie dodged, and the arrow embedded into a nearby food stand.

Bill rose his hands. "Everyone listen, I read in the journal that ghosts always have reasons for the things they do. Maybe, we can convince it to let Will and us go."

"Yeah right, I'm sure the bloodthirsty ghost just wants to talk about their feelings!" Robbie shot back, sarcastically. "And what do mortals know anyway?"

"He certainly knows more than you!" Dipper snapped at the Cupid, who sent him a glare in return.

Nate looked desperately at Bill. "I'm 100% on board with you, kid, anything to get my friend back."

Bill nodded, and took a deep breath, before approaching the glowing form that was once his brother. "Listen, Ghost! What is it that you want from us?"

The spirit cracked a creepy smile, which looked beyond disturbing on Will's face. "*That's an easy question. What I want...IS YOUR DOOM!"*

Then, without warning, gravity reversed itself, causing everyone to fall to the ceiling. Things crashed together, and most of the group fell unconscious, leaving only Dipper and Bill left. The two immediately found an empty icecream machine, and hid inside.

While the ghost laughed outside, Bill sighed. "Well, we're dead."

"No, we're not," Dipper remarked, determinedly. "Will is still in there, we need to draw him out."

"But, how?"

Dipper turned to the blond urgently. "Quick, what are your brother's favorite things? We need something he recognizes."

"Favorite things? The guy barely goes out! His favorite things involves books, nerd crap, and when he was younger I..." Bill paused, and groaned loudly.

Dipper blinked. "What?"

Bill hid his face in his hands. "Are you familiar...with the Lamby Dance?"

Dipper stared, and flushed. "Actually yes, my sister would force me to do it when we were younger."

"Really? Did you wear a lamb costume too?"

"Actually, it was a ram costume."

"Oh my god, that sounds so much worse."

"What are you applying with this, Bill?" Dipper questioned.

Bill darted his eyes to the side. "Me performing the Lamby Dance was Will's favorite thing when he was younger. If we do it now, we can snap him out of it."

"But, why do I have to do it?" Dipper remarked.

"Because, I refuse to go through this hellfest alone."

The Guardian bit his lip. "Are you sure about this?"

"Either we lose our dignity, or our lives," Bill pointed out.

Dipper thought this through, and nodded with a very unexcited expression. "Alright, let's get this over with."

Bill nodded. "OK, but how are we suppose to get the costumes?"

Then suddenly, glitter clouds encased them. When it cleared, Bill was wearing a lamb costume, with Dipper in a matching ram costume. The two turned, and saw Mabel waving at them from across the room.

Your Welcome, bro-bro, Mabel mouthed, with a smile.

"Your sister is going to be the death of me," Bill told Dipper.

Dipper sighed. "Same here."

Then, without hesitation, the two climbed out of their hiding place. As they stepped into the center, the ghost turned to them with a glare.

Bill gulped softly, then said to Dipper. "1...2...3!"

Then, the blond broke into song, while dancing to the rhythm. "*Oh, who wants a Lamby Lamby Lamby? I do! I do!"*

Dipper sung the next line. "*So you better go and greet your mammy mammy mammy! Hi there! Hi there!"*

"*So march march march around the daises!"* Bill sung.

"*Don't don't don't you forget about the baaaaby!"* Dipper sung, lastly.

As the song ended, both them posed together with bright smiles, while panting softly.

Well, that took 5 years off my life span, Bill thought.

Meanwhile, Will looked at them with wide eyes, then he burst into laughter, this time his voice was back to normal. His laughter grew, before his whole body shook, and he was dropped to the floor.

"Will!" Bill yelled, running to his brother's aid.

He knelt beside Will, helping the blue haired boy sit up. Will rubbed his head, and blinked groggily. "What just happened?"

"I don't think you'll like the answer," Bill noted.

Then, there was a shriek in the air, and two forms appeared over them. It was an elderly couple, both in convenience store uniforms, and had glowing transparent bodies. Upon closer inspection, they both had name tags on their aprons, that read *"Ma"* and "*Pa"*.

"*Oh dear,"* Ma said.

Bill glared at the ghosts. "You have a lot of nerve!"

"*We apologize*," Pa suddenly said. "*We may have gone overboard*."

"Why did you attack us in the first place?" Dipper asked.

As though a switch was flipped, the friendly expressions on the ghosts turned cold upon seeing the brunette.

"*Because if there's one thing we both hate, it's you Guardians,"* Pa growled.

Dipper regarded them in surprise. "But, why?"

"*Why?*" Ma hissed. "*You were suppose to be our protectors! One day, a monster came into our shop and killed us, and there was no one to save us*."

Pa nodded in agreement. "*It would've never happened if you'd done your blasted jobs!*"

The brunette gaped. "I...I didn't--"

"*Oh, hush*," The old lady remarked. "*Because we don't want to see innocent kids get hurt, we'll be setting these two free.*" She pointed a wrinkly finger to the Cipher twins."

"*But you Guardians, and your pets will be staying here,*" Pa sneered.

Bill watched as Dipper bowed his head. A few days ago, the blond would've happily let the Guardian rot here. But now, seeing Dipper's pained expression only awoke sympathy in him.

You owe me for this, Pine Tree, Bill thought.

"Wait!" He yelled, catching the attention of the ghosts. "You have to let them go! They're our friends."

Pa upturned his big nose. "*Why should we? They failed us*."

"And he obviously feels bad about it!" Bill snapped, pointing to Dipper. "Look what your bitterness has turned you into, you're as trapped here as the rest of us! Can't you learn to forgive?"

Dipper stared at him, while both Ma and Pa regarded him with flabbergasted expressions.

Pa shook his head. "*You expect us to forgive the Guardians that easily?"*

"No," Dipper chimed in, seriously. "Of course not, you have every

right to feel this way. But, know this, on behalf of all Guardians, I am sincerely sorry for what happened to you." He bowed his head lower, eyes glued to the floor.

A heavy silence drifted into the convenience store, before it was finally broken by Pa's sigh. "*You're free to go."*

With a *ding,* the doors opened. Dipper looked at the ghosts in surprise. "Really?"

Pa nodded. "*It'll take a while for us to forgive the Guardians, but you seem like a nice lad. Also, that was some fine girly dancing you both did there."*

"Don't remind me," Bill groaned.

Dipper smiled gratefully at them. "Thank you."

"*No problem, dear*," Ma smiled.

Then, the ghosts disappeared out of thin air, before the gravity went back to normal. Everyone and everything fell back to the floor, in a series of crashes and yells. Dipper was pretty dazed, but still managed to snap his fingers, switching the costumes him and Bill were wearing to their original clothes.

Around them, the group were recovering from the clutter. Nate found Lee under some rubble, and immediately hugged him. Tambry was asking where her phone was, while Robbie chastised her. And, Thompson was mourning the loss of *Dancy Pants Revolution*.

"You guys were adorable!" Mabel squealed, running up to Bill and Dipper.

Bill scoffed. "Don't mention that moment to anyone. Also, Pine Tree, you need brush up on your choreography."

"Jerk," Dipper told him, ruffling his hair playfully.

Nearby, Will was laying on his back, and clutching his stomach. "I'm never gonna eat or do anything again..."

Mabel caught something on the floor, and picked up an almost empty pack of Smile Dip. "Hey, there's still some left--"

Will sprung up from the ground, and smacked the pack out of her hand. "EVIL!"

There was a call behind them, and they turned to see Wendy stepping towards them. She immediately knelt before the Cipher twins, eyeing them worryingly and bombarding them with questions.

"Are you okay? Did the ghosts hurt you? Do you either of you have a dislocated shoulder I need pop back into their socket?"

Bill dismissed her concern. "Red, we're fine, I promise."

"Oh, good," Wendy breathed, in relief. "I'm sorry I got you into this mess."

"Don't be, besides from the prospect of dying, it was fun," Will said.

"Wendy, are you alright?" Robbie asked, coming up behind her.

"I'm okay," She told him, then addressed everyone in the store. "I think it's time we all head home."

They immediately murmured in agreement. Pretty soon, everyone walked out of the store, and by the time they left, the lights turned off by themselves, flooding the store in darkness yet again.

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Dipper's POV :

The Cipher twins had passed out.

It had only been a five minute walk away from the store, and the boys couldn't stay awake. Wendy insisted that she could take them home, but Dipper saw that she was tired too. So, he offered to carry the brothers to the shack, along with Mabel. Wendy had been hesitant. It was obvious, that within these couple of days, she had grown attached to the Cipher twins, she might've even seen them as

little brothers. In the end, Wendy agreed, and ended up walking her friend group home.

Now, Mabel and Dipper were at the shack. Mabel was carrying Will, while Dipper was carrying Bill. He expected the blond to squirm in his sleep, but Bill was surprisingly peaceful.

The shack was even more rickety up close, and the two could easily break in. Dipper was bothered by that, considering if Wendy took the time off, a monster could slip in unnoticed. He considered guarding the shack once in a while, then dismissed the idea.

The Pine twins then headed up the stairs, where they suspected the bedroom to be. They were correct, and Mabel gently placed Will on his mattress, while Dipper stood by the doorway.

"There," Mabel whispered, smiling at the sleeping twin.

Then, she skipped towards the exit, walking past her brother. "See you downstairs, Dipping Sauce."

Dipper nodded in reply, before she left. Still, holding Bill, he stepped slowly towards the second bed. He then stood before it, before lowering the blond to the mattress. As he did, he caught sight of Journal #3 peeking out from under Bill's pillow. It took every ounce of Dipper's willpower not to grab it, remembering the bind. He sighed deeply, and was about to walk off after placing Bill on the bed, when a hand suddenly grabbed his wrist.

He froze, but then relaxed when he noticed it was Bill's hand. The sleeping boy's brow furrowed a bit, and his other hand clenched his pillow cast. Bill was having a nightmare.

Dipper frowned. He didn't have the power to prevent nightmares like his sister did. Every time he was plagued by night terrors, Mabel would be there to soothe his mind with her magic. But, he couldn't just standby while the boy suffered...

Hesitantly, he knelt by Bill's bedside. Praying to Axolotl that the blond didn't suddenly awake, Dipper slowly drew the blanket over Bill. The boy instinctively cuddled inside the bundle.

Cute-- Don't you even dare, Dipper told himself.

Bill relaxed a little, but he still seemed a bit tense. Dipper recalled the times when Mabel stroked his forehead while getting rid of his nightmares, and how it calmed him down. Feeling a little embarrassed, and swallowing his pride, Dipper gently placed his hand on Bill's forehead. He used his thumb to trace tiny circles in the boy's temple, while his fingers sank in his blond locks. Amazingly, this worked, and Bill looked as peaceful as ever.

Dipper couldn't help but smile, when looking at the sleeping boy. Bill hadn't changed a bit, even in this new form. Thinking that, the brunette frowned.

"I know you're still a monster," He whispered, careful not to wake Bill up. "If only you looked like one..."

Bill breathed softly, leaning deeper into Dipper's touch. By then, the Guardian decided to stop, thinking it was unnecessary for him to continue, ignoring the pinkish tint that formed in his cheeks.

He removed his hand from Bill's forehead, and headed for the exit. However, he paused midway, when a goat crossed his path. It stared at him blankly, and Dipper found it a little creepy. It eyes seemed to glow in the dark, and strangely, they reminded him of--

Dipper shook that thought away, and continued forward, walking past the goat. He paused at the door, glancing over his shoulder to peer at Bill, before stepping out. After he left, he was unaware that the blond easily opened his eyes, before darting them towards the spot where he last stood.

Will vs Manliness-Part One

Will's POV :

It wasn't like he hated his job...

Who was he kidding? It was exactly like that.

Working at the diner did prove to help him and his brother to live easier, but it also has it's hardships. For example, like constantly dealing with rude customers, chasing out wild beavers, and cleaning the *mystery* stains on the tables.

Then, there was Will's boss.

He wouldn't say that Lazy Susan was bad. She was fairly nice actually, if not a little ditzy, even giving him gentle warnings whenever he was late for work. Still, she wasn't his first pick when it comes to running a clean establishment. For example...

"SCRAM!" Lazy screamed at a runaway beaver, swiping her broom at it, causing a customer's soda to spill on him.

Will quickly gave the customer a napkin, and apologized on Lazy Susan's behalf. Meanwhile, the waitress had succeeded in drawing the animal out of the diner.

"Phew! Those sneaky things are always getting in," She said.

She was correct about that. They mostly come in through the broken floorboards strangely, which made Will suspect that there might be a den under there. He was afraid to point this out to Lazy Susan, since it was likely that she'll make him check under the diner for any wild beavers.

Suddenly, he heard the bell by the door ring.

"Looks like you have new customers," Susan told Will.

Will nodded, was about to turn to the door, and greet the people coming inside, when--

"Greetings, commoners!" Bill exclaimed, upon entering the diner. "It is I, Sir Billiam here to grace you with my presence."

There was laughter behind him, and Wendy appeared. "Oh my gosh, you actually did it!"

Bill shrugged. "A dare is a dare."

The two walked in, they grinned when they saw Will.

"Dearest Brother, I am pleased to meet you again," Bill said, in a fake British accent. "And hopefully, you will acquire me with the ever so famous *Family Discount?"*

Will rolled his eyes. "I told you, that doesn't exist here."

"Aw, boo," Bill pouted.

Wendy chuckled softly, and Will noticed that she was wearing her human disguise again. "So, are you gonna be our server, Will?"

The blue haired boy shrugged. "I would have to, since Bill might go over budget if I'm not here to monitor him."

"You know me too well, Brother."

So, Will guided them to an empty table, where he gave them menus. He took out his notepad and pen, taking their orders. Of course, Bill wanted the expensive meals, but Will wrote down an average burger and fries for him instead. Wendy didn't seem to understand the menu, but with Will's help, she eventually picked a smoothie and a medium cheese pizza. A while later, their orders were done, and when Will came back to their table to give them their meals, Wendy seemed to have started an interesting conversation.

"After consulting with Fiddleford, Dipper seems to suspect that Kill opened a rift when coming here, and that's what's effecting our powers," Wendy said.

Bill nodded in return, not really adding anything. Will couldn't help but notice, that his brother flinched when Dipper's name was mentioned. Did the two have another spat? Because, from what he could recall, Bill was oddly silent after the events in the hunted convenience store. Did either of them make the other upset?

Will decided to leave the question for later, though a part of him was still concerned. He placed the meals on the table, and turned to Wendy. "So, can this rift be closed?"

Wendy looked at the pizza curiously, before gingerly picking up a slice and taking a bite. She chewed, while answering Will's question. "That's the plan. Though, it'll be difficult since we don't know where it is, or how to contain it. I'm scared for Mabel and Dipper, I'm still pretty skillful with my axe without powers, the only thing I can't do now is talk to animals, but if they get separated they'll be sitting ducks."

"Don't worry, the two are joined by the hip," Bill reassured. "We shouldn't ponder over the negatives so soon, let's enjoy what little free time we have."

"Bill is right," Will agreed. "Let's not worry about it now."

Bill grinned. "And I know exactly how to lighten the mood. One word: Pancakes."

Will sighed. "No, I told you we can't afford pancakes."

The blond groaned loudly. "Oh, come on!"

Wendy's gaze darted behind Will, and her eyebrows arched. "What about that?" She said, pointing behind the boy.

Will turned, and saw a game that had recently been added to the diner. The Manliness Tester. Will never thought much about it, since he found it pretty sexist, but then he noticed the sign beside it that Wendy was pointing at.

"*Winner receives any item from the menu for free,"* Wendy read, smiling. "And hey, it says even employees can try!"

Will's eyes brightened curiously. "In that case, how about I give it a try?"

The two looked at him blankly, before bursting into laughter.

He flushed. "What's so funny?"

Bill stifled his laughter, and grinned at his brother. "No offense, but you're not exactly the ideal image of *masculinity*."

"I have to agree with Bill on that one," Wendy said, rubbing the back of her neck awkwardly.

"I'm plenty masculine!" Will protested.

Bill rolled his eyes. "Oh please, you're frightened by spiders, you can't lift a weight to save your life, and you listen to girly Icelandic pop sensation *BABBA*."

"Because she is a queen!" Will shot back. "Also, just because I don't have typical *manly* traits, doesn't mean I'm any less of a man. And I'm going to prove it!"

Determined, Will stomped towards the Manliness Tester. He paused in front of it, the categories on the machine were *Wimp, Middle Aged Woman, Barely Passable, Man,* and *Manly Man.* He took a deep breath, before gripping the handle. He tugged with all his might, his knuckles growing white from the effort. His muscles strained in, and his hope soared when the light nearly reached the top. However. His hopes were crushed, when it dropped to the bottom a second later. A card comes out of the machine, that read *You are a cutie patootie!*

He heard Wendy and Bill laugh behind him, and he flushed deeply before crushing the card. "This machine must be broken or something," He insisted.

Bill rose a brow. "In that case...Wendy, you try."

The redhead nodded, and approached the machine. She stopped beside Will, and grabbed the handle. She only needed to tug once, before the light sped to the top and bells and whistles came from

the machine.

"We have a winner!" Lazy Susan announced.

"Seems fine to me," Bill grinned at his brother.

Will ignored him, and sighed heavily. "I think I'm going to take a break..."

Wendy looked at him in concern, but before she could say anything, Will loosened his apron and hanged it on the nearby rack, before leaving the diner.

Will vs Manliness-Part Two

Wendy's POV :

Now, she felt bad.

Pancakes were served at their table, and Bill was eating his cheerfully. As for Wendy, she left hers untouched, worrying about Will and whether he'll be mad at her after this.

"He'll be alright."

She turned to Bill, he seemed to have sensed her thoughts. "Are you sure? He seemed pretty upset..."

Bill nodded. "Trust me, I know my own brother. He'll mope around for a while, but he'll get over it."

That wasn't enough reassurance to calm her nerves, but in the end, Wendy decided to trust Bill. She eventually ate her pancakes, still delicious despite it going cold. And then by the last bite, the bell by the entrance rang.

"WENDY!" Mabel beamed, at the doorway.

Wendy smiled, and let the other Guardian run up and hug her. "Mabel, I didn't expect to see you here," She said.

"Like seriously, are you tracking us, Shooting Star?" Bill teased. "Also, where's your lame brother?"

Mabel released Wendy, and sat beside her. "He couldn't come with me, unfortunately. He's driving himself a little crazy trying to figure the rift problem out, and he refuses to take a break."

"He better sleep, he has a weird tendency to try and eat his own shirt when he's tired," Wendy noted.

Mabel nodded in agreement, and Bill grew silent. Wendy then

caught a flicker of disappointment on the blond's face. What was that about? Was Bill upset that Dipper couldn't come? If so, did the two finally manage to get along? The thought filled Wendy with glee, considering Bill and Dipper were her closest friends. Still, she tried not to get her hopes up, and wait for more evidence of this sudden *bond* between Guardian and boy.

Mabel spoke more. "Since I answered your question, you mind telling me where Will is?"

Wendy frowned, feeling a stab of guilt. "He failed at this Manliness Tester game, and we gave him a hard time for it. Long story short: he left to clear his head or something."

The female Guardian tilted her head. "Was it mostly Bill's fault?"

"Hey!" Bill protested.

The redhead suppressed a smile, but then shook her head. "No, I think we're both to blame," She said, then after some hesitation she added. "You know what, I'm going to see if Will's okay."

Mabel looked at her with uncertainty. "Are you sure he wants to be around people right now?"

"He won't notice I'm there," Wendy insisted. "I only want to see if he's alright."

"Fine by me, Red," Bill agreed.

Wendy prepared to stand up, when out of nowhere, the temperature in the diner rose to great lengths. The customers sweated immensely, and the ice in Bill's drink immediately melted in with the rest of the liquid.

Bill heaved a breath against the heat. "What the heck is happening...?"

Then, as soon as it started, the temperature went back to normal. Once Wendy's mind grew focused again, she noticed a familiar figure had appeared in the diner, and was sitting beside Bill.

"Grunkle Stan!" Mabel exclaimed.

Wendy stared. It's been so long since she saw the Guardian of Day. Stan didn't change a bit since she last saw him, still wearing his golden and black attire, and signature fez hat.

"Hey, Stan, glad to see you're still alive," She said, greeting him with a handshake.

Stan chuckled. "Barely. Last dimension I travelled to, didn't appreciate fine merchandise, and tried to chase me out with pitchforks."

"Tell me you didn't sell them spray painted rocks and pass them off as gold nuggets," Mabel sighed.

"Mabel, your uncle ain't no crook," Stan protested. "I sold them broken glass and passed them off as crystals instead."

"Excuse me, but who the hell is this guy?" Bill demanded, glaring at Stan.

"Bill, this is my uncle, but Dipper and I call him Grunkle Stan," Mabel explained. "He's also the Guardian of Day, and controls the sun itself, isn't that cool?"

Stan wrapped an arm around Bill's shoulders. "So, if you ever find yourself with a blistering sunburn, there's a 90% percent chance I might have a grudge on you."

Bill batted his arm away. "And, why are you here, old man?"

The Day Guardian reached out over the table, and patted Mabel's head. "Obviously, I'm here to visit this knucklehead. Dipper is busy nerding out in our realm, and I got tired stacking objects on his head without his awareness, so I decided to come here."

"And, I'm glad you did," Mabel smiled. "The mortal realm is the greatest! They have toaster waffles now!"

Stan nodded. "Speaking of waffles, I could really go for some right now. Where is a waiter in this dump?"

On cue, Lazy Susan walked up to their table. "May I take your order, sir?"

Stan froze upon seeing her, and he gaped like a fish. "I-I...uh...um."

Mabel answered for him. "He'll like one waffle, please."

"Of course," Lazy Susan said, writing down the order before walking off.

"Who was that one-eyed goddess?" Stan questioned, staring at the waitress as she left.

"Are you blind?" Bill asked.

Wendy shot the blond a look, before grinning at Stan. "Ooh, someone has a crush on Lazy Susan~"

Mabel squealed excitingly. "You have to ask her out!" She told her uncle.

Stan hushed her. "Keep it down, will ya? I can't ask her out, I'm been out of the game for so long. And look at her, she's so classy."

The people at the table turned, and saw Lazy Susan hitting a spinning pie trolley.

"Spin! Ya dumb pies! Spin!"

Bill turned back to Stan. "Again, do you need medical help?"

Mabel ignored Bill, and gave Stan a determined look. "With the matching making gods as my witnesses, I will help you gain your true love! And Bill is gonna help."

"I rather do anything else," The boy pointed out.

Again, Mabel ignored him, and tossed a bright look towards Wendy. "You want in on this?"

Wendy's eyes widened, and she laughed nervously. "Actually, I was suppose to check on Will!" Then, she left the table.

Bill shot her a glare. "Don't you dare leave me with these freaks, Red--"

"Bye, Bill!" Wendy called to him, before leaving the diner.

⁂

Will's POV :

He was alone in the forest, collecting his scattered thoughts.

He knew it was childish of him to run off after failing a video game, but by then, he couldn't control his emotions. Will wasn't as emotionally strong like Wendy and Bill, he wasn't even strong physically for that matter.

He sighed, and laid down on the grass. Will reached into the pocket of his shorts, and pulled out a pack of jerky that he recently bought from a vending machine.

"Well, time to drown my sorrows in calories," He decided.

He opened the pack, releasing the compacted air inside. A second later, the ground beneath him began to rumble slightly. His eyes widened in distress, when a giant shadow loomed over him. Will slowly turned, and bit back a scream, upon seeing the huge monster towering over him.

"Ah! Please don't eat me!" Will begged. "I haven't showered, in like, a week! And I'm all elbows, and gristle--"

"YOU!" The creature roared, the pointed to the boy's chest. "Gonna finish that?"

Will blinked, and looked down where the monster was pointing. It was his jerky. Hesitantly, he tossed the bag to the creature, and it ripped into it viciously. As it ate, Will eventually relaxed, and inspected it some more. He noticed that it had furry hind legs, and giant bull horns.

"Are you some kind of Minotaur?" Will asked.

The bull-like creature spat out the torn packet, before yelling. "I'm a MANOTAUR!" He punched the ground, making it shake. "HALF MAN...Uh...HALF TAUR!"

Will looked him up and down. "Did I like summon you, or--"

"The smell of jerky summoned me!" He stated. Then, the creature paused, and sniffed the air around the boy. "I smell...emotional issues."

The blue haired boy sighed. "I have problems, Manotaur, *man problems.*"

The Manotaur sat crossed leg, patting his thigh. Will sat up, and scooted closer to the creature, before speaking. "I kinda flunked at this manly tester game, and my brother and friend made fun of me."

"I see," The creature said, thoughtfully.

Will glanced at the Manotaur, then had an idea. "Hey, you're pretty manly, maybe you can give me some pointers?"

He didn't know exactly what he was getting himself into, but it couldn't hurt to ask, even though he was asking a beast that looked like a bull on steroids.

The Manotaur stroked his beard in thought, then stood up from the ground. "Very well, climb onto my back hair, child."

He turned, revealing a dirty pelt growing out of his back. Will hesitated, before grabbing onto it. As soon as he did, the Manotaur sprinted through the forest. Will was briefly reminded of the time when Mabel had carried him through Scuttlebutt Island, except somehow this felt more terrifying. He screamed, when the Manotaur uprooted trees in his path, knocked over passing animals, before eventually jumping over a giant gorge. Will shut his eyes in fear, sure that he was going to die, when he felt the Manotaur had landed.

He slowly peeled his eyes open, and faced a amazing sight. They were now inside a cave, and it was filled with Manotaurs like the one that was carrying him. Will watched as the beasts sparred each

other, lifted weights, and relaxed in nearby springs.

"Woah, what is this place?" Will asked, in awe.

The Manotaur helped the boy to the ground. "The gnomes live in the trees, the merpeople live in the water, cuz' they're losers! But we Manotaurs, crash in the MAN CAVE!" He exclaimed, gesturing around.

Then, Will watched as the creature moved to the center of the cave, and addressed his brethren. "Fellow beasts, I have brought you a hairless child!" He beckoned Will over.

Will stepped forward sheepishly. "Hi."

The Manotaur started pointing to several of his friends. "I would like you to meet Pubetor, Testosteror, Pituitor, and I'm Chutzpar. And, you are?"

"I'm Will," He answered, shyly. The creatures booed. "Um, Will...The Warrior?"

The Manotaurs murmured in approval.

"Will The Warrior would like us to teach him the secrets of our manliness!" Chutzpar announced.

The Manotaurs squinted at Will in calculation, before one of them stated. "I must confer with the Council."

The creatures began to huddle into a tight group. "So, should we do it?" Chutzpar questioned.

One Manotaur shook his head. "He's a human, I don't like him."

"I DON'T LIKE YOU FACE!" A third Manotaur yelled, and punched the other in the face.

Almost immediately, the Manotaurs started fighting, while Will watched from the sidelines.

"These guys seem fun," He tried to convince himself.

Crack! "ARGH! YOU BROKE MY LEG!"

Will gulped. "Yep…*fun*."

Will vs Manliness-Part Three

Meanwhile, back at the shack, Mabel and Bill were trying to prepare Stan to ask out Lazy Susan.

"I really don't know about this, kids," Stan insisted. "For the millennia of my life, I only managed to have one soulmate."

"And, what happened to her?" Bill asked.

Stan shrugged awkwardly. "Long story short, she turned into a vicious owl beast and tried to eat my face, so we decided to be friends."

"Somehow, I believe that."

Mabel placed an encouraging hand on her uncle's shoulder. "Don't sweat it, Grunkle Stan, because Bill and I are going to make you irresistible."

"How, exactly?" Bill remarked, gesturing to Stan. "He looks like a grandpa in cosplay, and smells like a deep fried shoe locker."

"I can confirm that is my most accurate description," Stan replied.

Mabel straightened boldly. "Trust me, when I have my heart set on a potential match, ain't nothing gonna stop me," She declared. "Now, let's start with some basic roleplaying. Bill, you be Lazy Susan."

"Thus, the beginning of my nightmare," Bill sighed.

"Now, Stan, show me how you approach a woman," She told him. "And remember, this is a nonjudgmental environment, so I'll just be right on the side judging you on a scale of 1 to 10."

Stan looked towards Bill. He took a deep breath, and said. "Hey there! Wanna see me randomly combust into flames!?"

There was a loud shrill from a whistle that Mabel blew into.

"Where did you get that whistle?" Bill asked.

Mabel didn't answer him, and sighed heavily. "This'll take a lot of work..."

⁂

Back in the Man Cave, the Manotaurs had finally stopped fighting, and faced Will.

"After a lot of punching, we decided to deny your request," Chutzpar told him.

"Denied!" A Manotaur repeated, before punching himself in the face.

Will frowned in disappointment, and tried to think of something. Then, an idea dawned on him. "OK, that's fine, I guess you think it would be too hard to teach me. Maybe, you're not *man* enough to try."

"Not MAN enough!?" A Manotaur shouted, stomping forward.

"Warrior..." Chutzpar warned.

The Manotaur towered over Will. "NOT MAN ENOUGH!?"

"He didn't mean it," Chutzpar insisted, trying to calm his friend down.

The creature didn't listen, and glared at the boy. "I have three Y chromosomes, six Adam apples, pecs on my abs, and FISTS FOR NIPPLES!"

"It seems to me you're too scared to teach me how to be a man," Will taunted. "Do you hear that? It sounds like...Bock-bock! Bock. Oh, that's really weird--Bocock! BOCAW! Is that--BACAW! It sounds like--BACAW! Yeah, a bunch of chickens!"

The Manotaurs gasp, and huddled together once more. Will caught a snippet of their murmuring, before they broke apart.

"After a second round of deliberation, we have decided to help you become a man!" Chutzpar said.

"Man! Man! Man!" The others chanted.

"Thanks guys! Whatever it is, I won't let you down," Will promised.

A while later, they moved outside the mountain, where they encountered a small hole, which had a sign beside it called *Pain Hole*.

"The first part of being a man is conquering your fears," A Manotaur told Will.

"For your first test, you must plunge your fist into the Pain Hole!" Chutzpar announced, gesturing to the said hole.

Will regarded the first Manotaur in puzzlement, as he punched his fist into the hole.

The creature chuckled. "Pain Hole, more like-- AHHHHH!"

Will winced, as the Manotaur drew his fist from the hole, and ran off while clutching it. Chutzpar started nudging him forward.

"Your turn, Warrior," He said.

The boy trembled slightly. "Is this really necessary?"

The Manotaur arched one of his bushy brows. "You wanna be a man, don't you?"

Will sighed, and walked forward. He knelt down in front of the hole, and hesitantly reached his hand inside.

⁂

Bill perked his head up curiously.

"What's up, Bill?" Mabel asked him.

He shrugged. "Nothing, I thought I heard a lady screaming in the distance or something."

"Well, pay attention," She told him. "I'm about to give Stan his next lesson: Smiling!"

"Does menacing grins count?" Stan asked.

"No, we need to make your inner beauty shine on the outside!" Mabel insisted. "Now, try it."

Stan struggled to make an unconvincing smile.

"Harder," His niece urged.

The old man strained his face.

"Harder!" Mabel urged.

"Shooting Star, I think he'll tear his face in half if he keeps going," Bill pointed out.

She sighed. "Fair enough. Grunkle Stan, you can stop now."

"Oh, thank goodness!" Stan said, pulling his face back to normal.

Mabel paced around the room, rubbing her temples with her index fingers. "There's gotta be something else we can do..."

The Day Guardian put a hand on her shoulder. "Kid, how about we take a break?" He suggested. "Take a sit by the table, have tea, have a poker game with Blondie over here."

"Grunkle Stan, is teaching kids gambling even legal?" Mabel noted.

"Everything's legal when the cops ain't around!" Stan declared.

Bill regarded him. "Your logic is brilliant, but it's overshadowed by your hideous face."

"Ha! You sure know me, Blondie," The old man chuckled, patting Bill's head. "Just like old times."

The boy looked at him in confusion, before eventually turning to Mabel. "Shooting Star, I need a word with you. Alone."

The Guardian seemed puzzled, but followed him to the kitchen, where they were out of Stan's earshot.

"What did that geezer mean by *old times?*" Bill demanded.

Mabel played with her hair anxiously, looking hesitant to answer Bill's question. "You see...when you were a Demon, and before the war happened, you and Stan were good friends."

Bill stared. "Wait, you mean I wasn't just a monster back then? I actually had friends?"

She nodded. "Yeah, you got along with my family quite well actually...before, *that* happened, of course."

The blond processed this. All this time, Bill had suspected that the only thing he needed to know about his past life, was how horrible he had been. But, now there was more to it? Could it be that Bill hadn't been all that bad in the past? He doubted it, since his past life technically had betrayed his friends. Gosh, Bill's past life was a serious jerk.

"Thanks for telling me this, Shooting Star," Bill smiled, despite himself. "Now, let's go to the diner, we're gonna get your hopeless uncle a date, and I know exactly how to do it."

Mabel smiled ear to ear, then she called out to the kitchen. "Grunkle Stan, put your pants on, we're going to the diner!"

"Argh, fine!" Stan called back.

⁂

Will's POV :

Meanwhile, Will had just completed 14 different tasks.

It hadn't been easy at all, he thought he might've sprained a few bones, but in the end he had succeeded. And after lifting weights, catching fishes with his bare hands, and jumping a gorge for some goddamn reason, he had finally reached his final task, that would soon be revealed to him.

Will walked into the giant cave, wearing only a loincloth suggested by Chutzpar. He stepped into the center, surrounded by a dozen Manotaurs.

"It's time, Will The Warrior, to face your final task!" Chutzpar announced. He gestured to the end of the cave. "Behold, our great leader!"

Then, out of the shadows, came out a tiny elderly hunched Manotaur.

Will tilted his head. *OK, so he must be the oldest or wisest--*

Then, another form surged out of the entrance and ate the other one in a single gulp. Will watched in horror, as the enormous Manotaur swallowed the creature, before completely climbing out of the entrance.

Will backed up in shock. "HOLY--"

"I would like you to meet Leaderaur!" Chutzpar exclaimed, gesturing to the giant.

"Then, who was that poor goat man?" The boy asked.

"Oh, he was just an offering. Leaderaur gets hungry often."

Leaderaur glared at Will suspiciously, and the boy felt his heart race in his chest. "So, you wish to become a man?"

"Yes," Will said, with as much courage he could muster.

The bull-like monster huffed through his nostrils. "Very well, to do that..." He reached into his chest, his fist sinking into his flesh.

Will inwardly squirmed, as Leaderaur pulled a spear out from his heart. The weapon was caked in greenish ooze, and it clattered to the ground at Will's feet.

"You must travel to the highest mountain, and slay the Multi-Bear!" Leaderaur announced. "Our sworn enemy!"

The Manotaurs cheered in response, but Will only frowned. "*Slay?* You mean I have to kill it?"

"That is expected of a man, yes," Leaderaur told him.

Will's eyes darted to his feet. "But, it doesn't seem--"

"Either you accomplish this, or you'll forever be a weak link!" Leaderaur roared. "Now, what's it going to be, *Warrior?*"

The blue haired boy hesitated, a part of him thinking about backing down, but in the end, his desperation to become something other than his weak self, decided to pick up the spear.

He rose it above his head. "I'll do this task for you!"

The Manotaurs cheered once more, and a smirk formed on Leaderaur's mouth.

Will vs Manliness-Final

Will sped through the forest, in the direction of the highest point of the mountain. Every once in a while, a surge of fear appeared in his veins, but he ignored it.

That was, until a form leaped into his path, causing him to halt abruptly. Will crashed into the mysterious figure, and when they both toppled to the ground, it was revealed to be Wendy.

"What are you doing here?" Will asked, surprised.

Wendy stood up, and shot him a stern look. "Stopping you from making the biggest mistake of your life."

The boy blinked, then shook his head. He tightened his grip on the spear, and tried to walk pass the redhead. "I don't know what you mean."

She narrowed her eyes. "Don't try to lie to me, I've been watching you, and I know you've been hanging out with those hairy buff morons."

"The Manotaurs have been nothing but helpful," Will shot back, turning to face her. "And, at least they didn't make fun of me..."

Wendy's expression softened. "Will, I'm sorry about what happened back in the diner, but killing an innocent creature won't make you a man."

Will gripped the spear tighter. "It's not about being a man!" He snapped. "I just...hate being weak all the time."

The redhead knelt down, and looked him in the eyes. "Will, you may be paranoid, but that's just makes you one of the bravest kids out there, because even though you're scared, you still jump headfirst into danger like it's nothing."

"If that's so..." He started, softly. Will slowly turned away, facing the

mountain in the distance. "I might as while prove it."

Wendy's eyes widened. "Will, please--"

"Don't follow me," Will told her, then bolted off down the path.

He felt bad for leaving Wendy behind, but he told himself that this will all be worth it in the end. So, he continued down the path towards the mountain, and his so called destiny.

⁂

"Hello?" Will called, his voice echoed against the stone walls.

He had entered the cave a while ago, and was now venturing deeper into it. So far, he hadn't caught any signs of this *Multi-Bear*.

Does it even exist?, Will questioned.

He got his answer a second later.

As a something stirred at the end of the cave, it was the size of a boulder. With his heart rate increasing, Will shakily rose his spear and stepped forward. As he did, the creature rose slowly, and stepped into the light. He took in the sight in complete terror. The Multi-Bear was huge! And like it's name implied, it had multiple heads, with snarling jaws filled with rows of teeth.

It towered over Will by several feet, and the main head glared at him. "Why have you come here, human?" It growled.

Will forced himself from shaking, and stood as tall as he could against the monster before him. "I'm here for your head... Or, at least one of them."

"Don't be foolish," The head spat. "Leave here, or die."

He took a breath, and rose his spear determinedly. As result, all the bear heads bared their teeth in aggression.

"Very well," It growled, before charging forward.

Will narrowly dodged a slash from it's claws, and rolled across the hard ground, before making a stop by a cave wall. The Multi-Bear stopped by a pile of bones, and swiped them in his direction. The bones clattered against his skin, making him cry out in pain. But, he quickly avoided the rest of the attack, by hiding behind a rock. Will heard a loud roar, and saw the beast charging at him again. After a moment of hesitance, Will jumped out from his hiding place with a warrior yell. As the Multi-Bear tried to pounce on him, he managed to jump on one of it's heads. He dodged the snapping jaws, until he finally reached the top. Then, he used his spear to choke the main head. It roared in outrage, trying to knock him off with his paws, but it had failed in the end. It collapsed to ground with a heavy *thud,* and Will stood on it's chest triumphantly.

"It's no use, I won!" He panted, raising his spear to strike.

"Wait!" The Multi-Bear pleaded. "Before you end me, please, grant me one last request."

Will frowned, lowering his weapon a little. "Um, sure."

The creature nodded. "I would like to die, listening to my favorite song." Then, he turned to one corner of the cave.

Will followed his gaze, and only now noticed a tape player on a stool nearby. He approached it slowly, while keeping a cautious eye on the beast in case it attacked him with his back turned. He realized the tape was already in there, so he pressed the play button.

Music immediately emitted from the box. "*Disco girl...coming through.."*

Will's eyes widened, and he turned back to the Multi-Bear. "You listen to Icelandic pop group BABBA? I love BABBA..."

"I thought I was the only one," The Multi-Bear sighed. "The Manotaurs would make fun of me, because I know all the lyrics to the song *Disco Girl."*

The boy smiled softly. "Oh, you mean...*Disco girl..."*

"*Coming through..."* The creature sung.

"*That girl is you!"* Both sung, cheerfully. "*Oo-oo Oo-oo!"*

"This is amazing!" Will beamed. "Finally, someone who understands fine music, and...Oh wait, I'm suppose to kill you, ain't I?"

"I...I accept my fate," The Multi-Bear said, sadly.

Will frowned at him, then shook his head furiously. "No! This isn't right," He decided, already heading for the exit. "I'm sorry for troubling you."

He stepped out of the cave, feeling a wave of guilt rushing over him.

"So, you didn't do it?"

Will looked up, and saw Wendy's face. "No, I didn't. You were right all along."

Wendy patted Will on the back. "It's okay, in the end, you did the right thing," She smiled. "Now, let's break the news to those cologne wearing bozos."

⁂

"YOU WHAT?" Leaderaur roared.

Will glared coldly. "I let the Multi-Bear live."

The giant Manotaur blew smoke from his nostrils in fury. "And, why is that?"

"Because this whole thing is stupid!" Will snapped. "The Multi-Bear is a great guy that deserves better, and if killing him makes me a man, then I don't want to be a man at all!"

Leaderaur sneered viciously. "So, you rather be weak?"

"Actually..."

Leaderaur and the rest of the Manotaurs turned to the voice, and

were taken aback in shock, when Wendy stepped into the cave. It was noted, that she was not in her human disguise, and once again had her pelts on, recognized as the Spirit of the Forest.

"You guys are the weak ones here," Wendy stated. "You weren't man enough to kill the Multi-Bear on your own, afraid of my wrath, so you let a innocent boy do your dirty work."

For the first time, a visible look of fear appeared on Leaderaur's face. "Spirit of the Forest! I didn't--"

"Save it," She said, calmly. "Here's what I want you to do: leave Will and the Multi-Bear alone, or else..." She rose her axe, and plunged it into the hard ground, causing a massive crack to split open in the rock.

The Manotaurs trembled in response, and Will almost did too. He forgotten how scary Wendy could be.

"Of course!" Leaderaur said, quickly.

Wendy nodded in approval. "Good," She said, then smiled at Will. "C'mon, let's get you into some clothes."

Will nodded, and followed the redhead out.

⁂

Bill's POV :

He dragged Stan into *Greasy's Diner,* with Mabel in tow.

"Bill, what exactly are you planning?" She asked.

"You'll see," He replied, while looking around.

Bill's eyes caught on Lazy Susan yet again hitting the pie trolley, and he dragged Stan towards her.

"Lazy Susan!" Bill called.

The waitress turned to them. "Yes, how may I help you?"

"Uh..." Stan said, nervously.

Bill spoke for him. "Listen, there's no sugarcoating it, you both are old and lonely, and will properly die from boredom or sadness, so there's no better time to lower your standards," He stated, before gesturing to the Day Guardian. "That being said, would you like to go on a date with Stan here?"

Stan smiled awkwardly, and Lazy Susan squinted at him. Then, her mouth formed into a smile. "Sure!"

"Wait, that worked?" Bill said, in disbelief.

Lazy Susan wrote something in her notepad, before tearing the page out, and giving it to Stan. "Here's my number, call me! And hey, have a pie on the house!"

"Yes!" Stan exclaimed, triumphantly.

A few moments later, the three sat at the table, and a pie was served for Stan.

"This is so exciting!" Mabel beamed. "When are you gonna call? Should you call now? Do you have a phone? Let's buy a phone! I don't have a credit card. Let's get a credit card!"

"Mabel please, let a man enjoy his pie," Stan told her.

Bill breathed, and sat back in his seat, when the sound of a bell caught his attention. He perked up, when Wendy and Will came up to their table. He was astonished, to see Will had a mass of grime and twigs stuck in his hair.

"Jeez, what happened to you?" Bill gasped.

Will sighed. "Well, I ran into these humanoid bull-like creatures, and they wanted me to do this horrible thing, and I just couldn't do it."

"You were you're own man, and you stood up for yourself," Stan said, while eating his pie.

Will looked at him. "Huh?"

The old man shrugged. "You did what was right, and you stood up for yourself, sounds pretty manly to me."

The boy smiled in return. "Thanks."

Stan nodded in return.

Will then turned to Bill and whispered. "By the way, who is that guy?" He asked, pointing to Stan.

"I'll explain later," Bill promised.

"OK, good," Will said. "I guess everything turned out well in the end."

Lazy Susan's voice then shouted from the kitchen. "WILL, YOU TOOK TOO LONG ON YOUR BREAK, YOU HAVE TO CLEAN THE GREASE TRAP AGAIN!"

Will sighed, taking his apron from the rack, and walking to the kitchen. "Coming..."

As the boy left, another person entered the diner, quite aggressively as the door slammed against the wall.

"GRUNKLE STAN!"

"Hey, Dipper," Stan replied, calmly.

Bill watched as Pine Tree stepped forward. Dipper looked exhausted, with heavy bags under his eyes. Yet, there was a blaze of fury in his eyes.

"I've spent hours looking for you!" Dipper snapped at his uncle. "And why did you stack things on my head!?"

Stan stood up, and messed his nephew's hair playfully. "Sorry about that, what do you need?"

Dipper rubbed the bridge of his nose furiously. "I wanted to discuss

important matters to you involving the rift, but you disappeared!"

"Oops, my bad," He chuckled. "How about we talk later?"

The brunette looked like he wanted to protest, then rolled his eyes. "Fine. I'll see you both back in the realm," He told Stan and Mabel, before walking out of the diner.

Bill watched him go, and bit his lip in hesitation. Then, he quickly turned to the others. "I need some air."

Not giving them a chance to respond, he rushed out of the building. He found the Guardian nearby, and called to him. "Hey, Pine Tree!"

Dipper paused, and turned to him. "What is it, Bill?"

"I have a question for you," Bill said, shuffling his feet nervously. "Before the massacre... what was I like before?"

Dipper stared, as though not expecting that question at all. He fidgeted his hands, looking like he wanted to be anywhere but here.

"You were exactly like you are now," He finally answered. "Cocky, reckless, sometimes an idiot."

"I'm flattered," Bill responded, sarcastically.

Dipper smirked in return. "If that's all, I should be going--"

"Wait!" The blond stopped him. "What was I...to you?"

The Guardian eyed him up and down. "What?"

"Before your home was destroyed, what was I to you?" Bill asked, seriously. "A friend? An enemy? A stranger, even?"

Dipper looked away, turning pink by the ears. "Why does that even matter?"

Bill huffed. "I know it took me a while to properly register this, but I had another life that I know nothing about, that can make a guy curious," He pointed out. "So, do I have an answer, Pine Tree?"

The brunette knitted his brow together, and murmured softly.

The blond looked at him in confusion. "What was that?"

"You...you were special to me," Dipper said, softly.

Bill blinked, for a moment, he was speechless. Then, despite his mild embarrassment, he teased. "Aww! Pine Tree, I'm touched by your words! So, we were friends?"

Dipper bit his lip shyly. "You can say that..."

Did that explain what happened last night? Bill vaguely remembered Dipper being gentle to him. It was weird. And to make matters worse, Bill kinda *liked* it. For the entirety of today, the blond had been questioning why the brunette had done that, now he had his answer. Parentally, Dipper felt a smidge of care towards him, something that Bill wasn't sure how to feel about yet.

"You learn something new everyday, huh?" Bill chuckled, then he softly added. "So, Pine Tree? You think you'll ever see me as a friend again?"

A heavy silence drifted into the air, then it was broken by Dipper's voice.

"Probably not," He said, bluntly.

Wow. Bill was not expecting that to sting as much as it did.

"But," Dipper started. "Who knows, you may just surprise me..."

The Guardian gave Bill a smile, which the boy returned. Then, Dipper walked off without another word.

Bill watched him leave, before turning towards the diner once more.

⁂

Much later, at the shack, Bill and Stan were playing a game of cards. Their betting money was in the center of the table.

"So, how did your date go?" Bill asked.

Stan crinkled his brow. "Not good. Turns out, she wanted it at her house."

"The problem with that is?"

"She has eleven cats."

"Oh, deal breaker," Bill said. Then, he smacked down his cards, with a triumphant smile. "Haha! I won, Fez!"

Stan sighed heavily. "Very well, I'm an honest man, and I know when I've been beaten--DISTRACTION!"

He reached into his pockets, and threw out a cloud of glitter into Bill's face.

The blond gripped his face in distress. "AH! MY EYES!"

Stan quickly grabbed the money from the table, and ran for the exit, on the same time when Will came into the living room.

"Remind me to thank Mabel," He told the boy.

Will looked at him in confusion. "Oh, okay."

After Stan left, Will noticed his brother was rolling across the floor, while screaming at the top of his lungs.

"You good, bro?"

Double Dipper-Part One

Will came into the kitchen one morning, to see heaps of party decorations, with Bill and Wendy in the center of it.

"What is this?" He asked, catching their attention.

Bill grinned, a can of *Silly String* in his hand. "Red and I decided to throw a party."

Wendy nodded in agreement.

Will tossed a look at the many shopping bags, and grimaced. "So, is that the reason why you completely blew our budget?"

"Hey, this is for a special occasion," Bill insisted. "It's Red's birthday."

Wendy tilted her head. "What's a birthday?"

Will narrowed his eyes at his brother, and Bill sighed in defeat. "Fine, since nothing terrifying happened to us in the past few days, we thought we could do something fun."

"So, we're inviting some people over," Wendy added, cheerfully. "And you're gonna help us."

The blue haired boy looked at them sheepishly. "I don't know, I've never been to a party before..."

"Then, this will be an exciting experience for you," Bill told him. "So, what do you say?"

Will thought for a while. Eventually, he answered. "Fine, I suppose it'll be fun."

Bill stepped beside him. "Hell yeah, it will," He beamed, then added seriously. "Also, there's something important I need to tell you..."

"What?" Will asked.

Then, Bill sprayed him with Silly String. "BBBLAAA!"

"Ah! Why!?" Will protested, trying to wipe the stuff off.

Both Wendy and Bill laughed, while Will grumbled under his breath. Then, as they calmed down enough, Wendy spoke.

"Just so you two know," She started, seeming hesitant at first. "I invited the Pine twins to help us prepare."

As she said that, Will immediately turned to his brother, expecting Bill to protest against this. That was not what happened.

Bill merely shrugged, and said. "Sure."

Wendy blinked, and Will was just as surprised as her. "You're okay with this, Bill?"

"Yeah," He said, simply. "Who knows, it may be in our favour, Mabel does seem like a party animal. Dipper's a lost cause, though."

Wendy gave him a stern look, but didn't protest. Meaning that she didn't approve of Bill making fun of the male Guardian, but at the same time, she didn't disagree with the blond either.

After Will brushed the last of Silly String off his sweater, he asked the redhead and his brother. "So, where do we start?"

Bill nodded, and then reached under the kitchen table. When he got up, he slapped a paper onto the surface. It was a handmade party invitation.

"First, one of us will need to copy invitations, while the rest decorate the shack," He announced. "I think I saw an old copier here, so I'll be taking care of the invitations."

"And we'll handle the rest," Wendy said.

A thought dawned on Will. "So, when do you think Dipper and Mabel will be arriving?"

Right after he asked that, a face pressed up against the kitchen window from the outside. They turned, and Mabel's wide smile faced them from behind the glass.

"My god, how many sweets does that girl eat?" Bill said.

"You won't like the answer to that," Wendy told him, then went to open the window.

"Hey, guys!" Mabel exclaimed, leaning her head in so her brown hair brushed the windowsill. "We're here to help!"

Then, with much difficulty, she crawled through the window. Eventually, she tumbled out, with Wendy fortunately catching her before she hit the floor.

Bill shook his head. "What is it with Guardians, and their inability to use the *goddamn* door?" He murmured.

Mabel didn't seem to hear his complaint, and after Wendy carefully placed her down, the brunette rested her elbows on the table, her smile still visible on her face.

"I'm so glad you decided to let us help," She said. "I already hired a DJ, and a karaoke machine!"

"That's great, Mabel, but where's Dipper?" Will asked.

Mabel stood up straight, and turned to the boy. "He should be here right about--"

She was interrupted, when a cloud of blue smoke appeared in the kitchen, temporally blinding everyone. After a wave of shocked gasps, the smoke cleared, revealing Dipper.

"Sorry, I'm late," He said, brushing his uniform. "Had some unfinished business back in the realm with Grunkle Stan."

Bill coughed out the remains of smoke that clogged his lungs, and glared at the male brunette. "Seriously, use the *door*! It's not that hard!"

Dipper ruffled the boy's hair. "Sorry, Bill, I thought it might make a impressive entrance."

The blond's cheeks tinted pink, and he furiously batted the other's hand away. "Whatever, just don't touch my hair."

Wendy walked up to Dipper. "You're here just in time," She said. "I was wondering if you'd take the job as bouncer?"

Dipper regarded her curiously. "Why does this party need a bouncer?"

Bill rolled his eyes at him. "I don't know, Pine Tree, in case we don't get ambushed by crazy monsters," He retorted.

"You'll do it, won't you?" Wendy asked.

Dipper looked at her, as always, a red colour darkened in his cheeks. He quickly nodded. "Of course!"

Wendy smiled, while Bill grimaced nearby.

"What are we waiting for, then?" Mabel said, cheerfully. "Let's make this the best party ever!"

⁂

So, for the rest of the day, the group decorated the shack for tonight. There had been a lot of mishaps, such as Will attempting to keep Mabel from devouring all the snacks, and Bill throwing a water balloon filled with punch at Dipper, starting a mini war between them before Wendy got them to stop. In the end, they finished as the beginnings of night started to show.

Will and Mabel waited outside the shack, while the others did some last minute preparations inside. The blue haired boy noticed the Guardian looked excited, more than usual.

"You must really like parties," Will noted.

Mabel turned to him, still bouncing slightly on the balls of her feet. "Of course I do."

"Is that why you're so jumpy?"

"I did eat several bags of gummy koalas a while earlier," She pointed out, then added. "Or, I'm just excited to introduce you to my friends."

"Your friends?" Will questioned.

"Candy and Grenda," Mabel replied, brightly. "We go way back, and I think they might like you."

Will smiled shyly, and rubbed the back of his neck. "In that case, I can't wait to meet them."

Mabel nudged him playfully. "That's great to hear, Will," She said. "Also, fair warning, how weak is your spine? Grenda is a big hugger."

"Hehe, funny joke," Will chuckled, softly.

"Yeah, yeah...I'm serious, though."

Will paused nervously, but before he could answer, a figure stepped up to them.

"Hey, dudes!"

Will blinked, and turned to see a familiar face. "Mayor Soos?"

The man was not wearing his usual attire, but seemed to switch it for something even more bizarre. He was wearing a multicolored jacket, with a bedazzled mask that covered his eyes. Under his arm, he held a electric keyboard.

"Sshhh, I'm in disguise," Soos whispered to the boy. "In the day, I am your humble mayor, but in the night I reveal my secret talent. You may call me...*DJ* Soos."

Will regarded him puzzlement. "But, that's just your real name--"

"Sshhh!" He hushed him, again.

"Alright, DJ Soos, you can get ready inside," Mabel told him, pointing a thumb over her shoulders. "The guests will only be arriving later."

Soos nodded. "Plenty of time for me to figure out this toy keyboard," He beamed, before walking inside.

Will watched him go, before Mabel briefly touched his shoulder to gain his attention.

She gave him a warm look. "We should go inside too, Will."

With that, he followed her, as she stepped towards the shack. The two walked inside, as the night neared closer.

Double Dipper-Part Two

A while later, people started arriving at the shack. The first to come, were Wendy's Changeling friends, with Nate and Lee charging in while in their animal forms (much to Bill's complaints), while being followed by the rest of the group. After that, more and more people started filling up the shack, and the building was brought to life by loud music and lights.

Outside the shack, Dipper was checking people for invitations. So far, he caught a few gnomes in a trenchcoat trying to sneak in, and a few kids whom weren't invited. It didn't take long, before he grew needlessly bored.

Why had he agreed to this, again? Oh yeah, so he could have the chance to dance with Wendy. Well, that plan seemed to go straight into the gutter.

"Hey, Pine Tree."

Dipper turned, and saw Bill standing beside him. He noticed that the boy was holding two cups of punch. Bill avoided his gaze, and awkwardly handed him the other cup.

"Thought you might be thirsty," He muttered. "Know this, I didn't do this because I care, it would just be a bummer if the bouncer fainted from dehydration or something."

The brunette smiled at him. "Noted," He said, before taking a sip.

Dipper glanced at the blond, and strangely, Bill didn't move from his spot beside him. The Guardian began to notice that him and the boy were slowly growing friendly towards one another. Dipper swore not let this dwell any deeper, because it'll just bite him back in the neck once Bill turns evil.

"So..." Bill started. "You seem down in the dumps, what's on your mind? Again, not like I care, I'm only curious."

Dipper sighed deeply. Bill already knew about his crush on the redhead, so he might as while confide with the boy about his love troubles.

"I wanted to ask Wendy to dance," He admitted. "But, I'm stuck here all night. Hey, you think you can--"

"Hell no," Bill remarked. "You promised, Pine Tree, you ain't moving from this spot."

Dipper grumbled softly, then turned away from the other. "Figures, you say that."

Bill peered at him, and then his expression softened. "Ugh, fine!" He snapped, surprising Dipper. "If I help you, will you stop moping?"

Dipper nodded eagerly. "Of course! So, you'd take my place?"

"No," He said. After a pause, he added softly. "But, there is a other way..."

The Guardian watched in confusion, as the blond stepped inside the shack while beckoning him. Eventually, Dipper followed.

⁂

The two were now walking down a dark hallway, while muffled music boomed from the party. Dipper was wondering where they were going, when Bill spoke after what felt like an eternity of silence.

"So, how exactly are you planning to ask Red out?" He questioned.

"Oh, I have the whole plan figured out," Dipper replied, confidently.

"Plan?"

The Guardian nodded. "Yep," He said, then reached into his shirt and pulled out a piece of paper. He unrolled it to the point of it touching the floor.

"What the heck, dude?" Bill asked, incredulously.

Dipper ignored him, and read the top of his list. "*Step #1: getting to know each other through playful banter.* Banter is like talking, but smarter."

"That's dumb, don't be dumb," Bill shot back.

"See? This isn't banter," The Guardian remarked, folding his list and tucking it back into his pocket. "This is something I want to avoid with Wendy."

The blond tossed his head back in annoyance. "Listen, I may be clueless when it comes to your cosmic junk and monsters, but I know my way with romance."

"What does a kid know about romance?" Dipper retorted.

"Obviously, more than you," Bill declared. "Firstly, get rid of that list, just be yourself around her. Sure, I might find your personality irritating, but others might find it...*enduring,* even."

If the Guardian didn't know any better, he might've thought Bill was giving him a compliment, in his own way.

"I'll think about it, Bill," Dipper told him. "But for now, I'm gonna stick with my plan. Also, where are you taking me?"

Bill glanced to the side, and suddenly paused in his tracks. Dipper followed his lead, and followed the boy's gaze to the door they nearly passed.

"It's in here," The blond said, before reaching for the door.

He turned the rusty doorknob. There was a soft *clic*k, and Bill opened the door, while it emitted a loud whine. Behind the door, was a pitch black room, then Bill flipped a switch inside. Almost immediately, a light flickered on, revealing an assortment of items on shelves, with one particular object in the center.

"A copier?" Dipper questioned, as Bill moved inside.

Bill approached the machine, and patted it promptly. "Yep, this is the answer to all your problems."

The Guardian furrowed his brow in annoyance. "Bill, is this one of your jokes?"

"Surprisingly, no," He answered, calmly. "Believe it or not, this copier not only copies paper...but *people*, too."

Now, Dipper was frustrated. If Bill was content on playing around instead of helping him, then why was he even here to begin with?

"Since there's nothing here for me, I'll just go--"

"Wait!" Bill stopped him. "I'm telling the truth!"

Then, the boy knelt down and reached behind the copier. Dipper observed him curiously, and by the time Bill stood back up, he was carrying a hamster cage with a cloth covering it. The cave was rattling slightly, something moving from inside.

"What is that?" Dipper demanded.

Bill pointed to him then to the cage, indicating that the Guardian should watch carefully. He gently placed the cage in the center of the floor, before removing the cloth. Dipper bit back a scream. Inside the cage, was a severed hand, and it was still moving around.

"Bill, what--"

"Relax," Bill told him. "When I was copying invitations, I decided to play with the machine for laughs. I couldn't believe my eyes, so I tested it a second time, which explains the Frankenstein Hand over here."

Dipper stared, then a question popped into his head. "Wait, what part of your body did you copy the first time?"

Bill cleared his throat. "I don't want to talk about it."

"You photocopied your butt, didn't you--"

"I said I don't want to talk about it!" He snapped. "Anyway, all you need to do is clone yourself, and then you'll be in two places at once."

"But, how do I get rid of the clone after I'm done with it?" Dipper asked.

Bill didn't answer immediately, instead, he reached behind the copier again. This time, he pulled out a canteen. He moved over to the cage, and peeled the cap off it, before upturning the canteen over the disembodied hand. As a stream of water poured on it, the hand started spasming violently. Then, to Dipper's amazement and horror, it melted into a glob of wet paper.

"These things easily disintegrate when wet," Bill explained, tossing the empty canteen aside. "If your clone gives you any trouble, it'll be easy to dispose of."

Dipper stared at the puddle in the cage, his mind racing with possibilities of how this might go wrong for him. He was a Guardian, he was supposed to prevent Weirdness from running wild, not using it for his own personal gain! Still, it was only this once, after this, he swore not to use magical oddities like this again.

"Alright, Bill," He sighed. "And, thanks..."

Bill only nodded, avoiding the brunette's gaze again. "If you need me, I'll be rejoining the party, and I better see at least *one* of you guarding the entrance." Then, he left without another word.

After that, Dipper took a deep breath, before turning to the copier before him.

⁂

Meanwhile, Will was with Mabel, as the party buzzed with activity around them. He couldn't understand why some people found this enjoyable. Everything was too loud, people constantly bumped into him, and the flashing lights made his vision blurry. Will was certain he would've died, if Mabel wasn't with him.

Unlike him, Mabel looked like she was having a blast. Dancing crazily to the music, while Will stood awkwardly against a wall.

"Will, why aren't you joining me?" She asked, still dancing. "C'mon, show me your moves!"

Will shook his head. "No thanks, I'm good here."

Mabel finally stopped dancing, and moved over to him. "Are you sure, because it's seems like you're trying to sink your head into your shoulders."

"Is it working?" He replied, weakly.

"Almost, but you haven't perfected it yet," Mabel chuckled. "If you want, we can step out to get some fresh air. I think my friends will be here soon."

Will regarded her gratefully. "That sounds nice."

Then, the two pushed through the crowd of people, before eventually stepping outside. Will was relieved to feel a cool breeze on his face, far more relaxing than the stuffy air he was previously in. Mabel and him stood in the comfortable silence. Strangely, the Guardian's eyes were trained on the night sky, and Will assumed she was stargazing. He decided to follow her lead, and looked up. He smiled, when facing a dozen twinkling lights freckling the sky. Then, something else caught his attention...

Barely visible against the dark sky, were two nearing dots. As they drew closer, Will saw the outline of massive wings.

"What the...?" He trailed off, too shocked by what he saw.

"Ah! They're here!" Mabel exclaimed, happily.

Will was confused, until the shapes in the sky neared the ground, before landing in front of them. As the mysterious figures stepped into the light, they were revealed to be young woman the same age as Mabel. They both wore dark blue outfits, with boots that reached halfway up their thighs, and silver circlets around their heads. One of them was very buff, with brownish red hair tied in a ponytail, and a mole on her right cheek. The other one was daintier than her companion, but still lean, and she had long black hair, and golden spectacles. Lastly, both of them had huge, sleek, black feathered wings.

Will stared. If the wings weren't the most shocking thing about

them, they also had weapons! The muscular one had a huge sledgehammer, and the smaller one held a staff with a razor sickle on each end of it.

"Will, this is Candy and Grenda," Mabel smiled, pointing to each woman when introducing them. "And they're not only my best friends in the world, but also my loyal Raven Warriors."

"Does that explain the wings?" Will questioned, gingerly.

"Yeah, it's a funny story actually," She started. "Candy and Grenda were originally ravens. I came across them when they were trapped by hunters, so I gave them human forms and then--"

"And then, we punched the life out of those hunters!" Grenda exclaimed, in a surprisingly low voice. "Then, after that, we swore our loyalty to Mabel."

"Yep," Mabel agreed.

Candy moved closer to Will, and leaned down to inspect him curiously. "Mabel, you never said your human friend was this adorable."

Will flushed, then stepped back sheepishly. "Oh, thanks..."

"Candy's right," Grenda said, then lifted the boy off the ground. "He's so cute, I can squeeze him until he pops!"

"Mabel! Mabel!" Will cried in panic, trying to squirm out of Grenda's grip.

"Be gentle with him, guys," Mabel said, seriously. "Will is a little fragile."

"Oops, my bad," Grenda responded, putting Will down.

He breathed in relief, on the same time when the pair folded their wings over his back gently.

"We hope to know more about you, Will," Candy smiled, while adjusting her glasses.

Will smiled in return. Mabel's friends seemed rowdy, but at least they were nice.

Mabel caught their attention, by saying. "OK, now that you guys are here, the real party can finally begin!"

"I'm gonna chug down the punch bowl!" Grenda announced.

Will looked at her nervously. "Please, don't--"

"TOO LATE!" She yelled, then with a roar, she charged to the entrance of the shack.

"Girl sure loves her punch," Mabel chuckled, then beckoned the others forward. "C'mon, we should be there for moral support."

With that, Will followed the Guardian, once again rejoining the party.

Double Dipper-Part Three

Dipper wasn't sure what drove him to do this.

He knew exactly what did, but he still found it unbelievable, considering he was supposed to be the responsible one! Yet, despite his shame, here he was, laying flat on his back as a green light ran over him. After the copier was done, Dipper climbed off the machine, just when a large piece of paper came out.

Dipper nearly unsheathed his sword, when it started rippling. Then, his image started peeling himself away from the paper, slowly growing three-dimensional. By the time it managed to stand up, the paper image became an exact replica of Dipper.

"Wow," He breathed, then cautiously moved forward.

The clone was still, and Dipper poked it's cheek. "Are you...alive?"

The clone suddenly blinked, and batted Dipper's finger away. "Hey! You don't just poke people!"

The brunette screamed and stepped back. He looked the replica up and down, before hesitantly saying. "Um, sorry."

"It's fine," The clone said. "I'm only guessing here, but did you bring me to life so I can help you get with Wendy?"

Dipper gaped. "Wait, how--"

"We share the same mind, remember?" The replica winked. "If so, then I'll gladly help you."

"Great! Now, all you need is a name..." The Guardian thought for a while, then said. "How about Number 2?"

The clone shook his head. "Definitely not. But hey, you know what name I always wanted?"

Both of them smirked, and said together. "Tyrone."

"OK, Tyrone," Dipper began. "I'm thinking you cover for me, while I go dance with Wendy."

"I know the plan," Tyrone reassured, pulling out the list.

The Guardian looked at him with mild suspicion. "Hey, we're not gonna get jealous and turn on each other, are we?"

"Please, this is *you* we're talking about," The clone said. "And remember, you can always disintegrate me with water."

"Oh right," Dipper realized. "In that case: let's set this plan in motion."

⁂

Back to the party, Will was hanging out with Mabel and her two friends. The shack was really lively at this point, with more people entering. Will even caught Fiddleford there, though it was when the old man was attempting to chew on a wire. The boy thankfully stopped him in time.

"DJ Soos in da' house!" Soos exclaimed from his turntable. "This air is electric!" Then, he started pressing random buttons on his keyboard. "Lightning...lightning..."

"Will!" Mabel shouted, over the music. "There's a sing along contest coming up, you think I should try it out?"

"Of course."

"Are you sure about that, mortal?"

The boy jolted at the new voice, and turned around. Standing near him, was a lady that was Mabel's age. She was tall, and beautiful. She wore a silk white dress, with slits at the side that left her slender legs exposed. Golden bracelets covered her arms, and a golden comb held up her thick blond hair. In Will's opinion, she vaguely resembled one of those Egyptian goddesses.

Mabel's eyes widened in recognition. "Pacifica?"

"Ugh, who invited her?" Grenda rolled her eyes.

"Watch it, sumo wrestler," Pacifica snapped at the Raven Warrior.

"I'll put you in a headlock, and make you feel pain!" Grenda growled back.

Mabel patted Grenda's arm, in an attempt to calm her friend down. "Easy now, girl," She soothed, then turned to the blonde lady. "And like my friend pointed out, why are you here, Pacifica?"

Pacifica rolled her eyes. "I go where I want, Pines," She said. "Also, I refuse to back down from a challenge, especially one with you involved."

"Good idea, I'm always up for some friendly competition!" Mabel smiled.

The blonde girl stared at her with pink tinted cheeks, then shook her head. "Sweetie, this competition is anything but *friendly.* I'm going to mop the floor with you."

"Not true, Mabel will defeat you," Candy remarked.

Pacifica snickered. "Oh *right,* I'm sure the weird girl and her rugged mortal pet are capable of beating the *Goddess of Beauty and Riches* herself. See ya, losers," She spat. Then, she turned on her heels and walked off.

"Wait, she's a *goddess?*" Will asked, incredulously.

"No, but she sure thinks she is," Mabel said, through a forced smile. "She's a Guardian that's been raised in the mortal realm, like Robbie. Her job is to grant wishes to worthy mortals, in exchange for a price, of course."

The blue haired boy glanced briefly at Pacifica. "You two seem to know each other..."

Mabel frowned, as though recalling bad memories. "We met each

other a couple of times, but we never been close...something I wanted to change for a while now."

"Are you thinking of challenging her, Mabel?" Grenda asked. "It's okay, if you don't."

Mabel turned to her friend with a confident grin. "I'm not backing down, especially not to the likes of Pacifica. Now, let's go pick a song."

She walked to the turntable, with the others in tow. Nearby, Dipper was mustering up the courage to approach Wendy.

The plan was going well so far, Tyrone took his spot by the entrance, so Dipper didn't have to worry about that. But, now came the most challenging part: actually asking Wendy to dance.

He forced himself forward, and reached his hand forward to tap Wendy's shoulder. The redhead to turned to him, her vibrant green eyes had a shine in them that made his heart flutter.

"Dipper, I'm glad you're here," She smiled.

The brunette gulped softly. "Yeah, Wendy, there's something I need to ask you--"

"Wendy, I got your punch!"

Dipper winced at the voice, and turned to face Robbie. The taller boy's eyes immediately narrowed into slits upon seeing him.

"Hey Robbie, you remember Dipper, right?" Wendy asked him.

"No," Robbie said, quickly.

Dipper watched in dismay, as the Cupid settled beside Wendy before handing her the drink. He felt even worse, when Robbie wrapped his arm around the redhead. He was gentle with her, but Dipper noticed the possessive gleam in Robbie's eyes.

"Wendy, I wanted to talk to you about something," The Cupid told her. "Mind if we sit on the couch?"

"Of course," Wendy replied. "Dipper, join us when you're ready."

Dipper merely nodded, watching miserably as the two walked off, with Robbie sending him one last glare.

This, wasn't part of the plan.

⁂

"So, how do we get rid of Robbie?" Tyrone asked.

The two were alone in the copier room, and Dipper recently finished explaining his dilemma.

"We need to keep him busy somehow," Dipper said, thoughtfully.

He racked his brain for an answer, and finally remembered something.

"That's it! Robbie's *arrows!"*

There were very few things Dipper knew about the Cupid of Broken Hearts, but if there was one thing everyone knew, it was that Robbie was super protective of the arrows he kept in his quiver. Granted, every Guardian was protective of their magical properties. But with Robbie, if *anyone* were to touch his arrows, it would be the equivalent of going to the cemetery, digging your own grave, and laying in it.

"Are you nuts?" Tyrone asked, and rightfully so.

Dipper shrugged. "It's our best shot."

In the end, Tyrone reluctantly agreed. The two then made another clone, and they explained the plan to him.

"But, what if Robbie catches me?" Number 3 pointed out. "I'll be all alone!"

"Good point," Dipper agreed. "This is definitely a four Dipper plan."

He pressed a button the copier, but then it started shaking violently.

"Uh oh, paper jam," Tyrone said, moving forward to check it.

A paper suddenly flew out of the machine, and it was crinkled in many places. When the clone came of life, it was badly bent up, and made static sounds.

"*NYANYANYAN--AXUAAA*!" It screamed.

"Aw come on, you're not letting me team up with him, are you?" Number 3 complained.

"Hey, don't be rude," Tyrone shot back, then tried to comfort the disfigured clone, only to be screamed at in return.

Dipper sighed, then turned back to the machine. "OK, just one more clone."

"What if Robbie isn't our only problem?" Number Three spoke. "The dancefloor is like a minefield, there could be a glitch in the sound system, people might get in the way, Robbie might come back."

"There are too many variables," Tyrone agreed.

The Guardian thought about it, then decided. "Alright, we definitely need a lot more help than expected."

⁂

So far, things were going good for Bill. The shack was filled with music, he danced, he ate, and he flirted with some strangers. Mabel and some blondy were having a singing competition, that admittedly made his ears rang. Besides from that, Bill was having a good time. Then...

"WHO IN THE HELL!?" A voice screamed.

Bill spun around, seeing the familiar Dark Cupid and the redheaded Guardian.

"Robbie, you good?" Wendy asked, concerned for her friend.

Robbie looked ready to kill somebody, but his gaze turned gentle

when he turned to Wendy. "It seems that some punk stole my quiver. I'll be right back."

Then, he sped off, passing Bill. The blond blinked, wondering who was the unlucky fella that decided to piss off Robbie. That was, until his gaze darted to the nearby window, and caught two moving forms from the outside. They were both wearing blue uniforms, could it be...

Quickly, Bill left the luxury of the party, and looked around in order to test his theory. He peered at the entrance, and saw no one standing in Dipper's place.

Goddammit, Pine Tree!, He thought, in frustration.

There was no way. There was no way Dipper of all people could be *this* stupid.

Bill turned around, on the same moment when he found the person he was looking for. Dipper had his back turned to him, and the blond ran up to him.

"Pine Tree!" He snapped.

The brunette turned to him nonchalantly. "Yes, Bill?"

"Tell me, how many clones did you make?"

"About 10."

Bill bit back a sharp remark, practically seething inside. "You're lucky you have a pretty face, or else I would've mutilated it by now! What were you thinking? I expected you to make *one* clone."

"I guess you expected wrong."

Bill paced around in the spot. "OK, here's what we do now: get some water guns and get rid of the clones, preferably before Wendy or Will find out and blow a freaking casket."

Dipper inspected his fingernails calmly. "Actually, you won't be doing that."

"And why not?" He remarked.

Dipper leaned in, and Bill saw an unfamiliar edge in his gaze. "Because, I'm one of those clones."

Bill blinked. "Well...darn."

⁂

With his clones occupied with their tasks, Dipper finally had his chance. He was about to head to the dancefloor, when he had an surprising encounter.

"Wendy?" He gasped.

The redhead was leaning against the wall, and turned to him with a lopsided smile. "Hey, Dipper."

"What are you doing here?" Dipper asked, with nervous chuckle. "Shouldn't you be on the dancefloor...in the next 10 minutes?"

Wendy arched a brow, then nodded to the doorway beside her. "I'm only waiting for the bathroom."

Dipper nodded. "O-of course."

They stood in silence, and the male Guardian felt his palms begin to sweat. What was he even suppose to do in this situation? Make small talk? What topic should he start with? Oh, this was so frustrating.

"Hey," Wendy started. "I have a game. Let's say everyone in this party was trapped on a deserted island, who do you think the leader will be? My bets is on that maniac." She pointed to a muscled man who was punching the air furiously.

The brunette chuckled softly, then pointed to a very tall person. "I'd say Stretch over there, since tall people can reach coconuts?"

"Speaking of *tall,* do you remember what I looked like back then?" Wendy smiled. "I was like walking string cheese."

"Yeah, you definitely looked weird," Dipper laughed, then realized what he said. "Oh, I didn't mean it like--"

"Nah, I take it as a compliment," The redhead reassured. "We weirdos need to stick together, Imma' right?"

Dipper smiled warmly. "Yeah..."

The bathroom door opened, and a person walked out. On cue, Wendy gave him a curt nod, before entering and closing the door behind her.

Dipper couldn't believe what just happened, and he tried to calm his beating heart as best as he could.

"Hey!"

He turned, and saw Tyrone, along with the rest of his clones. Dipper grinned brightly at them.

"Guys, you won't believe what happened," He said. "I actually talked to Wendy and--"

"You didn't stick to the plan," Tyrone snapped, with the copies murmuring in agreement.

Dipper frowned at them. "But, does that really matter now? I can take Bill's advice, and be myself around Wendy."

"About time, you realized that!"

The Guardian jolted at the voice, and then his face contorted in shock, when the clones moved aside, revealing one of them holding Bill hostage.

"Also, I am blaming you for this!" The blond snapped, struggling to free himself to no avail.

"Bill?" Dipper gasped, then turned to Tyrone. "What's going on here?"

The clone clicked his tongue. "Bill tried to disrupt the plan, so we

decided to take care of him. And now that you refuse to cooperate, you shouldn't be the one to dance with Wendy."

Dipper held up his hands in defense. "Guys, we promised not to turn on each other."

"I think we all knew we were lying," Tyrone sneered, as the other clones stalked forward.

Before he could escape or draw his sword, a dozen hands were grabbing him in a matter of seconds. Both Bill and Dipper screamed in distress, before they were thrown into the nearest closet, and their voices were snuffed out as the door shut closed behind them.

Double Dipper-Final

Bill was tossed into the darkness.

"Dang it, Pine Tree!" He shouted.

"I'm terribly sorry about this, Bill," Dipper replied, genuinely.

Quickly, Bill started moving his arms around in the pitch blackness. Abruptly, his hands found something hard and warm, and in his confusion, he curled his fingers around it.

Dipper gasped softly. "Bill..."

"What?" Bill snapped.

"That's my chest you're groping."

Instantly, the blond's face turned a deep red, and he withdrew his hands. "Sorry," He murmured.

Dipper cleared his throat. "It's alright."

Bill's heart started pacing a bit faster than it's normal speed. He had expected Dipper to be scrawny under his dumb uniform. But no, since the universe was obviously against Bill, the nerd was jacked. Curses!

"Bill, I think I can get us out of here," Dipper said, thankfully ignoring what just happened.

"Then, what are you waiting for?" Bill told him.

There was a sound of a sword being drawn, and then, a soft blue glow emitted from Dipper's weapon. Bill found himself transfixed by the blade, then he backed away, when the Guardian aimed his sword and threw it at the door. At first contact, the door split in half. Bill thought he'd be showered by splinters, but Dipper moved in to shield him last second. He could feel the warmth radiating

from Dipper's close body, and immediately shoved the Guardian away from him.

"OK, let's go," Bill said, quickly.

Dipper nodded in agreement, then the two made a dash down the hall. Eventually, they paused, when they saw the group of clones. Fortunately, they didn't seemed to notice the two were there.

"I'm just saying, that since I've been here the longest, I should be the one to dance with Wendy," Tyrone said.

Number 10 rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Fair point, but how about I dance with Wendy, since I've been around the least?"

"That makes zero sense," One clone remarked.

"You make zero sense!" Number 10 shoved him.

"Watch it!" The clone shoved him back.

"Don't shove people!" Tyrone told them, sternly.

"*NAYAYANAN!*" Paper Jam Dipper screamed.

"Jeez, even his clones are hopeless," Bill muttered to himself. Then, made a sharp whistle, catching the attention of the clones.

"You!" Tyrone snapped.

"Tyrone, let's talk about this," Dipper insisted, slowly walking forward. "We're all evenly matched mentally and physically, if we end up fighting, it'll only go on forever."

The replicas paused, and murmured to each other thoughtfully. Once they were distracted, Dipper ran up and punched Tyrone in the face. After that, everyone stared in shocked silence.

"OK, now I'm impressed, Pine Tree," Bill grinned.

"CLONE FIGHT!" Number 5 declared.

Immediately, in a flurry of confusion, the clones started attacking

each other, each one mistaking the other for the original. Bill tried to back away from the chaos, when one of the Dippers placed a hand on his shoulder. He panicked, and kicked the other in the shin.

"Ow! Bill, I'm not a clone!" Dipper snapped at him.

"Aha! There's Classic Dipper!" Tyrone yelled, pointing an accusing finger at him.

The clones responded, and stopped fighting. Bill and Dipper both backed away, as they stalked closer towards them. In the spur of the moment, Bill looked around, and spotted a stray party popper on the floor. Not knowing what else to do, he grabbed it and aimed it at the clones. There was a loud *bang,* and a tendril of smoke emitted from it. The clones watched as the smoke drifted to the ceiling, and finally reached the sprinklers. Water showered over them on full blast, and almost immediately, the replicas melted to the floor in a series of screams.

When it was all over, Bill and Dipper were staring at the mess, before both of them breathed in relief.

"I'm glad that's over," Dipper said.

Bill threw the party popper aside. "If you excuse me, I'll be forgetting any of this happened. See ya, Pine Tree."

Dipper watched as the boy headed in the direction of the dancefloor. He smiled softly, before turning around, only to face the last standing clone: Tyrone.

Oh, come on, He thought.

⁂

"I'll now be announcing the winner of the sing off!" Soos declared, holding up a plastic gold crown.

Mabel and Pacifica were on the stage, facing a huge crowd. Mabel's friends were among them, and they gave the brunette encouraging looks.

"Applaud vote for Mabel?"

The audience clapped and cheered, Mabel's friends the loudest among them.

"Very good," Soos said, approvingly. "Now, for the next contestant: Pacifica!"

People clapped quietly, until Pacifica sent them a glare, and the audience reluctantly rose in volume.

"What's this? A tie?" The man gasped. "This never happened before."

"What?" Pacifica snapped. Then, she spun towards the crowd. "In that case, I guess some of you don't want to get invited to my temple and have your wishes granted."

Instantly, the crowd murmured excitingly, and then they clapped loudly than ever before, chanting the blonde's name. "Pacifica! Pacifica! Pacifica!"

Soos's eyes widened, and he sighed. "Ladies and gentlemen...Pacifica is the winner."

Pacifica smirked towards Mabel and accepted her crown. "Ha! What do you got to say now?" She taunted at the brunette.

Mabel looked at her for a while, then smiled. "I'm proud of you, Pacifica," She said. "It was fun, we should try that again."

Pacifica regarded her in shock, then she flushed and turned away. "Whatever!" She snapped, and walked off. "You're a still a loser!"

As she left, Mabel's friends immediately joined her on stage.

Grenda hugged the Guardian. "You were amazing, Mabel! Like a total rock star!"

"Really? You don't mind that I lost?" Mabel asked, sheepishly.

"Of course not," Candy reassured.

Will nudged the brunette, giving her a smile. "How about we join the dancefloor? I'm ready to show my *moves* now."

"Absolutely!" She exclaimed, in joy.

As they moved to the center of the floor, meanwhile, Dipper was by the railings, fighting back his clone. He was pinned to his back, as Tyrone tried to overpower him.

"Say it! Say I can dance with Wendy!" The clone spat.

"Never!" Dipper shot back, pushing him off.

At that moment, they both heard a familiar laughter.

"Wendy?" They both said, before moving to look over the railings.

Down below, they spotted Wendy and Robbie sitting together against a wall. Robbie seemed to have retrieved his quiver, and he whispered something in Wendy's ear, then she bumped him playfully while laughing. Dipper and Tyrone watched in sorrow, sighing in defeat.

"Hey, wanna get a drink?" Tyrone asked him, after a while.

Dipper nodded. "Yeah, why not?"

⁂

Later, the two were on the roof of the shack, each holding a plastic cup filled with punch. They gazed at the sky above them, before eventually talking.

"You were right," Tyrone started. "The only time you managed to talk to Wendy normally, is when you didn't over analysis things."

Dipper shrugged. "Yep, I guess I just get in my own way."

"Literally!" Both chuckled, before taking a sip of their drinks.

Tyrone winced, and looked down at himself. A hole started forming in his chest. "Uh oh."

"Tyrone!" Dipper gasped, in distress.

"It's okay, this would've happened eventually," The clone said, while melting to the ground. "Just remember what you learned!"

The Guardian nodded quickly. "Of course!"

"And hey, can you quit being a total wimp around Wendy? For my sake..." Then, Tyrone disappeared into a puddle.

Dipper stared at it for a long while, before he was snapped out of his trance, when a voice called to him from the ground. He looked down, and saw Bill waving at him.

"What are you doing up there?" The blond demanded.

The Guardian glanced direly at the puddle, before shaking his head. Then, he stood up, and jumped off the roof. He made a perfect landing in front of the boy.

"Nothing much," He replied.

Bill only gave him a strange look, and said. "Come on, the party's almost over, you can enjoy it while it lasts."

With that, Dipper followed Bill to the entrance. But, as they got there, they were suddenly encountered by Robbie.

The Cupid glared at Dipper. "Just so you know, I found your freaky clones stealing my stuff, and I drowned them in the nearest lake."

Dipper gulped nervously. "Is that so?"

"Yes," Robbie growled. "I don't know what you did there, but--"

"Robbie, I'm ready," Wendy said, coming up behind her friend.

Robbie's mood immediately changed, and he said. "Cool! If we go now, we can get the best view at Lookout Point."

"You're going to Lookout Point?" Dipped asked Wendy.

Wendy nodded. "Yeah, you wanna come with?"

Dipper hesitated, instinctively glancing at Bill. Wendy caught the brunette looking at the boy, and grinned.

"Or, would you rather hang out with Bill?"

Bill rose a brow. "What?"

"Don't worry, message received," The redhead said, winking. "We'll leave you two to have fun."

Then, Wendy nudged Robbie forward, and the two walked in the direction of the forest. Dipper watched them go, confused.

"What just happened?"

Bill didn't answer. He looked at the Guardian, then said hesitantly. "Dipper, would you like to dance with me?"

Dipper spun towards him. "You...didn't call me *Pine Tree*."

Bill narrowed his eyes. "You're surprised about that, but not by me asking you for a dance?"

"Yeah," He replied, truthfully. Then, Dipper added softly. "But, why would you ask me?"

"I'm feeling generous tonight," The blond said, simply.

The brunette smiled softly. "In that case...sure."

Bill returned his smile. Then, with that, the two returned to the shack, while the night domed over.

Irrational Treasure-Part One

The Cipher twins stood in confusion.

"Red, mind telling me what's going on?" Bill asked.

Wendy grinned in his direction. "Like what you see?"

"How can I, when I don't even know what I'm seeing?"

A few minutes ago, Wendy had dragged the brothers into town, where they came across a surprising sight. They seemed to have gone back in time, since Zero Gravity Town looked way more old timey. Everyone were dressed in odd uniforms, a few even dressed as Guardians. Barrels, stands, and carriages filled the streets.

"It's Pioneer Day!" She announced, joyfully. "A day celebrating when this town was first founded."

"So, what's with the cosplayers?" Bill asked, pointing to a little girl dressed as Wendy.

"This is also an important day for Guardians, which is a plus for me, since I don't have to wear my disguise, everyone will think I'm wearing a costume."

"Welcome to 1863!" Toby Determined exclaimed, before passing them.

Bill grimaced. "I dunno, something about these yahoos dressing up like lunatics seems weird."

"Bill, this is our home," Will told him. "The least we can do is embrace the weirdness."

"And that's exactly what I'm planning to do," Wendy said, before turning away. "If you need me, I'll be squeezing a maple tree to produce fresh syrup."

"And you're just going to leave us in the midst of this ridiculousness?" Bill snapped.

"And you're going to enjoy it!" She called back, before disappearing amongst the crowd.

Bill was about to complain, but then Will tugged on his arm. Eventually, the blond decided to pause his whining for now, and follow his brother through town. After a while, they came across a huge stage, where people was starting to huddle. Curious, the twins pushed forward, until they were almost in the front of the crowd.

Will looked at the stage incredulously. "I wonder what's happening here?"

Before Bill could reply, someone bumped into his side. He was about to scold the one responsible, when he paused. Standing behind him, was Dipper. Not one of those cosplayers, but the real thing. The brunette looked down at him, and a ghost of a smile tugged on his mouth.

"Hey, Bill," He greeted, placing a hand on the boy's head.

Bill flushed, and prepared to snap at him, when another form barreled into him. He was lifted off his feet, when Mabel gripped him into a large embrace.

"I was hoping to see you two here!" She exclaimed.

"Shooting Star, put me down!" Bill scolded, struggling in her grip.

She obliged, and placed him back on the ground. Bill grumbled under his breath, Dipper chuckled at him.

"Are you here to celebrate too?" Will asked the Guardians.

Mabel nodded eagerly. "Of course, the candle dipping, the outfits, the legally marrying woodpeckers."

"What was that last part?" Bill questioned.

She didn't answer, instead, she smiled towards the stage. "Ooh! It's

starting!"

Before either of the brothers could ask what was happening, Mayor Soos suddenly appeared on the stage wearing a pioneer hat. He cleared his throat, and gave the crowd a friendly look.

"Here-yee here-yee! Ye olde commencement ceremony has commenced!" He announced, gleefully. "Introducing: the Goddess of Beauty and Riches!"

"Pacifica?" Mabel breathed.

The person in question stepped on stage, and she wasn't alone. The Cipher twins were surprised to see a llama walking beside her. The animal seemed well tamed, because when Pacifica paused, it settled behind her with it's head slightly raised.

"Hello, everyone," She smiled, revealing white teeth. "As you all know, this very town was founded by the Guardians, me being one of them of course."

The audience applauded, and she rose a hand to silence them.

"Now, if you have pioneer spirit, come up here and introduce yourself," Pacifica said.

Mabel gasped. "Audience participation? I'm in!"

Will frowned. "Mabel, don't you and that girl have a shaky relationship?"

She waved his concern off. "No way, any bad blood between us is water under the bridge now."

With a confident bounce in her step, she climbed up the stage. She arrived beside Pacifica, only to be faced with sideways look from the blonde.

"And what do you think you're doing?"

"Joining in the fun," Mabel grinned, oblivious to the sneer on the other's face. Then, she turned to the crowd. "Let's get this Pioneer

Day started! USA! USA!"

The audience chanted with her.

"Excuse me," Pacifica chimed in, sharply. "But, Pioneer Day is for *earthbound* Guardians, AKA: the ones that actually care about this town."

Mabel's eyes widened. "What? Of course, I care about this place. Just because I wasn't raised here like you, doesn't make me care any less."

Pacifica rolled her eyes. "Please, you *space-freaks* think you're so much special than the rest of us," She spat. "You're wrong, and don't think you're above people like me because you're prett-- powerful."

"That's enough, Pacifica," Dipper snapped, defiantly.

Will nodded in agreement, and managed to climb onto the stage. "Yeah, what's your deal with Mabel?"

"I don't need judgement from *you,*" Pacifica retorted. "Also, since you're not doing anything productive, you might as while babysit Lavender for me."

He blinked. "Wha--"

He was cut off, when the llama stepped beside him.

"She likes long walks, fresh sushi, and you have to comb her coat every 10 minutes," Pacifica instructed. "Be gentle with her, she's a delicate lady."

Lavender started chewing Will's hair. "Ah! Help!"

She ignored him, and turned back to Mabel nonchalantly. "If you're done here, I have a ceremony to run."

Mabel frowned, and climbed off the stage, followed by Will and the llama.

"Now who wants to hear more about me?" Pacifica giggled, and the

crowd cheered.

Dipper regarded his sister in concern, when she paused before them. "You okay?"

"I need some old timey butterscotch," She sighed.

"Let's get out of here," Bill said, then turned. "Will, are you coming?"

The younger twin was trying to move Lavender forward. "In a minute...C'mon, Lavender!"

Lavender yawned in return.

⁂

The group settled on a bench. Mabel was unwrapping some candy, before plopping it in her mouth, and chewing with a miserable expression on her face.

"Mabel, don't listen to a word Pacifica said," Dipper told her, seriously.

The female brunette shook her head. "But, what if she's right? Do I really care about Zero Gravity Town, or is it just my imagination?"

"No it isn't... I think," Bill said, awkwardly. "Will, can you help me out here?"

Meanwhile, Will was struggling as Lavender chewed the back of his sweater. "How about you help me!?"

The blond groaned. "Dang it, Will, you're no help!"

Dipper patted his sister on the back in reassurance. "Pacifica is just jealous of you, that's all. She thinks earthbound Guardians are superior to ones in the realm, because they discovered this place."

"Actually," Bill started, taking out the journal from his backpack. "I read somewhere, that's not the case."

The Pine twins watched with baited interest and confusion, while

Will finally freed his sweater from the animal's teeth. Bill flipped the pages in the book, before coming to a complete stop.

He pointed to the page. "Here: *In my investigations, I recently made a discovery. The Guardians may not be the true founders of Zero Gravity Town! I believe this secret is buried somewhere on the enclosed document. If only I can crack the code..."* He opened the letter glued to the page, revealing complex series of letters, symbols, and words. "Oh man, if this cover-up is true, it'll surely bring Pacifica down a peg. My thirst to inflict needless backlash will be quenched once more!"

"Wait, if I come along on this investigation, I'll prove I care about this town by finding out the true founder!" Mabel exclaimed, happily. "Come on, Bill, let's go."

She grabbed the blond's arm, and dragged him off. Dipper only looked at her incredulously.

"Mabel, our powers won't work if we're separated--"

"Sorry Dipper, bye!"

The male brunette huffed in annoyance.

"Since it's just you and I, you wanna help me comb a llama?" Will asked.

Dipper shrugged. "I suppose. Speaking of which, where's Lavender?"

Will stared. "What do you mean, she's right..."

He paused, when he saw no signs of the animal.

"Oh dear."

Irrational Treasure-Part Two

Mabel and Bill arrived shortly at the libary. They huddled around some books, that involved matching symbols in the document Bill found.

"OK, what do we have here?" Bill muttered, scanning the books. "Words, words, more words. Ugh, for once, I wished we had Pine Tree's nerdiness to help us out."

"Don't worry, I got your back," Mabel assured, while holding a book upsidedown.

Bill decided not to say anything, and continued looking through ancient parchments. He paused, when he saw the same triangle shape in the book, like one in the document.

"It says here that the triangle is an alchemist symbol for flame," Bill said, then took out a lighter. "Welp, guess I'm burning this place to the ground. Mabel, hand over--"

He paused, when he saw she had folded the document into a paper hat.

"Look, I made a hat!" She smiled proudly, pointing at her creation. "Wait, that's not helpful. Shoot!"

Bill stared. "Mabel...you folded it into a map!"

"Huh?" Mabel gasped, and took off the hat to examine it. "You're right!"

The blond's gaze darted to the lighter in his hand. "Is burning it still an option?"

"Bill, no."

"Fine," He grumbled, a little disappointed.

Mabel looked at the map in calculation. "It seems to be leading to the museum."

"You should head there right now--"

"Excuse me, we're looking for a kid and lady."

Both froze, and turned to see Officer Blubs and Deputy Durland at the entrance, talking to a worker.

"They couldn't be talking about us," Mabel said, in a low voice.

"And to be clear, the kid has blond hair and the devil's smile," Officer Blubs said.

"Nah, I'm pretty sure that's me," Bill whispered back.

The worker pointed to the back of the libary, where the two resided. Quickly, Mabel and Bill made a dash behind a nearby shelf, hiding away from the approaching cops.

"What do they want us for?" Mabel questioned, in confusion.

Bill squinted suspiciously at the officers. "Whatever it is, I don't wanna find out. Come on."

Then, as quietly as possible, the two left the libary, heading to their next destination.

⁂

Meanwhile, Will and Dipper were running around town, trying to find the missing llama.

"Lavender!" Will called, helplessly. "Aw, man. Dipper, you think Pacifica would be really upset or--"

"She will literally tear out the earth's core."

Will gulped. "Alright....LAVENDER!"

The two kept up their relentless searching, until they entered the town's center, and halted upon seeing the animal standing beside

the fountain. However, she wasn't alone. Lavender had a leash around her neck, and holding the end of the leash was a boy with white hair.

Gideon, Will thought, in shock.

He still recalled their last meeting, and already felt the chill from those cold blue eyes. But strangely, Will didn't hate Gideon, even after all he did. However, there was no chance that their friendship will be rekindled, but Will never saw the other boy as the enemy. Still, bile rose in his stomach at the thought of talking to Gideon again.

"I'll handle this," Dipper decided, and Will was glad he did.

While the Cipher stood back, the Guardian stomped towards the young psychic. It was only until Dipper made a complete stop before him, when Gideon noticed his existence.

"Guardian of the Mind," Gideon greeted, politely. "I've been expecting you."

Dipper rolled his eyes. "Cut that out. That llama doesn't belong to you, so I advise you return it to me this instant."

The white haired boy examined him calmly. "Let's make a deal," He started. "I'll give you this llama, in exchange for your partnership."

"What partnership?" Dipper demanded.

"To overthrow Bill, of course," Gideon smiled, sweetly. "You do know what he is, do you?"

The Guardian hesitated, before answering. "Yes. But for now, he is only a mortal, and no longer a threat."

Gideon chuckled harshly. "So what? Are you going to stand back, and wait until he does oppose a threat? It'll be too late by then."

"We have it under control," Dipper insisted, fighting back the urge to shout. "Bill isn't your responsibility, kid."

"Oh? Is he your responsibility then?"

"As a matter of fact, *yes,*" He nearly hissed. "I act as his protector, companion, and when the time comes, the cause of his demise. If you think about hurting him unprovoked, you'll be facing the dire consequences. Understood?"

Gideon looked him up and down. "I guess."

"Good. Now, would you please return the llama to me?"

The psychic regarded him blankly, then inhaled deeply, and screamed. "Help! This guy is harassing me! I am a child, and I'm being harassed!"

Dipper blinked. *Oh crap--*

"Hey, you!" A officer came up, along with his comrade. "You're in big trouble!"

"Nice costume, though," The other cop commented, pointing to Dipper's uniform.

"This isn't a costume, I'm a real Guardian!" Dipper protested. If only he could use he powers right now. Why, Mabel!?

"Yeah, yeah, tell it to the stocks," The officer deadpanned.

"I'm telling you-- Wait, did you say *stocks?*"

A few minutes later, Dipper was trapped in stocks in the middle of town.

"Aw great," He sighed.

Will ran up to him, with a distressed look. "Oh no! I'm so sorry I couldn't help!"

"It's alright, just--"

"Don't worry, I'll get you out of there," The boy declared. "I saw a nearby antique key shop, I'll be right back. Stay here." Then, he ran

off.

Dipper looked at his trapped hands. "OK..."

⁂

"And here you go," The worker smiled. "Two balloons, blue and pink."

"Ooh!" Mabel awed, as she was handed the balloon.

"This is degrading on so many levels," Bill noted.

"Oh hush, and let's figure out that next clue. Like steal Thomas Jefferson's ribcage?"

"Maybe later, for now, let's follow the map."

So, the two walked towards one of the museum exhibits, where the map had been leading them. They both stared at it in confusion. It was a triangular shape, with a misshapen canvas. They examined it for a long while. Eventually, Mabel grew bored and sat on a nearby bench.

"Hey painting," She started, turning upsidedown. "Be less stupid...Hey, it worked!"

Bill stared at her, then climbed on the bench, and copied her movements. As soon as he did that, he was facing a painted lady pointing in one direction.

"It's upsidedown!" He gasped.

"I think I saw that statue in the cemetery," Mabel recalled.

The two stood up from the bench, shortly clutching their heads, and groaning as blood circulated in their brains.

"Argh, that was a mistake," Bill groaned.

After they recovered, they went for exit. However, they froze midway, when coming across the cops from before. Officer Blubs

faced them, and his expression became alert.

"Hey, you!" He yelled.

"Run!" Bill told Mabel.

Quickly, they managed to bolt passed the cops without being grabbed. As the officers tried to pursue them, Mabel slammed the doors shut, locking them inside. As they pounded on the doors, the two already escaped away from the building.

Irrational Treasure-Part Three

The two arrived a cemetery. Silence filled the air, as they gazed up at a statue, one that looked exactly like the upsidedown canvas. Bill's gaze darted to the direction it was pointing to.

"Maybe, it's pointing to the next clue," He assumed. "Shooting Star, let's see-- What are you doing?"

Mabel was beside the statue, with it's finger sticking in her nose. "Oh gross! She's picking my nose!" She laughed. "I'm such a riot."

She tried to get down, but only ended up getting her nose tugged. Mabel yelped, on the same moment when the statue's finger bent downwards. Almost immediately, the earth rumbled, then the ground split open near the statue, revealing a hidden staircase. Bill stared down at it, as debris sprinkled down the stairs.

"A secret passage!"

Mabel finally freed her nose from the statue, and shared Bill's amazement. "What we're looking for must be down there."

Bill nodded, and slowly trudged down the passage, with Mabel following him close behind. The walls around them was dirt and bricks cramped together, making their surroundings heavy with a musky stench. To say it was unpleasant, would be an understatement. Bill halted, when he stepped on a tile, that sunk into the floor. Before he could comprehend what was happening, there was a *click* in the wall, and a million darts flew from the wall towards him.

"Look out!" Mabel yelled, lunging onto him.

She flung them both to ground, where they laid flat on their stomachs. The darts flew overhead, before eventually subsiding. After that, the two carefully stood up.

Bill dusted himself off. "Thanks, Mabel."

Mabel only smiled in return, and the two proceeded to walk forward. A few minutes later, they entered a chamber. It was filled to the brim, with ancient documents. They both took this in slowly, before moving forward.

"Come on, one of these should tell us the truth," Bill told her, already blowing dust off a document.

Mabel was paging through one excitingly. "Woah, Benjamin Franklin really was woman! You think she'd be named Bennie?" She chuckled.

She put the parchment aside, to look through more. However, when she looked through the next document, her face lit up in horror and she gasped.

"What's wrong?" Bill asked. "Did you find it?"

Mabel shook her head quickly. "N-no! Just some stuff about Abraham Lincoln hiding a conjoined twin under his hat, nothing really special. Hehe."

Bill squinted at her suspiciously, as she hid the said document inside her blouse. He dismissed the idea of interrogating her, and kept looking. And like that, he found it.

"Aha! The *Founder Cover-up,*" He said, holding up the document triumphantly. Then he opened it up, and began reading out loud. "*Let it be recorded, that the Guardians never founded Zero Gravity Town. The true founder was a mortal called sir, Quentin Trembley, III, Esquire.*"

Mabel scratched her head. "Who's Quentin Trembley?"

"*That's* none of your business."

They spun around, when two shadowy figures stepped into the light. It was Officer Blubs and Deputy Durland.

"What do you two want with us?" Bill demanded.

"Yeah, and who's this Quentin guy?" Mabel added on.

Blubs adjusted his sunglasses calmly. "Quentin Trembley is a matter of national security."

"And what does that mean?"

"See for yourself," Blubs said, before taking out a roll of film from his pocket. His companion then carried in a projector, and the officer fitted the film inside.

Almost immediately, a projector screen appeared on the wall, showing a countdown in black and white.

"Aw man! Black and white?" Mabel complained, but the officers hushed her.

After the countdown finished, the projector now showed an office with a man facing the camera. "*If you're watching this, then you are one of eight people in the United States with clearance to view this information. In fact, I myself will be shot as soon as the filming is complete."* He looked off screen. "*Wait? No? Oh, that's a relief!*" He looked back at the camera. "*Anyway, of all of America's secrets, Quentin Trembley was the most embarrassing. The eighth and a half president of the United States.*"

"Eighth and a half?" Bill questioned.

The video carried on. "*After winning the election in a landside that killed the other candidates, Quentin Trembley quickly gained the reputation as America's silliest president. He waged war on pancakes, appointed six babies to the supreme court, and issued the de-pants-ipation proclamation. His state of the union speech was even worse*"

"*The only thing we have to fear, is man-eating spiders.*"

"We may be agreeing on something, Mr President," Mabel murmured.

"*He was kicked out of office, and escaped to an uncharted valley he named Zero Gravity Town, after plummeting into it at high speed. Trembley's shameful term was erased from history, and officially*

replaced by William Henry as president, and mysterious figures known as the Guardians as founders of Zero Gravity Town. The whereabouts of Trembley's body is unknown." The projector turned off.

"Until now," Officer Blubs said, looking behind them.

They turned, and stared in disbelief. They were now looking at Quentin Trembley, who was encased in an amber coloured rectangle.

"How did we not notice that earlier?" Bill noted, and Mabel only shrugged.

The female brunette regarded the rectangle in confusion. "What is that even?"

"The fool thought he could live forever by encasing himself in a block of peanut brittle," Blubs explained. "And finding Trembley's body was our special mission. And now, thanks to you, it's complete."

"And all we had to do is follow someone's candy wrappers," Durland chuckled, holding up one of Mabel's wrappers.

Bill shot Mabel a look, and she shrank back. "Oops...sorry."

Officer Blubs stepped forward threateningly. "Now that you know the truth, we can't have you two talking about it."

The blond glared. "What now, are you gonna kill us?"

"Oh no!" Durland gasped.

"Calm down, darling," Blubs told him, then turned to Bill. "No, we're just going to escort you and this stuff to Washington. You ain't coming back, though."

Mabel and Bill stared at each other.

⁂

Much later, the two were kidnapped and forced onto a train. They

now resided in the very back cart, stuck in a crate along with Quentin Trembley. Bill tried to charge his way out, but failed numerous times. Meanwhile, Mabel had given up, and sat in the center with her head bowed.

"This is all my fault," She sighed. "I can't believe I left a trail of candy wrappers! And I just wanted to prove I care about this town. I'm such an idiot..."

Bill stopped at what he was doing, and frowned at the miserable state Mabel was in. He hesitated, before walking over and taking a seat beside her.

"Mabel, you never had to prove anything."

"What are you talking about?" She asked him.

"You are so filled with love to the point where I find it sickening, and mind you, that's a compliment on my part," Bill told her. "And unlike Pacifica, you show time and time again, why you care about this town. For example: cleaning up the beach, helping old ladies cross the street, saving that diner from that army of raccoons."

"Those garbage munchers wouldn't go down without a fight," Mabel muttered.

"The point is, you do care, Shooting Star. And don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

The brunette smiled at him warmly, then stood up. "You're right, and it's time I tell Pacifica that," She decided. "Before we come up with a escape plan, I need a little snack first."

She reached for the peanut brittle rectangle, and tore a piece of it off. As result, large cracks formed across it, before the whole thing crumbled altogether. The body of Quentin Trembley stared blankly, before blinking with an alarmed expression.

"It is I, Quentin Trembley!" He announced, before tearing off his pants.

"Oh god, it's alive," Bill groaned.

"Peanut brittle does have life sustaining abilities!" Mabel gasped. "Trembley, you're a genius!"

"And so are you, young lady, for freeing me from my delicious tomb," He smiled, then looked around. "By Jefferson, we seem to be trapped in some crate-like box!"

"It's a crate, Mr President," Mabel said.

Trembley then pulled out a bronze key. "Good thing I have the President's Key, that can open any lock in America!" He turned confidently, and repeatedly slammed it against the side of the crate.

"Yeah, when we run out of peanut brittle, we should definitely eat him next," Bill murmured to Mabel.

"Washington's washing machine! It's wood, my old enemy," Trembley said. "To get out of here, we need to think up the silliest plan possible."

"I can help!" Mabel exclaimed.

"We're never getting out of here," Bill muttered to himself.

Mabel ignored him, and looked around. Her eyes then caught a tiny hole in the bottom corner. "How about that hole?"

"We shall leap through it!" Trembley declared.

Then, the two lunged at it, trying to squeeze their fingers through.

Bill rolled his eyes. "Are you serious--"

"No, I'm silly!" Mabel remarked.

Then, there was a fluttering sound from the outside, then a tapping noise.

"Is that a woodpecker?" Bill questioned.

"Could it be my ex wife? Sandy?" Trembley breathed. "I missed you, my sweet!"

Then, the whole box fell apart, revealing the cart.

"We didn't fit through the hole, let's rebuild the box and start again," Trembley said.

"Or, we can go!" Bill shouted, before heading to the exit with Mabel in tow.

"That works also," He admitted, following them.

They opened the door, but on the other side, was Deputy Durland holding a bucket of ice. As soon as he saw them, the officer dropped the bucket at his feet.

"Blubs!" He called, and immediately his companion rushed to his side.

Bill looked around rapidly, and saw an emergency hatch by the roof. He beckoned Trembley and Mabel to follow him, and they climbed the ladder, before swinging the hatch open. Once they arrived on the top of the train, they did their best to hang on while the wind pushed furiously at them. They stepped forward, on the same time when the officers appeared behind them.

"End of the line, kids!" Blubs yelled.

"Come on, do you really want to lock us up in a government facility somewhere?" Bill snapped.

"I have no choice! Our orders are from the very top!"

A thought dawned on Bill, then he turned to Trembley. "Hey weirdo, did you ever sign an official resignation?"

"No sir, I ate a salamander and jumped out a window."

"What the...Nevermind. Technically, you are still legally the President of the United States," Bill pointed out, then turned towards the officers. "You answer to this guy now."

"And as President of these several United States," Quentin started. "I hereby order you to forget any of this ever happened, and to go on

a delightful vacation or whatever."

"Vacation?" Blubs perked up, then turned excitingly towards Durland. "What place have you always wanted to visit?"

"Silly Water Fun Slides, in Grand Lakes, Michigan!" They cheered together.

"Phew, that was a close one, Bill," Mabel told him.

"Yeah...now, can we get off this train before we get ourselves killed?" Bill pointed out.

"Good idea."

Irrational Treasure-Final

After bidding the officers farewell, Mabel and Bill returned to town, along with Quentin Trembley.

"And then he spanked me with a paddle for hours. Long story short, George Washington was a jerk," Trembley finished his story.

"I swear, every word you say is making me lose braincells," Bill sighed.

Mabel shot him a stern look, before turning to Trembley. "It's been a pleasure meeting you, Mr President."

"I can say the same for you two," He said. "So, in return for my freedom, I'll be bestowing gifts upon you."

Trembley pulled out a top hat and handed it to Mabel. "For you Mabel dear, I am making you an official US congressman."

She put the hat on top of her original one, and smiled proudly. "I'm legalizing everything!"

"Sounds good to me," Bill said.

"And for you, Bob," Quentin said, to the blond. "I give you, the President's Key." He handed the object to Bill.

"Uh, okay," He replied, halfheartedly.

"I can't wait to tell Dipper and Will about our adventure," Mabel said. "Now, where are they?"

⁂

"HAHAHAHAHA!"

Dipper sighed. "It isn't funny, Bill."

"Are you sure about that?" He chuckled. "Because from this angle, it definitely is."

"I can't believe none of these keys worked," Will said, holding up a bunch of keys in his cupped hands. "And I paid a lot of money for them."

Bill recalled something. "Wait a minute," He said, then dug inside his pocket.

He then took out the President's Key, and used it on the stocks. Immediately, it cracked open, and Dipper was freed.

"That actually worked," Dipper breathed, in disbelief.

"No need to thank me," Bill grinned, and the brunette scoffed in return.

Dipper then turned to his sister. "OK, mind telling me what you two been up to? Also, who is that guy?" He pointed to Quentin Trembley, who was starting a fistfight with a seagull.

"Put up your dukes, you feathered fiend! I will never return the cornbread!"

"Oh, he's the real founder of Zero Gravity Town," Mabel said, casually.

"What?"

"It's a long story, Pine Tree," Bill told him. "How about you? Wanna tell us why you got trapped in there?"

Dipper heaved a sigh. "It was because of a stupid llama."

"You mean this llama?"

They turned to the voice. Wendy stood in front of them, holding Lavender on her shoulders.

"Lavender! Thank goodness!" Will exclaimed, in relief.

The redhead placed the animal down gently. "I saw her with Gideon, then I punched him. After that, I went to find you guys. She really likes it when I carry her for some reason."

Lavender stepped towards Will, and started chewing his hair. He shrugged. "I missed you too, Lav."

"Thank you, Wendy," Dipper said, gratefully. "We wouldn't want Pacifica throwing a fit."

"What was that, you nerd?"

"Pacifica!" Mabel beamed, turning towards the blonde.

The lady stomped towards them, and whistled towards her pet. Immediately, Lavender trotted back to her and stood beside Pacifica.

"Shooting Star, this is your chance," Bill whispered to her. "Tell her about Quentin Trembley."

Mabel hesitated, before moving forward, and tapping Pacifica's shoulder. That drew her attention towards the brunette, and she sneered.

"What?"

The Guardian took a breath, before making a calm look. "Pacifica, I don't care what you think about me."

Pacifica's eyes widened. "What was that, you--"

"I do love this town," Mabel said, seriously. "And I care about everyone in it, that includes you, Pacifica."

The blonde lady flushed, and stuttered. "W-what are you--"

"And I'll do my best to prove it to you," The brunette said. "Even though you won't believe in me in the end, I will never stop caring about this town or you."

Pacifica's face was the shade of a cherry tomato, and she turned

away so her back faced them. "You are so weird!" She screamed, then rushed off, with Lavender following her obediently.

"Mabel, what was that?" Bill asked. "I thought you were going to get revenge on that brat?"

Mabel shrugged. "Bill, don't you know that revenge is a dish served cold?"

"If you're gonna tell me it's like icecream, then yeah, it's served cold *and* sweet."

The female Guardian only ruffled his hair playfully, but they were interrupted, when Trembley approached them, covered in feathers.

"Friends, I am needed elsewhere, I bid you farewell!" He announced.

"We'll miss you, Mr President," Mabel said.

"I won't," Bill said.

"Goodbye! Trembley away!" He shouted, before jumping backwards, happening to land on a horse.

The horse neighed in distress, and took off across town. They watched as he eventually disappeared.

Mabel smiled. "Where do you think he's going?"

"I'm guessing off a cliff," Bill suspected.

Wendy rose a brow. "Wow, that was needlessly confusing. Anyway, wanna enjoy the rest of the day?" She asked them.

"Actually, Dipper and I are gonna head back to the realm," Mabel chimed in.

Dipper regarded her in confusion. "We are?"

She nodded quickly, then grabbed his arm and dragged him off. "See you later!" She called to them.

"OK, goodbye you two," Wendy called back, before beckoning the

Cipher twins into town.

As soon as they reached a secluded spot, Mabel released her brother's arm. Dipper frowned at her sudden change of behavior.

"Mabel, what's going on--"

"Listen," She told him. Then, she reached into her blouse, and pulled out the document she found in the chamber. "I want you to look at this."

She handed the parchment to him, and Dipper examined it. His heart pounded against his ribcages, and his mouth grew dry. On the document, were a series of symbols, but the biggest one among them was the blood red triangle in the center.

"This is Kill's symbol..."

Mabel nodded, her expression growing worried. "What does it mean?"

"I'm about to find out," Dipper told her, determinedly.

⁂

Back in the realm, Dipper had spent hours decoding the document, until he finally had the full translated version.

"This parchment was written a hundred years ago by a village leader called Modoc the Wise," He explained to Mabel. "It says here that Kill approached him one day, promising him a paradise for his people with infinite possibilities. However, that was not the case, as Kill sacrificed his people one by one, to make room for the new *Nightmare Realm.*"

There was a moment of silence, as the twins processed this with absolute horror.

"The Nightmare Realm?" Mabel repeated. "You mean that lawless dimension Grunkle Ford closed up years ago? I heard that place was so crazy, it destroyed itself."

"And it seems Kill is planning on making earth their new territory," Dipper said, gravely. "But, he needs Bill's help to do it."

"I still remember our first contact with the Nightmare Realm," She shuddered at the memory. "Bill managed to open the barrier, and it felt like the air was crushing me, I could barely use my powers."

Dipper nodded in agreement. "I have a suspicion that the rift to the Nightmare Realm is still open, we need to do something about it before it's too late."

"I still don't understand how Bill opened it in the first place," Mabel said, in confusion. "I mean, the barrier was armed with Demon repellent spells, is he that powerful?"

The male brunette froze, and his blood turned cold, upon realizing something. "Maybe, he didn't do it..."

Mabel turned to him with a strange look. "What?"

Dipper regarded her with widened eyes. "Mabel, the only ones who could open the barrier...are Guardians."

"Wait," She breathed, in disbelief. "Could it be that..."

"A *Guardian* opened the barrier for Bill," He said, feeling his stomach drop. "We have a traitor in our midst."

Time Traveling Twins-Part One

Another day rose over Zero Gravity Town, and this time, the Cipher twins were in another location. The one in question was a carnival, filled with rides, games, and crowds of people.

"Ah, the carnival," Bill smiled. "I always wanted to work at one when I was a kid."

"So you could bring smiles to families?" Will asked.

"No, so I could rob suckers of their money."

His brother sighed. "Of course."

"That reminds me, don't try out the tossing ball games, you will lose," Bill told him. "Not because it's rigged, but because you have poor aim."

"You think I don't know that?" Will said.

"Good point."

The two moved down the carnival, hoping to try out a ride or two. However, what they weren't expecting, was to see some familiar faces. Them being Dipper and Mabel. The two were wearing casual wear, similar to Wendy's human disguise, but they still kept their eyes the same.

"Why aren't I surprised to see them here?" Bill said, sarcastically.

"We should say hello," His brother said, eagerly.

Bill agreed, and the two approached the Guardians without a second thought. Once they neared, Will spoke first.

"Hey! Dipper! Mabel! It's nice to--"

Dipper immediately lunged at him, and clamped a hand over Will's

mouth, muffling the boy's screams. "Sshhh!"

"Jeez, Pine Tree, warn me first, before you attack my brother," Bill snapped.

The Guardian released Will, and said. "I'm sorry, but Mabel and I are undercover."

"For what?" Will asked.

"To catch a fugitive!" Mabel announced loudly, then shrank apologetically when Dipper gave her a hard look.

"Fugitive, you say? And it's not me this time?" Bill remarked.

"Surprisingly, no," Dipper shot back. "It's actually a time traveller by the name of *Blandin Blendin,* who caused time anomalies and got into a lot of trouble with Time Baby."

Bill crinkled his brow in confusion. "*Time Baby?* Is that like a time travelling baby or...?"

"He's one of our gods," The brunette explained. "He's one of the most powerful beings right below Axolotl. Time Baby despises it when timelines are messed with, and he appointed us to capture Blandin, since he tracked him here and thought we would blend in more rather than his soldiers."

"So, you're just going to hang here until you find this Blandin guy?" Bill concluded.

Mabel nodded, looking bummed. "I guess, though I wish I could enjoy the carnival."

"Maybe, you still can," Will suggested. "I can help you look for him, while still playing a few games on the way."

She instantly lightened up. "You're right," Mabel smiled. "Dipper, if you need me, Will and I are gonna do *undercover* stuff."

"Mabel, not again--"

"Bye, bro-bro!" She called, already dragging Will away.

Dipper rubbed the bridge of his nose in annoyance.

"Guess it's just you and me, Pine Tree," Bill said. "Now, buy me cotton candy."

"I can kill you in eight different ways."

"....OK, let's skip the cotton candy."

⁂

Somewhere in the park, Will and Mabel were having the time of their lives. They ate, played some games, and with a little persuading from Mabel, Will got on some dizzying rides. He may have thrown up more than once, but he had fun...sort of. The two were now strolling past the stands, enjoying some candy apples.

"So Mabel, where do you think that fugitive hid?" Will reminded.

Mabel blinked, as though she forgotten why she came here in the first place. "Hmm, maybe somewhere-- OH MY GOSH, A PIG!"

Will watched in surprise, as she rushed towards a nearby pig pent. She knelt down, and awed at the cute creatures rolling in the mud. He watched with her, until he noticed the frown on Mabel's face.

"What's wrong?"

Mabel sighed heavily. "Well, I use to have this pet pig called Waddles."

"Why *Waddles?*"

"Because he waddles."

"Good point. So, what happened to him?"

"I wasn't watching over him, and he ran off," She recalled, miserably. "He was my best friend, and seeing this pig pent only brings back bad memories."

Will regarded her with sympathy. "Maybe, you can get another pig?"

Mabel gasped, as though he had suggested she do a horrible crime. "I could never replace Waddles! It wouldn't feel right..."

"You wouldn't be replacing him," Will insisted. "You could have one these pigs for the rest of the day before returning them, to give you a little closure."

She thought about it for a while, then said hesitantly. "I guess so," She agreed. "It wouldn't hurt."

"Hello there, miss," The owner of the pent came up. "Would you like one of these blue ribbon hogs? All you have to do, is guess their weight."

"As the matter of fact, yes," Mabel said, before pointing to one of the pigs. "That one, please."

"Ah, ol' 15-Poundy," He said, before asking. "So, much does he weigh?"

"Uh, 15 pounds?"

The owner blinked. "Are you some kind of witch?"

"More or less," Mabel replied, before picking up the selected pig.

The animal oinked, and cuddled in her arms. The Guardian hugged it to her chest.

"Aww, he looks exactly like my Waddles," She sniffed.

Will smiled. "How about we have fun with 15-Poundy before the day ends?"

"Good idea," Mabel agreed. Then the two walked off, to enjoy the rest of the carnival.

⁂

Meanwhile, Bill and Dipper were on the other side of the carnival. Dipper was looking at some advanced looking tracking device, while Bill glanced at him.

"Can you stop looking at that thing, and hang out with me?"

"Excuse me, I didn't come here to have fun," Dipper deadpanned, putting away the device. "Also, why do you want to hang out with me?"

"I have no other option," Bill protested. "Mabel dragged Will to god knows where, and I don't know where Wendy is--"

"She's here."

"What?"

Bill noticed Dipper staring in one direction, and followed his gaze. There, he saw Wendy in her human disguise, and she was with someone. It was Robbie. The archer actually had on a shirt this time, but his mouth was still covered by a black scarf. Suddenly, Wendy spotted them, and then stepped towards them followed by the Cupid.

"Hey, guys!" She greeted.

Robbie wrapped his arm around her, and gave them his signature glare.

"Hi, Wendy," Dipper stuttered. "What are you doing here...with Robbie?"

The redhead blushed slightly. "About that...Robbie and I are dating."

"Wow, just when I thought you had good taste, Red," Bill joked, and Wendy nudged him playfully.

Dipper paled. "*Dating,* you say?"

"Yeah," She said. "He just confessed to me a few minutes ago."

"And we were about to go on the *Tunnel of Lov*e together," Robbie sneered. "You're willing to join us, Dipper, if you're not busy babysitting that mortal, that is."

Bill glared.

"Be nice," Wendy chided the Cupid. She then addressed the two. "Bye, hopefully, we'll meet up soon."

As they left, Bill turned to see Dipper looking dejected. The sight itself made him feel a bit of sympathy. Slowly, he scooted closer.

"You okay, Pine Tree?"

Dipper exhaled deeply. "Yeah..."

Then, he fell forward, and landed on his face.

Bill stared awkwardly. "You want some cotton candy?"

Dipper groaned in return.

"I'll take that as a *maybe.*"

⁂

Bill managed to pry Dipper off the floor, but now the Guardian refused to move from a bench. Bill stood before him, and shook his head.

"Look, you knew it was gonna happen sooner or later," He pointed out. "It wasn't like you were close to confessing your feelings for her."

"I know," Dipper admitted, sorrowfully. "But--"

"No buts," Bill snapped. "You need to buck up. You're a cosmic super soldier, and Robbie's an edgy weirdo from the 2000's, you can totally compete with him."

"Why are you helping me? I thought you'd enjoy seeing me sad."

"I enjoy seeing you annoyed, there's a difference," Bill corrected. "I

hate seeing you sad, actually..."

Dipper stared, and Bill realized what came out of his mouth. He cleared his throat, ignoring the faint pink dusting his cheeks.

"You really think I can compete with Robbie?" The Guardian questioned, doubtfully.

"Sure, whatever," Bill said, dismissively.

Despite his attitude, Dipper was thankful for Bill's encouragement, but couldn't express his gratitude into words.

"Bill, how about you and I take a turn on the Ferris Wheel?" He offered.

Bill regarded him in surprise. "What about your mission?"

"Let's say this is a small break. So, what do you say--?"

"No."

Dipper blinked. "Oh...uh..I guess that's expected, since I admit, I can be a little boring, and--"

"Man, you're insecure," Bill chuckled. "No, it's not that, I'm...I'm afraid of heights."

The Guardian gaped, and regretted asking in the first place. "I am so sorry! I should've never suggested--"

"Easy, Pine Tree, what's gotten you all worked up?"

Dipper bowed his head. "I'm just shocked. I didn't remember the old Bill being afraid of heights."

"I'm not the old Bill, I'm *me.* You do know that, right?"

He didn't answer, still looking down at his feet. Dipper felt a hand pat his arm, and he looked at Bill again.

"Let's try another ride," Bill suggested. "Preferably one that doesn't make me lose my lunch."

That got a small laugh out of Dipper, and Bill gave him a strangely deep look. "OK, let's go."

Bill blinked, as though escaping a trance. "Yep, but can you wait here for a sec, I have to go to the restroom." Then, he walked off.

A while later, Bill finished up in the restroom, and was about to return to Dipper. However, then a squealing form bolted past him. He was shocked to see it was a pig, and before he could do anything else, there was a scream behind him.

"15-Poundy! Wait!"

Will rushed around the corner, unintentional crashing into his brother. The two tipped over, and bumped into something hard, before falling to the ground in a heap.

"WILL!" Bill snapped.

"Sorry," Will replied, rubbing his head. "What did we crash into...Woah."

He paused, when he looked up, and saw a man. The man in question was bald and chubby, and his suit switched colours automatically, mimicking one background to the next.

"Who are you?" Bill gasped.

The man sweated immensely. "Oh no! I've been compromised!"

"What are you talking about?" The blond demanded.

Meanwhile, Will noticed an object laying nearby. It was a tape measurer. Curious, he grabbed hold of it and inspected it.

"You didn't see me! You didn't see anything!" The man stuttered.

Bill looked annoyed. "You didn't answer my question, baldy."

"Bill, what's the hold up--YOU!"

Dipper stood before them, his eyes glaring at the man. "Blandin

Blendin! You are under arrest for causing several time anomalies!"

"Oh boy..." Blandin gulped.

Just then, Dipper noticed Will pulling out the tape. "Will, no! Don't let go of that--"

Too late. Will released the tape, and out of nowhere, white light emitted from the Cipher twins. Eventually, it vanished, along with the boys with it.

Time Traveling Twins-Part Two

[image]

Will and Bill fell into a pile of snow.

After they recovered, they stood up, and looked at their surroundings. Nothing but a white landscape, and a wall of trees around them.

"What the hell!?" Bill yelled, through the icy air.

Will hugged himself desperately against the cold. "W-what happened?"

Bill thought back to the carnival, and recalled what Dipper said. "That guy was the time traveller! And that..." He pointed to the tape measurer in Will's hand. "Must've sent us here somehow."

Will stared at the tool. He saw a glowing symbol on it's side. "This is a time machine! Oh no, what did I do!?"

"Relax," Bill told him. "We can get back and..."

He paused, when he glanced to the side, and saw a familiar sight. The shack stood right beside them, except it looked cleaner on the outside than usual, and was coated in snow.

"How long have we gone back?" Will asked, nervously.

"I don't intend to find out," Bill decided, then took the time device from his brother. "Let's see how I can work this thing..."

However, before he could do anything, Will grabbed his arm and dragged him towards the side of the shack. Bill was about to protest, when he saw two figures appear out of the woods. They looked futuristic, with padded armour with green lines. On their uniforms, was the same symbol matching the one on the time device. Eventually, they disappeared back into the woods.

"Who were those guys?" Will questioned.

Bill narrowed his eyes. "I dunno, but I'm guessing they're looking for us. We should go."

He was about to move, when Will stopped him, and pointed overhead. Bill noticed there was a window above them, and voices were heard from it. The two listened, as one voice grew louder.

"*Are you really okay with betraying your family like this?*"

There was a chuckle from the second voice.

"*Oh please, I barely consider them as family.*"

"*I should thank you...you and Fidds are the only ones keeping my sanity in check."*

"*I worry about you, you know? Maybe, you should take a break from your studies.*"

"*I can't do that, not when fate itself is against me. I will have to document my work, so that hopefully my family will see me again. Will you do the honours of hiding my journals?*"

"*Anything for you, my dear.*"

There was a sigh. "*I told you not to call me that.*"

Bill only processed this in confusion. Did he mentioned the *journals?* Before the blond could take a peek through the window, Will tugged at his arm, and nodded to the other direction. Reluctantly, Bill followed his brother away from the shack. After they gone far enough, they looked quizzically at the tape measurer.

"Oh, I get it!" Bill said, pulling out the tape. "All we have to do is put in the date and year in mind."

"Sounds easy enough," Will smiled.

Bill was about to put in the settings, when he was interrupted. A column of light narrowly missed his face, and exploded a nearby

tree. The two turned, and saw the men from before, both had their guns aimed at them.

"Don't move!" One of them ordered. "Or else."

Panicking, Bill pulled out the tape without even thinking about it's current settings. The man saw what he was doing, and fired another laser, but missed completely, when the brothers disappeared in a blast of light.

⁂

Will's POV :

"Ow..."

He sat up slowly, and rubbed his arm, which was aching slightly. The last thing he remembered was those mysterious men, and the flash of light...

Will gasped, and stood up. He looked around, and saw that he was in an alleyway. And if things weren't bad enough, Bill was nowhere in sight.

Fear surged through him, and he began to worry if his brother was hurt. Will couldn't stay here for long, he had to find Bill so they could go home.

So, mustering up the courage, he walked down the alleyway, and then into town. He wondered what year they travelled to, because by the looks of it, everything seemed normal. But then, he noticed that everyone was driving some old fashioned cars, and even wearing outdated clothes. Plus, they were all giving Will strange looks, which was understandable, since he stuck out like a sore thumb in this place.

Feeling a little dizzy, Will sat on the pavement. He had the urge to give up right there. He couldn't do this alone.

"Will!"

He perked up, and his heart soared. He recognized that voice, it was

Dipper! The Guardian must've come to save them. Will turned around, expecting to see his friend. However...

The person in question wasn't Dipper. At least, he thought so.

The man before him did have a striking resemblance to the Guardian, besides from his hair being a lighter shade of brown, and of course, his eyes being a dazzling blue. The man was wearing fancy clothing, with a sapphire vest, black pants and shoes, and most amazingly, the bowtie Will thought he had destroyed.

Thinking back to Gideon, Will recalled the painting of the boy's Great Uncle. What was his name again?

"Mason?" Will said, gingerly.

Mason tilted his head. "Odd, you usually call me *Master.*"

Will blinked. What was he talking about? He never met this man until now.

"Will, I told you not to run off," Mason said, seriously. "You don't want to be *punished,* do you?"

The boy stared, trembling in fear.

The young man patted his head. "I'm kidding, Will," He assured. "But seriously, don't run off again, it drives me crazy. Also, why do you look so young?"

Will was silent, honestly confused by all of this. Seriously, how did this man know his name? He wanted to ask Mason, but didn't know how to explain. Though, it wasn't like he had the chance to explain, when the man grabbed his arm and started dragging him in one direction.

"Where are you taking me!?" Will demanded.

Mason paused, and looked at him. A shimmer of concern in his gaze. "Are you feeling alright, Will? You're acting strange."

"I...uh.." Will hesitated.

"I'm going to take you home," Mason decided. "You look like you need a rest."

He continued dragging Will, and despite the boy's protests, Mason seemed to have his mind set. Will could only frown in dismay. He hoped Bill was having better luck than him.

⁂

Bill's POV :

"Will!"

Bill called for the eleventh time while walking through town, but still no answer. He sighed, and looked at the time machine in his hand. Bill had to find his brother, before those men return.

"Will, come out!" He called, again.

"Bill?"

Finally !

He turned around, to face his brother. But then, he noticed something very different.

The Will before him was almost a young adult, and was wearing a blue suit. He had the same face as his brother, but at the same time, he looked different. Bill noticed that his eyes were glowing blue, with black slits for pupils. No way. Could this be Will's past life?

"Will?" He asked, gingerly.

The young man stared at him, before he burst into tears. "Bill! You're alive!"

Bill froze, when the other attacked him in a tight embrace, while sobs rocked his body.

Yep, this is definitely Will, He thought.

Will, o*r Other* Will, finally stopped crying. He wiped his cheeks,

before smiling at Bill. "I can't believe it's you...why do you look like a kid?"

"I did not go through the hell that is puberty to be called a kid!" Bill snapped. "I'm a *teen*."

"Sorry," Will said, sheepishly. Then, a look of amazement lit up his face. "Could it be that you reincarnated? I heard there are rare occasions where we can be reborn quicker, so could it be...?"

"Actually, no," Bill told him. "I'm from the future, actually."

"The future, you say?" A voice sang.

"Oh no," Will gasped, in fear.

Bill turned, and couldn't believe his eyes. Before him, stood Mabel, but in way, she *wasn't*. The young woman looked almost exactly like the Guardian, with the exception of blue eyes, and a cold smirk, which was the complete opposite of the Guardian's warm smile.

The copycat glared daggers at Bill. "Mind telling me what you're doing with my slave?"

Time Traveling Twins-Part Three

Will had no idea how he ended up like this.

First, he was looking for Bill in a familiar yet unfamiliar territory, then a guy that looked a lot like Dipper basically kidnapped him, and took him to a mansion that was a replica of Gideon's. Will was now strolling through the pristine hallway, with portraits hanging on the wall, walking beside Mason. At one point, he decided to cooperate, tired of being dragged around.

At first, he was confused over how Mason knew him in the first place, then realization dawned on him. The young man could only have mistaken Will for his *past life.* Did that mean, there was a clone of him still out there? And what relation did a Demon have with Mason?

Will was guessing his past life was some kind of servant, noting the way Mason had a commanding undertone towards him, even when he was trying to be gentle. If so, how did a Demon who helped in destroying an entire realm, end up here of all places?

He decided the question wasn't important now. Will had to convince Mason to let him go, but how could he begin to explain? He should just put it out there, tell Mason the truth, in case the young man had darker intentions for his supposed *servant.*

However, before he could open his mouth, Mason led him to a door. He opened it, to reveal a large room that made the boy speechless. The space included blue wallpapered walls, a high ceiling with a chandelier, an outdoor balcony, and a huge oval bed. The floors were so polished, that Will was concerned that he might stain it with his shoes if he stepped inside. Mason didn't seemed to mind, as he nudged the boy forward, before closing bedroom door behind them.

"Get on the bed," Mason instructed.

Will thought about refusing, but didn't think he had a choice. Reluctantly, he stepped towards the bed. He gingerly sat on the edge, skimming his hand over the velvet duvet. Will felt a weight beside him, as Mason sat down across from him. He immediately froze, when the young man placed a hand gently on his forehead.

"What are you doing?" Will asked, sheepishly.

Mason withdrew his hand, worry etched his face. "You don't seem sick. I guess that's expected, since you're immortal."

Now was his chance. Will prepared to tell the truth, when he stopped midway. Mason was currently giving him an odd look. It was an intense gaze, an emotion Will didn't recognize was swirling in the man's blue irises. He would prefer that Mason didn't look at him like that, since his eyes reminded Will too much of Gideon's.

"What's wrong?" He asked Mason, curious.

Mason furrowed his brow, as though something was bothering him. "Can you please change forms? You'll make this awkward if you look like a kid."

Will blinked. Make it awkward? What was this man talking about--

His thoughts came to a complete stop, when a pair of hands cupped the sides of his face. Will's eyes widened, when Mason's thumb started caressing his cheek. *What the...?*

Mason was yet again giving him an intense look. "Nevermind. I can't hold back anymore."

Will's heart almost exploded, when Mason leaned in to kiss him. Fortunately, the Cipher ripped out of the young man's grasp, and drew back. However, this also caused him to fall on the floor.

"Ow..."

Mason regarded him in shocked concern. "Will, are you okay--"

"Stay back!" Will screamed, blushing furiously. "I have pepper spray...OK, that was a lie, I don't have pepper spray. But if I did, I would definitely use it on you by now!"

"What are you going on about?" The young man asked. "Get off the floor, Will--"

"I'm not Will!"

Mason stared, and Will quickly corrected himself. "I mean, I'm not *your* Will."

"I don't understand..."

Will sighed, then climbed back onto the bed, distancing himself from Mason a bit. "I wanted to tell you...I'm from the future. The reason I look like your Will, is because...I happened to be his reincarnation."

Silence drifted into the room, as Mason looked at him blankly. Will felt his throat tightened. It sounded even more unbelievable when he was saying it out loud. It took him a while to properly digest it, that he was once a completely different person. To think, he would've never existed now, if his past life hadn't died...

"I know it's hard to believe," He said, softly. "I barely understand it myself. But--"

"It makes sense."

Will looked at Mason in surprise. "Really?"

Mason nodded nonchalantly. "After my sister and I summoned Will, I did as much research as I could on Demons, I was already aware that they could reincarnate. That doesn't explain how you ended up in the past, though."

The boy fingered the duvet absentmindedly. "My brother and I kind of ran into this outlawed time traveler, and messed with his time machine...it's a long story."

"I suppose so," Mason chuckled. Then, he said with a blush. "In that

case, I'm sorry for mistaking you for someone else, let's forget what almost happened here. And please don't mention anything to my sister, she will hold it against me for the rest of my life."

Will couldn't help but laugh a little. "Of course. Right now, I just want to find my brother and return to my timeline."

The young man scooted closer, making the boy flinch a bit. Mason placed a hand on the small of Will's back, causing a strange thrill to surge up his spine.

"I'll help you," He decided. "I'm sure your brother hasn't gone far. Also, I still need to find *my* Will, so I was about to go into town anyway."

Will smiled at him, grateful that he wouldn't be doing this alone. Still, he felt a bit awkward after Mason's earlier advance on him. Oh man, just thinking about it made his cheeks grow red. It only occurred to him now, that he had been so close to receiving his first kiss--

Don't think about it, Will told himself, feeling that he was close to heart failure, if it kept beating in such an alarming rate.

There was a rustle on the duvet, when Mason stood up. He extended a hand towards the boy. "C'mon, let's go find your brother."

Ignoring his nervousness, Will slowly took the young man's hand, and allowed Mason to help him off the bed. Will immediately withdrew his hand right after and followed Mason out the door.

⁂

Bill was now in a moving limo.

Something he would've enjoyed, if not for a few things: First, his brother was still missing. Second, he found Will's past life. And lastly, there was a woman sitting across from him, looking like she wanted to kill him.

Mabel-- Jeez, it felt wrong calling her that, considering that this

woman was the complete opposite of the enthusiastic Guardian Bill knew. To be honest, he thought this Mabel was a bit of a hag.

Mabel Gleeful sent him another glare, and finally responded after Bill explained everything. "So, you're from the future, and that weakling..." She pointed to Will, who was sitting beside the blond. "Is your brother?"

Bill shrugged. "Pretty much. But, this Will is only the past version of my brother, my real brother is still out there."

"Sounds needlessly complicated," She pointed out.

"Tell me about it," He sighed, in agreement.

"So," Mabel started, crossing her legs elegantly. "You want me to help you?"

"You would do that?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

The blond rubbed the back of his neck. "With all do respect, your personality so far is an equivalent to an evil witch in a fairytale."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," She smirked. "And I can't help my curiosity, who knows, maybe this will be entertaining. Also, a while ago, my brother and I were looking for Will, so there's a probability that he mistaken your brother for him."

Bill's brow crinkled with worry. If Mabel's brother was half as unpleasant as her, he feared for his twin's safety.

Mabel suddenly turned to Will. "Speaking of which..."

She rose her hand, and to Bill's horror, blue light emitted from her palm and the oval jewel in her headband. Something floated from behind her seat, and it was revealed to be a dagger. The weapon zeroed in on Will, and stopped inches away from his throat.

She hissed. "Let it be known, that the only thing stopping me from slitting your throat right here, is your relationship with Mason.

Otherwise, you would've been severely punished for running off like that. You understand?"

Will trembled, then nodded as much as the blade holding him hostage could allow. "Yes, I understand. I'm sorry, I'll never do it again..."

"Good," Mabel said, approvingly.

She moved the dagger away, and the Demon breathed in relief. Bill was left sitting in shock. This lady wasn't only a crone, but a borderline psychopath. His gaze darted over to Will, who was quivering in the spot. Bill wondered if there was a way to protect both Wills from harm, it didn't matter that this one was a Demon, he was still technically the blond's brother.

He turned back to the brunette, when she started speaking again. "This limo is heading towards the Gleeful Manor, hopefully, Mason will be there to--"

She was cut off, when there was a jerk, as the vehicle stopped abruptly with the shriek of it's breaks. Mabel's face soured into one of annoyance, and she spun towards the driver.

"What the hell are you doing?" She snapped.

The driver clutched the wheel nervously. "Someone's standing in the center of the road."

"So? Drive around them, or even better, run them over."

"I...uh.." The driver stuttered.

Mabel rolled her eyes. "Forget it, I'll take care of it," She decided. She shot Bill and the Demon a sharp look. "Stay here until I return."

Then, she opened the door, and stepped out of the vehicle. As the door slammed closed behind her, Bill turned to Will. The young man was fidgeting slightly.

"Does she always treat you like that?" The blond asked. He knew it wasn't his place, but if someone was hurting Will on a daily basis,

he had to make sure.

Will didn't seemed fazed by the question. "Sort of. Believe it or not, it used to be much worse, but thanks to Master Mason, living in the mortal realm has been much more bearable."

"But, why didn't you leave earlier?" Bill interrogated. "You're a Demon, you could've escaped."

"No, I couldn't," He sighed. "A long time ago, I made a deal with the Gleeful twins, that I may serve them until one or both of them die, in exchange for protection."

"Protection from what?"

Will frowned, the glow of his eyes dimmed with sadness. "I rather not say," He sighed.

Bill regarded him in calculation, then asked hesitantly. "Does it have anything to do with the war?"

"You know about that?" Will responded, incredulously.

"Barely," He replied. "I have one last question: What was going through my head back then? Why did the old me do something like that?"

The Blue Demon bowed his head, twiddling his fingers anxiously. "I remember that you wanted to go after Ford. You told me...that he committed an unspeakable act against our family."

Bill looked at him confusion. "Do you know what Ford did?"

Will shook his head. "Bill refused to tell me, all I know, is that whatever Ford did, it made my brother mad," He said. Then, a look of sorrow painted his face. "If only I was strong enough to stand up to my siblings, then all the bloodshed would've never happened. If only I could apologize to the Guardians...to the Pine twins."

Bill regarded him in sympathy. He racked his brain for any comforting words he could use on the Demon. Unfortunately, his thoughts were grinded to a halt, when something crashed into the

side of the limo. The whole vehicle tilted against the impact, and a window shattered. Both stared, before immediately opening a side door and climbing out, ignoring the driver's protests.

They moved to the side of the limo, where they saw what hit it. Mabel was slumped against the vehicle, where she left a large dent in the metal. Broken glass covered her, and she had cuts and bruises in multiple places. Will immediately knelt down, and stared at the her.

"Master! Are you okay--"

"I WILL BE ONCE YOU HEAL ME, YOU IDIOT!" She screamed, then winced from the pain.

"Sorry!" He squeaked, placing his hands on her shoulders.

Bill watched with captured amazement, as Will's hands glowed softly. Instantly, the glow started to course through Mabel's entire body, then her wounds vanished without a trace.

She sighed in relief. "Finally."

Mabel allowed Will to help her to her feet, and Bill demanded. "What just happened!?"

The brunette didn't answer, only shooting a glare in front of her. Bill followed her gaze, and felt his stomach drop. Before them, was one of the men that almost attacked him and his brother. This one had blond hair that was cut cleanly, and chiseled features. He held a gun, that made a electrical sound as it began loading with energy.

"You two should leave," Mabel told them. "I'll hold him off."

Bill gaped at her. "Are you nuts? He threw you like it was nothing!"

"That's because he took me by surprise!" She said, defiantly. "Now, go! That's an order!"

When the blond didn't move from the spot, she whirled towards the Blue Demon. "Will, use your powers to take Bill away from here!"

Will nodded obediently, and wrapped his arms around the blond. Bill attempted to break loose. "Wait--"

"It's okay, Bill," The young man said, determinedly. "I won't lose you a second time."

Then, before Bill could understand what was happening, a giant ball of blue light absorbed them, and they vanished from thin air.

⁂

Will and Mason walked through town, as the sun glared down on them. The blue haired boy was scanning the area, hoping to spot a familiar blond head. Once in a while, he looked over at Mason. The young man had a ever worried crinkle in his brow, and it started to concern the boy.

"You must really care about me-- *Will,*" He stuttered.

Mason nodded. "More than you can ever know."

Will darted his gaze to his feet, then cleared his throat, before daring to speak. "If you don't mind me asking, what is your relationship... I mean, how did you two...you know?"

The young man turned to him, amusement twinkled in his eyes. "How did Will and I end up romantically?"

The boy had only been guessing earlier, but hearing Mason admit it out loud, immediately made his face heat up. It wasn't like he minded, Mason was a handsome man. Wait, if Mason looked like Dipper, was Will technically calling Dipper handsome? OK, now he was confused.

"It's a long story actually," Mason continued. "At first, Will was no more than a pawn to me, but then after one particular circumstance, it all changed."

"And what was that?"

"Well, when I was young, I dated this lovely girl named Paz Southeast. However, she was only visiting Zero Gravity Town, and

had to return home, so we decided to be friends instead. It was my first breakup, and it took quite a toll on me, and surprisingly, Will was there to comfort me through it all. I can't remember when I fell for him, but I recall that it terrified me. Same sex couples are frowned upon in this time, so imagine my dismay when I realized I was in love with not only a male, but a male that isn't even human."

Will regarded him in sympathy. "Yeah, I can imagine how hard it might've been for you two."

"But, in the end, I guess we figured it out," Mason smiled.

The boy returned his smile, and was about to say something more, when out of nowhere, the two were blinded by a flash of bright light. They stopped in their path, and shielded their eyes. When the light finally cleared, it revealed two figures in it's place.

"Bill!" Will gasped, upon seeing his brother.

He was flooded with relief, until he saw the person standing next to the blond. Will saw an exact replica of his face, on a young man's body.

The blue haired boy froze. "Bill, is that...?"

Bill nodded, looking urgent. "Yes! But now's not the time, we have to--"

"Halt!"

They spun towards the sound of the voice, and saw one of the men in armour. Pale scars contrasted against his mahogany skin, and he aimed his gun at them.

"Hold on!" Bill shouted, holding up his hands defiantly. "What are you even doing this for!?"

"You have committed crimes against time itself," The man replied, gruffly. "By holding a illegal time device."

The blond reached into his pocket, and pulled out the tape measurer. "You mean this little thing? We didn't mean to go back in

time! We just want to go home."

The man glared. "I'm afraid I can't let you live after what you done." He leveled his gun at them again.

Thankfully, Mason was quick to react. He extended his arm to a nearby fire hydrant, and a light formed around it. With a large crack, it was ripped from the concrete pavement, and a giant column of water spewed from the ground. As the Cipher twins were pelted by the drops, Mason threw the fire hydrant at the man. It hit him square in the chest, causing him to fall onto his back.

Mason spun towards the Blue Demon. "Will, get us out of here!"

Will nodded quickly, and held out his palms. Immediately, they were encased in a orb of light, and they vanished a moment later.

Time Traveling Twins-Final

When the light cleared, the Cipher brothers realized they were no longer in the town. They now stood in a clearing, in the middle of the woods.

Mason sighed in relief, and approached the Blue Demon, who looked a little drained. He laced his fingers with Will's, grabbing the other man's attention.

"Are you alright?" Mason asked.

Will smiled weakly. "I will be."

Mason tightened his grip on the Demon's hand, and pressed his forehead gently against the other's. "I was so worried..."

The two stood in silence, while Bill looked at them strangely.

"Uh, context please?" The blond asked, turning curiously towards his brother.

Will shrugged. "I'll explain later," He promised.

Bill furrowed his brow, but then left it at that. He quickly looked down at the tape measurer in his hand, and pulled the tape out.

"Alright, this is it" He started, then he turned. "Will!"

"Yeah?" Both Wills answered simultaneously.

Bill almost facepalmed. "I mean the Will that is *human!"*

His brother looked at him. "What is it?"

"We have to go back," The blond told him. "Before those psychopaths catch on our trail."

Will nodded in agreement, then turned to the pair nearby. "It was

nice meeting you guys."

Demon Will smiled in return. "You too. It's nice to see that even after all these centuries, I would be reunited with my brother in the next life."

"Of course," Bill said, ruffling his twin's hair. "After all, this guy would be hopeless without me."

Will rolled his eyes, nudging Bill's hand away. "Same goes for you."

Bill protested, and the Blue Demon only smiled at them. Something close to sadness drifted into his blue eyes. It faded, once Mason placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Good luck, you two," The brunette told the twins.

The Cipher twins then both held onto the time device, and was about to release the tape, when yet again, they were interrupted.

"YOU!"

They turned, and saw the man from before. He looked even angrier now, and his gun was charging up again. Before any of them could say a word, they had to dodge a column of green energy, that burned a huge path in the trees behind them. Mason growled under his breath, and immediately used his magic. He uprooted trees from the ground, and swung them in the other's direction. Unfortunately, the man avoided them easily, and shot another beam from his weapon. It grazed Mason's shoulder, cutting through the fabric, and piercing his flash.

He cursed loudly, and clutched his bleeding wound. The Blue Demon quickly rushed to his side.

"Master, you can't fight alone!" He told the brunette. "Please, let me help you."

Mason looked like he wanted to protest, but then sighed. "Will, there's only one thing I ask of you, and that is weapons."

The young man looked worried for a second, but fulfilled his

master's request. His palm glowed, and a dozen sharp knives materialized and circled in the air around him. Mason rose his good arm, and took control of the blades. The man before them stood his ground, while watching the knives float warily.

Without a moment of hesitation, Mason shot the knives at him with a flick of his wrist. The man dodged as fast as he could, while shooting at the weapons trying to stab him. He grunted, when a blade opened a cut on his cheek, and he stumbled backwards. One of the knives managed to lodge itself into his forearm, and he yelled out in pain, before dropping his weapon to the ground.

Mason stepped forward threateningly, his cold blue eyes seemed to radiate rage from the inside. The other man glared at him, and reached for his gun, but then the brunette used his powers to throw it away.

The man growled, a steady drip of blood running down his wound. "This isn't over."

"For now, it is," Mason shot back, calmly. "Also, you do know where you're standing, right?"

The man regarded him in confusion, then his eyes widened, when he realized he was beside a huge tree. Before he could move, Mason tore the tree from the ground, and it immediately collapsed on top of the man. A cloud of dust appeared after the impact, and when it cleared, the Cipher twins and the Blue Demon saw Mason panting heavily while squeezing his wounded shoulder.

Demon Will's face lit up with worry, and he stepped forward. "Master, are you--"

Thud !

Like that, Mason collapsed onto his side, his breathing ragged and weak. The three immediately rushed forward, and knelt beside the fallen man. Bill carefully moved Mason onto his back, and inspected his shoulder. The sight was gruesome. The brunette's wound smoked and was edged with a green glow, and that glow was eating away more of his flesh as the seconds passed.

"What did that guy shoot him with?" Bill breathed, in horror.

Mason coughed violently, while blood flowed to his torso, staining his shirt a deep crimson. The Blue Demon looked at him in clear distress, sharing the look of his younger counterpart.

The blue haired boy turned urgently towards the Demon. "You have to do something!"

"Yeah, can't you heal people?" Bill noted.

"I can't use my powers without a Gleeful's permission," The young man explained. He turned desperately towards Mason. "Master, you have to order me to heal you! Please!"

Mason struggled with his breathing, then uttered softly. "No..."

They all looked at him in shock.

"*No?* What do you mean?"

The brunette smiled sadly. "Don't you understand, Will? The deal states that you'll serve the Gleeful twins, until one of us dies. You'll finally be free..."

The young man stared at him, and tears began to form in his eyes. "No, please! Don't do this! I can heal you, just--"

"Will," Mason started, looking at him deeply. "I love you too much...to allow you to be a prisoner any longer."

He released a heavy sigh, and closed his eyes. There was an empty silence, as Mason stopped breathing. The Blue Demon trembled in shock, tears riveted down his face.

"Master?" He whispered, touching the brunette's arm. "Mason, please wake up..."

Mason didn't respond, so Will shook his shoulders. "Mason, please say something!"

Again, he was given only silence in return. The Demon was sobbing

softly, and burying his face in Mason's still chest. Bill watched the scene sorrowfully.

He sighed deeply, before turning to his brother. "Will, I think we should leave--"

"No."

Bill's eyes widened, when he saw tears flowing down his twin's face. Will's expression had the expression of grief, pain, and anger.

"We can't leave Mason like this," He insisted, his voice hoarse. "There has to be a way we can revive him."

"I'm sorry, but he's gone," Bill told him. "And why are you so hung up on this, you barely even know him--"

"I DON'T CARE!" Will screamed.

The blond was taken aback in shock, never expecting his brother to possess a tone like that. He observed, as his twin placed a hand on Mason's chest.

Will's Demon counterpart rose his head, and looked at him gravely. "Our brother is right, young one. It takes a great amount of power to bring back the dead, and mine has grown weak through the years."

The blue haired boy didn't listen, and looked at Mason desperately. "I know there's still life in you," He whispered. "Just please hang on."

Will's lip trembled, and he leaned down. He pressed his forehead against Mason's cold cheek, spilling tears onto the man's shirt collar. "Please...there's people here that need you."

He screwed his eyes shut, as sobs rocked his body. Will barely noticed his brother and the Demon were gasping loudly, or the glow that surrounded the tips of his fingers.

Will froze, when he heard something. He thought it was only his imagination, but when he heard it again, he realized it was a

heartbeat...

Mason shot upright, gasping in a lungful of air. His face contorted into shock, when he looked at his shoulder, which was fully healed. "What the f--"

"Master!" The blue haired boy cried. He paused, confused by himself, then quickly said. "I mean, *Mason!* You're alive!

Mason regarded him, and looked like he wanted to ask something, but was interrupted, when he was tackled into an embrace by the Blue Demon.

"Will," He breathed, confusion vivid in his eyes. "Did you heal me? If so, why? You could've been free."

"Sometimes you can be such a dummy," Demon Will laughed, tears still visible in his blue eyes. "I don't care where I am, as long as it's with you."

Then, the Demon kissed Mason on the lips, and the brunette stilled with surprise, before melting into the other's embrace. Soon, the kiss grew so passionate, that Cipher twins had to turn the other way.

"OK, I understand now," Bill said, awkwardly.

Will nodded, his face growing a deep red in embarrassment.

The blond's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "That guy didn't do anything *weird* with you, did he?"

The blue haired boy's gaze darted to his feet. "No, no..."

"You're a bad liar."

"I know."

⁂

The three made it out of the woods, and returned to town, where Mabel was waiting for them. She explained that she had been

seconds away from finishing her attacker, before he vanished out of thin air. After that, the Cipher twins prepared to leave.

"Again, it's been great seeing you guys," Will said, with a smile.

Mason nodded, then bent down to mess the boy's hair playfully. "It's been especially great to see you."

Will blushed, and Bill instantly moved forward, before batting Mason's hand away. The blond stepped in front of his brother, and gave the brunette a hard look.

"OK, you two had your goodbyes," Bill said, and added. "And keep it PG, man."

Mason tilted his head. "I only touched his hair."

Bill narrowed his eyes. "And who knows what thoughts went through your head while doing it. You ain't slick..."

Will shook his head at his brother, then turned to the young man. "I'm sorry about him."

Mason shrugged. "It's fine, I have an annoying overprotective sibling too."

Mabel punched him in the side of his head. "Say that again, moron!"

"Ow! Mabel!"

"Huh, maybe she isn't so bad after all," Bill murmured to himself.

The twins held onto the time device, and pulled out the tape. They tossed one last glance at the people before them, before releasing it. Immediately, there was a flash, then they were gone.

⁂

"Dipper, maybe you should calm down--"

"Why should I!?" Dipper shouted. "The Cipher twins could be who knows where, and it's all because of this idiot!"

He gestured to Blendin Blandin, whom was tied up with a rope. The time traveler cleared his throat. "You really have to talk right in front of me? Because there are other ways--"

Mabel gagged him with a candy apple, before turning to her brother. "Let's not think too rashly, they must've figured out the time machine by now."

"If so, where are they?" The male brunette questioned, worryingly.

His sister had no words of encouragement, and stroked 15-Poundy, while a look of worry masked her face also. The Pine twins were close to collapsing under the situation, when there was a flash of light beside them. After a moment of shielding their eyes, they both turned, and to their relief, saw the Cipher brothers standing before them.

"You're alright!" Mabel cried, running up to hug Will.

Will struggled for breath, as she embraced him tightly. Bill laughed, but then stopped cold, when he felt strong arms wrapping around him from behind.

"Thank Axolotl!" Dipper exclaimed, squeezing Bill gently. "I thought something terrible happened to you..."

He paused, because by then, he realized what he was doing. Dipped quickly withdrew, turning red.

He cleared his throat. "Uh, I'm just glad you didn't ruin an entire timeline."

Bill chuckled, though it was awkwardly forced. "You know me well, Pine Tree."

"Where were you?" Mabel asked the brothers. "Or more specifically, *when* were you?"

Before either of the twins could answer, there was another flash of light. The two men from before stood in front of them. The one that attacked Mason seemed to have survived being crushed by a tree, a dozen twigs were stuck in the gaps of his suit. The other one was

marked with multiple cuts, probably from Mabel Gleeful.

"You two are in big trouble," The man with darker skin growled, pointing at the boys.

"And why is that?" Dipper asked, defiantly. Mabel stood beside him, looking serious, despite the pig crawling by her feet.

"Guardians of the World Balance," The blond man said, formally. "To clear some confusion, these two boys used an illegal item, interacted with figures from the past, and had them attack us."

"I can explain," The male brunette said. "They meant no harm, they were unaware that the device was a time machine, and accidentally used it."

"Yeah, and if anyone is to blame, it should be him!" Mabel said, gesturing to Blandin.

"Blendin Blandin," One of the men breathed. "Time Baby has been searching a millennia for him!"

"How about we reach a compromise?" Dipper asked. "We'll hand over Blandin and the time machine to you, and you leave the boys alone."

The two men looked wary, and shared a glance, as though having a silent conversation. Finally, they reached a decision.

"Very well," One of them said, gruffly.

Bill quickly handed the time machine over, and then the two men grabbed Blandin by the back of his shirt. The gagged time traveller released muffled sounds of distress, as he was dragged away. After that, the three vanished in a flash.

"Phew! That was stressful," Mabel said.

Dipper nodded in agreement. "I suppose we deserve a little fun before the park closes."

"Heck yeah! I still have to spend time with 15-Poundy before I

return him," She reminded, petting the pig.

The Pine twins started walking off. A couple of steps later, Dipper turned curiously towards the brothers.

"Ain't you coming?"

Will hesitated, as he remembered what happened a while ago. He looked down at his fingers, which had previously been glowing.

"Dipper," He started. "There's something I need to tell--"

Bill suddenly clamped a hand over his brother's mouth, and turned to the brunette. "We'll be right there! Don't wait up!"

Dipper looked at him strangely, before eventually following his sister. After he left, Bill removed his hand from Will's mouth, and faced his brother's annoyed face.

"Bill, what was that--?"

"You can't tell them."

"And why not?" Will remarked.

Bill regarded him in frustration. "*Why?* If they know you have Demon powers, they...they might..."

"Hurt me?" The blue haired boy finished for him. "Why would they do that? They're our friends, don't you trust them?"

"I do trust them...just not as much as you do."

Will frowned, and Bill huffed in return.

"Don't look at me like that," The blond snapped. "It hasn't been long since those two tried to kill me! Just because they're friendly now, doesn't mean we should stop being cautious."

Will hated to admit, but his brother was correct. Still, he felt a stab of guilt for keeping something so important from the people he saw as friends.

"Maybe, it was a one time thing," Bill insisted. "Since you were with your past life, it could have awoken something in you."

"What if it's not?" His brother pointed out. "What if I'm reclaiming some of my old powers?"

Bill gave him a look of reassurance. "We'll figure something out. But, whatever you do, don't tell anyone about this, including Wendy, and especially the Pine twins."

Will hesitated, before nodding, not knowing what else to say.

"C'mon," Bill told him, gently. "Let's see which ride will make Pine Tree hurl the most."

Despite his worry, Will chuckled softly.

Then, the two brothers walked off, in the direction that the Guardians took. While they did, Will's fingers twitched, almost feeling the remnants of magic that had surfaced in their tips.

Fight Fighters-Part One

After the scenarios involving the time traveling machine, Bill was desperate for a break. Which was why, he was with hanging out with Wendy in the nearby arcade. He tried to invite Will to go with them, but his brother declined, saying he was busy with something. Bill was worried that Will might be trying do magic again. He already caught his brother trying to use his supposed *powers* on multiple occasions. Bill could understand where Will was coming from, but at the same time, he was afraid his twin was becoming reckless. If anyone knew what Will did that day, it might put him in danger.

Bill shook his head. He came here to ignore his current problems, not dwell on them. So, he focused all his attention, on trying to beat Wendy in a videogame called *Fight Fighters*. It was one of those combat things, where they each played a character. The redheaded Guardian was *Dr Karate,* while Bill played as a character called *Rumble McSkirmish.*

"Aha!" Wendy exclaimed, triumphantly, as Bill's character collapsed and her one came out as the victor.

"What? No fair!" Bill protested. "Why did you make me pick this character, he's super weak."

"Hey, Rumble is an old time favorite of mine," The redhead remarked.

"If so, why didn't you pick him?"

"I wanted you to experience him for yourself."

Bill rolled his eyes. "The only thing I experienced from him is his overly dramatic lines."

"Oh come on, it's not that dramatic," Wendy insisted.

In response, the blond pointed to the screen of the video game, where a cut scene was playing out between *Dr Karate* and *Rumble McSkirmish.*

"*DR KARATE! YOU KILLED MY FATHER, AGAIN!"*

" ARRGH !"

" YOU TAKE THAT BAAAACK !"

"OK, you have a point," Wendy admitted.

The two paused, before bursting into laughter. Once they calmed down, they were about to start another game, when a voice interrupted them.

"Hey, Wendy!"

Bill inwardly groaned, when Robbie approached them, wearing his human disguise, along with that scarf that covered his mouth. The Cupid immediately paused beside Wendy, and wrapped an arm around her.

"Hey, Robbie," Wendy greeted, pecking him on the cheek.

"Wow, who knew you came out in the daytime," Bill jeered, giving Robbie a hard look.

"Watch it, kid," The Cupid warned. Then, he turned back to Wendy. "Babe, I was just about to leave, but maybe we can hang out later?"

"Aw man, actually, I have to go on a trip after this," Wendy explained. "I been hearing word of some vicious beavers in the west woods, so I got to deal with that. I'll probably be back next week, is that okay?"

"Uh, sure," Robbie said, cheeks tinted pink. "Anyway, I'll see you later, babe." Then, he walked off without another word.

Bill watched him leave, with squinted eyes. "Red, can I ask you something?"

"Uh, sure?"

"Why do you like that idiot?"

"Way to be subtle, Bill," The redhead sighed.

"I'm serious," The blond said.

Wendy shrugged. "I dunno, Robbie and I were basically inseparable when I earned my Guardian title. Yes, he can be aggressive, but he's still important to me."

"I'm just saying, someone like you deserves way better," Bill pointed out.

"Oh, and does it happen to be you?" She teased, batting her eyelashes. When Bill was silent, her eyes widened. "Wait, is that true!? Dude, I was kidding--"

"It's not me!" Bill shouted.

"Oh, good...no offense," Wendy said, awkwardly. "So, who do think my *perfect match* would be?"

He hesitated, before speaking. "It's...it's complicated."

Wendy suddenly frowned. "Oh no, is it Will?"

"My god, you frustrate me sometimes, Red."

⁂

Will sat cross legged on his mattress, looking at the small cut he made in his arm. It took a lot of willpower to hurt himself, but he had to practice somehow.

He pressed his finger to the cut, wincing a bit. He then closed his eyes shut, and mentally tried to make wake his powers up or something. It took more effort than he would like to admit, and his temples started aching. Eventually, he opened his eyes, and removed the finger from his wound.

Will sighed deeply, when the cut stayed the same, it didn't even so much as shrink. Feeling defeated, he flopped onto his back, where Gompers was there to comfort him.

"This is hopeless," He sighed, petting the goat. "Why is it so hard? It was easy when I healed Mason, and I didn't even notice it was happening. Maybe Bill was right, it could've just been a one time thing."

Gompers looked at him blankly, and yet again, Will released a heavy sigh. He was talking to a goat, it was fair to say that he was losing his mind.

His self loathing was then put to a halt, when he heard the front door open and close. Will felt a streak of fear, before a familiar voice called to him from downstairs.

"Bill? Will? Are you guys home?"

It was Mabel.

Will immediately sprung up, and reached to his side, where he kept a packet of Band-Aids. He took one out, and covered his cut with it, before walking out the attic and going downstairs. Once he reached the front door, he saw Mabel and Dipper Pines before him. Will began to suspect that visits from them would be the norm, considering how close the Cipher twins grew with the Guardians. It made Will even more guilty, realizing he was keeping secrets from them.

"Hey guys, what brings you here?" Will asked, smiling at them.

"Remember when you told me about your favorite show, *Ducktective?*" Mabel grinned. "Well, I thought it'd be fun if we binged the series together. I even brought Dipping Sauce."

"I am being held against my will," Dipper remarked.

She nudged him, then turned back toward Will. "So, are you in?"

"Sure," Will responded, eagerly. "I'll prepare some snacks."

So, the three got comfortable. The Pine twins spent a while figuring out the remote, until Will helped them out. They finally got the right channel, and Mabel and Dipper settled down on the floor. But the time Will brought in the snacks, was when the front door opened again, and Bill stepped inside.

"Bill, how was the arcade with Wendy?" Will asked.

Bill shrugged, then walked over to slump on the sofa. "It was cool, then we got interrupted by Robbie of all people."

Mabel gagged, and Dipper frowned slightly.

"Well, we were just about to watch *Ducktective,*" Will told his brother, setting a bowl of chips on the armchair.

"Ugh, that show?" The blond groaned. "It's ridiculously overrated."

"And, you are revoked of chips," The blue haired boy said, taking the bowl away.

"Wait! I take it back!" Bill exclaimed, reaching desperately for the chips.

The three laughed, while the blond still tried to reach for the bowl. Then, they stopped abruptly, when they heard a voice from outside.

"Hey, Wendy! Can you come out for a sec?"

Bill groaned, and sank back into the sofa. "It's Robbie, again! Wendy just told that freak she'll be away for a while."

"I'll take care of it," Dipper said, starting to stand up.

"Are you sure about that, bro-bro?" Mabel asked.

The male brunette turned to his sister. "Mabel, I handled bigger threats than Robbie."

Mabel tilted her head. "What about that time he hung you from that--"

"Mabel!" He snapped.

Bill suppressed a laugh, while Will frowned a bit.

"I kinda agree with Mabel," Will admitted. "You and Robbie hate each other, you could start a fight. Maybe, it'll be better if I talk to him."

Bill stared. "Are you nuts?"

"Compared to all of us, Robbie seems to hate me the less," Will pointed out.

"He has a point," Mabel agreed, sheepishly.

Will nodded, then placed the bowl back on the armchair, before heading towards the front door. Meanwhile, Dipper regarded him incredulously.

"Bill, aren't you going to stop him?" He said, turning towards the blond.

Bill was currently in the middle of devouring the bowl of chips, before looking up. "Oh, of course!"

He got up from the sofa, and walked over to his brother. He grabbed Will's arm, before the blue haired boy could touch the doorknob.

"Will, think about this," Bill told him. "You'll be confronting a semi-powerful Guardian with your noodle body."

"I'm only going to politely ask him to leave," Will insisted. "Not everything should be solved with violence."

"What do you mean? Violence was the most easiest solution to all of our problems. That, and running away in sheer terror."

His brother ignored him, and opened the door, before stepping out. Will looked around, and saw a familiar figure in black standing a foot away from the shack. He hesitated for a moment, before walking towards the Cupid.

"Hi there, Robbie," Will said.

Robbie looked down at him. "Who are you, again?"

"I'm Will."

"Weren't there two of you?"

"Yes...Bill and I are twins," He reminded. "Anyway, I wanted to let you know that Wendy isn't here."

"Pfft! I knew that," Robbie scoffed. "Also, what?"

"She went on a trip," Will explained. "She told me this morning. So, how about you come back when she returns?"

The Cupid narrowed his eyes. "I guess..."

Will smiled. "Great. Let's shake on it, and bid farewell." He took a step forward, then--

Crack !

He froze, and slowly looked down. On the ground, was Robbie's quiver that he only noticed now was there. And, he had his foot on it. Will quickly drew back, and winced when a couple of snapped arrows poured out.

"Robbie, I'm--"

Will bit back a scream, when a hand fisted the collar of his sweater. He was lifted off the ground, now staring into angry dark eyes.

"I'm so sorry!" Will squeaked, fearfully. "I didn't mean to! I'm sure it's easy to get more arrows--."

"My arrows are carved from a one of a kind tree that regrows every ten years!"

Will blinked. "Oh..."

Robbie growled, and tightened his grip. The blue haired boy panicked, and writhed in a bit.

"Wait, wait, wait!" He yelped. "I can make it up to you...somehow."

The grip on his sweater loosened, and Will was dropped roughly to the ground. He dusted himself off, and gingerly looked up, to see the Dark Cupid towering over him.

"You. Me. Circle Park. 3 o'clock," He growled, picking up his quiver. "Don't be late."

Will watched him leave, feeling his insides drop. He had just aggravated an all powerful Guardian, who could easily mutilate him several ways.

What have I done ?

Fight Fighters-Part Two

"YOU DID WHAT?"

Will was back in the shack, confronting Dipper and Bill, who were in an agitated state after he told them what had happened.

"I didn't mean to."

"Still, you *broke* Robbie's arrows," Dipper said, in shock.

"Only some of them," He protested. "Now, he wants me to meet him alone later."

"You're not thinking about going, are you?" Bill told him, seriously.

"What choice do I have?" Will countered, hopelessly. "Robbie will just come find me if I don't show up."

"Then, let us take care of him," Dipper insisted, and Bill nodded in agreement.

Will shook his head. "No. Once I meet up with him, I'm going to try to convince him not to fight."

Bill rolled his eyes. "Yeah, like talking worked so well the first time," He said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

"I don't know what else to do," Will argued.

Mabel then chimed in, putting a comforting hand on Will's shoulder. "You still have time before you meet Robbie, how about you take a break? It's unhealthy to stress about this all day."

Will sighed. "I guess, you're right," He decided, then turned towards the front door. "I'm heading into town to clear my head."

Then, he left the three in the shack, closing the door behind him. After that, Bill groaned, rubbing his brow with his index finger and

thumb.

"Seriously, what went through his head?" He muttered.

"I think it's brave of your brother to face Robbie without help," Mabel said.

"Sometimes I wish Will went back to being a scaredy cat," Bill admitted. "At least then, he would stay out of trouble and not endanger himself 24/7."

"Isn't Will still afraid of a lot of things?" Dipper asked.

The blond nodded, feeling he might as while have fun exposing his brother while he was not around. "Oh yeah, for example: the government, spiders, clowns, a dark closet that is slightly cracked open, tight spaces, marionette puppets, silent black and white movies--"

"Wait, I just thought of a question," Mabel interrupted, then looked at the blond thoughtfully. "What's your biggest fear, Bill?"

Both Dipper and Bill paused. Bill cleared his throat, then said. "Nothing, I'm not afraid of everything."

"C'mon, everyone's afraid of something," She countered. "Also, why do you two look suspicious?"

"We're not..." Dipper murmured, nervously.

Mabel narrowed her eyes, and stepped closer to her brother. Her nose was inches away from his cheek, and she was glaring at him.

"Tell me the truth, Dipping Sauce," She whispered, prodding his face as she said. "Speak. The. Truth. Brother."

Dipper held his breath for a moment, then gasped. "Bill has a fear of heights!"

"Pine Tree!" Bill snapped.

"I'm sorry, Bill," He said, genuinely. "But, I'm weak against Mabel's

interrogation skills."

"All she did was poke your face!"

"Exactly, I *hate* when she does that!"

Mabel's loud gasp interrupted their bickering. They turned to see her with wide eyes. "This is so unexpected! Bill, we have to cure your fear--"

"No," Bill said, crossing his arms.

"Don't be like that," She said. "You're our friend, it's the least Dipper and I can do."

"When was I dragged into this?" Dipper asked.

"Because Bill is your friend too, dummy," Mabel shot back. "And, you're the Guardian of the Mind, you know about this psychological stuff, you can convince Bill that this fear is all in his head."

"I don't know, Mabel," Dipper responded. "Bill really doesn't seem up to it."

"And why do you say that?"

"Because he already left."

Mabel looked around, and saw that the blond was nowhere in sight.

"Aw, man."

⁂

Will was currently in the arcade.

Moments ago, he had been walking the streets of Zero Gravity Town, when he came across the arcade, and remembered he still had money left to buy some tokens. So, here he was, playing a game of *Fight Fighters.*

He just lost the first round, and the giant letters *K.O* spread across the screen. The game asked if he wanted to continue.

"*Winners never run away from a fight!"* His avatar, Rumble McSkirmish, chimed in.

"Easy for you to say, you have more than one life," Will murmured, bitterly.

He knew it was immature to get mad at a videogame, but he couldn't help his sour mood at the moment. Will regretted ever deciding to face Robbie alone. Yet, he couldn't bring Dipper or Bill, they would definitely start a fight with the Cupid. Should he bring Mabel? But, he didn't want to drag her into his problems. And Wendy was not an option, because she wasn't here, and she would've been the perfect choice.

He sighed, and went to add in another token, when it slipped out of his hands. It rolled to the floor, and Will immediately bent down to grab it. However, he spotted something in the side of the game. It was a bunch of letters scratched in the metal, and he read the words on top.

"*To unleash ultimate power."*

I guess, it's a cheat code?, Will thought.

With that, token back in his hand, he returned back to the videogame. He inserted the token, then mashed in the mysterious code. *Back, back, hold, forward, back, forward, down, hold, quarter circle, triple punch!*

Then, the whole screen turned black.

"Aw, it didn't work," Will sighed.

His assumptions were proven wrong, when the screen flashed a ray of white light into his face. He shielded his eyes as best as he could, on the same time when a voice echoed from the machine.

" CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER !"

Will blinked, then decided randomly. "Uh, Rumble McSkirmish?"

The machine shook, when a huge form jumped out of the screen in

a surge of static. It landed in front of Will, and it was soon revealed to be the character that he selected, pixels and everything.

"Woah," He breathed, awestruck. "Are you real--"

"*Greetings!"* Rumble shouted. "*I am Rumble McSkirmish! From the USA!"*

"Um, I know who you are," Will noted. "Also, you are the second mystical muscular man I came across when I needed help, and I find that concerning."

Suddenly, Rumble flashed red. "*Quickly, little girl! I am in dire need of power-ups!"*

"I'm a boy actually. Also, of course I'll help you," Will said.

As he said this, an arcade employee came up, it was the same one that worked at the museum. The pimply teenager looked Rumble up and down.

"Aw man, this is what I get for working at multiple jobs," He complained, starting to walk away. "You start seeing things..."

The two watched him leave, then Rumble flashed red again.

"*POWER-UPS!"* He yelled at Will.

"Ah! Okay, okay!"

⁂

"Shooting Star, this is stupid," Bill groaned.

They were in the kitchen, and Mabel had recently removed the lightbulb from the ceiling lamp, and handed it to Bill. She then took a chair from the table, and moved it to the center.

"It's easy," Mabel insisted, gesturing to the chair. "All you have to do is climb up this chair, and screw that lightbulb back in."

"Can't I call maintenance?" The blond remarked.

"No, you are doing this."

"She's just gonna keep bugging you," Dipper told Bill. "You might as while get it over with."

Bill growled under his breath, then reluctantly climbed on top of the chair. He reached effortlessly for the ceiling, and when that didn't work, he tried tippy toes. However, he didn't notice his feet were planted on one edge of the chair, making it tilt sideways. A second later, Bill was falling. He prepared to hit the ground, when something stopped his fall. Bill looked up to see Dipper carrying him in his arms.

"Are you alright?" The brunette asked.

The blond turned red, before quickly climbing out of Dipper's arms. Ignoring what happened, Bill turned furiously towards Mabel. "Well, that didn't work! Also, I was barely a foot off the ground, how do you expect me to break my fear like that?"

Mabel looked at him thoughtfully. "You're right...we definitely need to go higher."

"Wait, what?" Bill asked.

"And, I know exactly the location in mind."

"Shooting Star--"

"Bill, put on your blindfold! We're going somewhere special!"

"Curse my big mouth," Bill grumbled.

⁂

Will came out a store, carrying a packet of chips. He went into the nearby alley, where he saw Rumble McSkirmish waiting for him.

"I couldn't find any traditional power-ups like pizza or mushrooms, but how about this bag of barbecue chips?"

"*Put it on the floor!"* Rumble instructed.

Will obeyed, and set the packet on the ground, on the same time Rumble knelt. The blue haired boy stared, as the food product disappeared in a shower of pixels.

"Wow, that's amazing!" He gasped, then an idea struck him. "Hey, do you think you can protect me from Robbie?"

"*Who is this new challenger you speak of?"*

"Well, he wears black all the time and he's kinda aggro."

"*Did he kill your father?*"

Will tilted his head. "Um, actually, I just made him mad and now he wants to fight me."

"*And then, he killed you father,"* Rumble repeated.

"Uh, sure," He said, gingerly. "Anyway, I'm hoping you can scare him off, so I don't have to fight him?"

"*Of course, you are talking to someone who once tore out Dr Karate's spleen with a fork."*

"I find that disturbing...for a number of reasons," Will said, honestly.

"Now, where are you meeting this Robbie?" He asked.

Will nodded, and leaned in to explain everything. He hoped that this plan would work, because Rumble was his only option now.

Fight Fighters-Final

Will led Rumble McSkirmish to their destination, Circle Park. Rusty playground rides surrounded them, and Will was going through the plan again with the videogame character.

"You know what to do, right?" He questioned. "Just give Robbie a scare, and it'll all be over."

"*Affirmative!*" Rumble declared.

"Good," Will said, then he heard movement nearby. "I hear someone coming. Quick! Hide, it could be Robbie!"

Rumble obeyed, and hid behind a nearby tree. Meanwhile, Will turned, saw the Dark Cupid approach him just in time. He had to swallow his fear, as Robbie towered over him menacingly.

"Look who showed up," He sneered. "I was sure you would run away."

"Robbie, we don't have to do this," Will warned.

Robbie chuckled. "What? You said you would make it up to me, which is why..."

He rose his hand, and reached behind him, where his quiver was slung. Will was petrified with fear, and watched as Robbie searched the contents, before pulling something out. What he took out, was indeed surprising.

It was a flower pot, filled with fresh soil, and a little dark sapling protruding out. Will gaped.

"OK, listen closely," Robbie said, patting the flower pot. "You should water this at least once a week, don't put them in direct sunlight, and if you use *store brand fertilizer* instead of *natural fertilizer,* I swear to Axolotl--"

"Excuse me, but what!?" Will exclaimed.

"What, do you need written instructions?"

"No! I thought you invited me here to fight, not take care of your plant!"

"Firstly, this isn't just a plant, this is my whole life in a dirt filled pot, also they're name is *Val*. Secondly, what makes you think I wanted to fight a kid?"

"Because, you really looked like you wanted to kill me," Will pointed out.

"That's because I did," Robbie confirmed. "But, once I thought about it, you're pretty close to Wendy, and the last thing I want is to make her mad at me for sending her friend into a coma."

"Oh," The boy realized, instantly relieved. "Now, I feel silly."

"For what?"

Will chuckled. "Well, a while ago, I brought a videogame character to life, and he's actually right here--"

He was cut off, when a raging fireball narrowed past him. It hit Robbie square in the chest, sending him crashing into some nearby monkey bars. Will felt his heart drop, but was relieved to see that Robbie was okay, though his clothes were smoking, and amazingly, the sapling in his hands was still unscathed. The boy ran to the Cupid's aid, just when he heard heavy footsteps coming behind him.

"*Aha! The enemy is neutralized!"* Rumble shouted, triumphantly.

"What the heck!?" Will screamed at him. "You were supposed to scare him! Not kill him!"

"*But, he killed your father!"* The videogame character shot back. "*I will not rest until the man who dishonoured you is DESTROYED!"*

Rumble started moving forward, and Robbie quickly untangled himself from the bars.

"Here, take Val," He said, handing Will the plant.

Will stared, as the Cupid took out his bow and arrow. But before he could take a shot, his weapon suddenly disappeared in a burst of pixels.

"*Opponent's weapon required,"* a disembodied voice spoke.

"Dammit!" Robbie cursed.

Both watched in horror, as Rumble charged up another fireball, and blasted it in their direction.

⁂

Meanwhile, Bill was standing in an unknown area. He felt a slight breeze, but couldn't see anything.

"Shooting Star, can I put this blindfold off?"

"Sure!" A voice beamed.

Bill quickly tore off the fabric around his eyes, and scanned his surroundings. Him, Mabel, and Dipper, were standing on a tall water tower.

"Yep, I expected this," The blond said, feeling his insides drop.

Mabel nodded. "You're doing good so far...but, how about you let go of the handrails?"

Bill held onto the rails for dear life. "No..."

Dipper regarded him in concern, hesitantly stepping forward. "Bill, don't worry, it's going to be alright."

He pressed a warm hand to Bill's shoulder, making the blond tense up before eventually relaxing. However, unaware to them, three forms were moving on the ground towards the tower. It was Robbie running away from Rumble McSkirmish, while Will followed close behind.

"*Arrgh! Fireball!*" Rumble yelled, shooting another blast from his magic.

Robbie dodged out of the way, making the fireball hit the stilts holding the water tower in the air. The three on top screamed, as the structure started leaning dangerously to one side.

"We have to get down!" Dipper yelled.

Mabel opened her mouth, but all that came out was a high squeak when the tower started leaning again. Dipper then turned to Bill, who tightened his grip on the railing, eyes screwed shut.

"Bill, let go--"

"No!" He yelled. "I told you I didn't want to do this! This was a terrible idea!"

"I know," Dipper replied, trying to keep a calm tone. "But, you have to be brave. Please, just take my hand."

Bill trembled, then peered at him fearfully. "You promise, that you'll get me down here?"

"Of course," The brunette insisted, stepping closer.

Bill hesitated, before turning towards him, hands still firm on the railings. He slowly withdrew from the metal, and reached towards Dipper's extended hand. The water tower suddenly jerked again, making Bill panic. He quickly ran up and embraced the male Guardian, in a spur of fear. Dipper stood in shock, at the blond hair pressed against the center of his chest. Once that shock subsided, he gently rested his hands over Bill's trembling shoulders.

"Mabel, get us out of here," Dipper told his sister.

"I can't do that..."

He turned to his sister, who was petrified while gripping onto the handrails. He sighed, then snapped his fingers. A moment later, the three disappeared in a puff of smoke.

Meanwhile, on the ground, there was a commotion as Rumble had Robbie cornered. The Cupid panted, gripping his singed shoulder, which left a tendril of smoke.

"*It's over, Robbie!"* Rumble growled.

Robbie watched in dismay, as Rumble grew another fireball, and was about to launch it at him. Then, the videogame character stopped dead cold, when a stone hit him in the back of the head.

"*Who threw that!?"* He demanded, turning towards the culprit.

Will stood before him, with a serious expression. "Rumble, this has gone on long enough!" He shouted. "Robbie...Robbie didn't kill my father."

"*Huh!? Then, who did?"*

Will gulped down a lump in his throat. "It's hard to explain," He admitted. "But, Robbie didn't do anything wrong."

"*You lied to me!?"* Rumble gasped. "*Then, that makes you a bad guy!"*

The blue haired boy glanced at the injured Robbie, and bowed his head in guilt. "I guess, I am."

"*Then, if Robbie isn't the last stage, it must be YOU!"*

A pixelate*d Start* button materialized beside Will. He frowned at it. He started this mess, he might as while finish it. After placing down the plant, he pressed start.

"Kid, are you crazy!?" Robbie gasped, but Will ignored him.

The *Start* button disappeared, and then two health bars appeared above both his and Rumble's heads.

"*Fight!*" The announcer declared.

Will scrunched his brow. "Where is that voice coming--?"

He was interrupted, when Rumble landed a swift kick into his

stomach. Will's insides moved in a nauseating way, and he tried not to lose his lunch. The impact caused him to fly across the park, before landing a small ditch. He groaned, while dark bruises formed on his skin. His health bar dropped dramatically.

Rumble laughed at his discomfort. "*Haha! You fight like a girl, who is also a baby!*"

Will growled under his breath, and rose as much as his hurt body could allow. He then charged at Rumble with a furious yell, before launching off his feet, and landing a uppercut in the man's jaw. Rumble health bar only lowered to *5%*.

"Oh, come on!" Will complained, after falling back to the ground.

"*Now, for my finishing move!*" Rumble announced, raising his beefy hands to the sky. "*FIST...RAIN...PUNCH!"*

Will looked up, to see a dozen flaming forms shaped like fists, descending on him. There was no way he could dodge that. He had to accept defeat. So, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, and prepared for the worst as the fists landed on him.

As expected, it was excruciating, the heat from the fire turning his skin scarlet. Then, as soon as it appeared, the pain vanished. He slowly pealed his eyes open, wincing as he did, and saw Rumble standing with his back facing him.

"*COMBO!"* The announcer said.

"*Winners don't lose!*" Rumble smiled.

Will smirked. "I wouldn't be too sure about that."

"*Game Over!"*

Rumble gasped, when his pixels started to fade away. Eventually, he disappeared without a trace.

Will sighed in relief. He tried to get up, but struggled to. Fortunately, someone came to his aid.

Robbie helped the boy to his feet, and looked at him strangely. "For a mortal, you're pretty durable."

"Thanks..." Will said, weakly.

"I'm still mad at you," Robbie admitted. "But, I'll let it slide since you saved my life, and got my arrows back." He held up his quiver and bow for emphasis.

Will looked at him, and another idea dawned on, though it was risky. "Robbie, you were raised here, right?"

"Ah, Wendy told you?"

Will nodded. "Yeah, but on an unrelated note...can you teach me how to do magic?"

Robbie blinked at him.

The boy knew what he was asking was crazy. He didn't particularly trust Robbie, however, the Cupid was his best shot in teaching him. Considering Robbie was raised here, he knew little about the Demons that almost destroyed the Guardians, and will be less likely to panic if Will reveals that he has powers. Still, there were downsides to this, as Robbie might tell Wendy, so Will had to be cautious about this.

"Kid, mortals can't do magic," Robbie deadpanned.

"I'm only curious," Will said, deciding not to reveal the truth just yet. "I'm really interested about the Guardians and their spells, so I would like someone to teach me all that stuff."

"Do I look like a tutor?" The Cupid snapped. "It's not gonna happen--"

"Robbie, please," The boy begged. "I...I really need this."

Robbie looked at him blankly, then sighed. "OK, I'll schedule a *lesson* as soon as I can." Then, he turned around and started walking away.

He only went a couple of steps, before turning back to Will. "One basic rule of magic: is don't strain yourself. The only time when I use my powers is to place a spell on my arrows, and the one thing I do is imagine the magic flowing through my veins, and pouring into said object. Powers are like an extension of a Guardian's body, so we treat it as such."

Will nodded, taking this in. "Thank you."

"Whatever," Robbie said, then proceeded walking. "And make sure to take care of Val!"

The blue haired boy smiled contently, and went to retrieve the potted plant.

⁂

Back home, Will did what Robbie instructed. His eyes were closed, and he took calming breaths, pretending that his magic flowed over the dark bruise on his arm like water. When he opened his eyes, he smiled ear to ear, when he saw his bruise had faded drastically. It wasn't fully healed, and Will still had a long way to go until he could do advanced spells like when he had healed Mason. But for now, he was proud of himself.

"Will, are you home?" Bill called from downstairs.

Will felt a surge of panic. He still had a blistering sunburn and multiple wounds, he wouldn't be able to heal himself in time. He'll just have to explain and face the consequences, or else his brother would've mistaken his injuries for Robbie's doing.

Will headed to the front door, when Gompers stepped Into his path. He smiled down at his pet, and knelt down to give him a quick stroke on the head.

"You happen to have any divine healing?" He joked.

Gompers bleated, and started licking Will's face. The boy protested, but laughed by how ticklish it felt. Eventually, Will put the goat aside, and headed downstairs. Once there, he noticed that Bill was in the kitchen, along with Dipper and Mabel. He gulped softly, and

walked in, expecting to be bombarded with questions.

"Hey, Will!" Mabel smiled, at him.

"About time, you showed up," Bill said.

Will blinked, wondering why they hadn't noticed his wounds by now. Curious, he looked into the reflection of a silver toaster, and was astonished to see that his sunburn and all of his wounds were gone like they didn't even existed. He guessed his magic was more powerful than he thought. That made him smile with pride.

"So, how was the *fight* with Robbie?" Dipper asked, seeming to trudge his words carefully.

"Like I said, we worked it out," Will replied. "Also, don't be weirded out, but I might be visiting him a few times."

"Ugh, you have the worst taste in friends," Bill groaned.

"By the way, how was your day?" The blue haired boy asked.

Bill and Mabel were hesitant to answer, leaving Dipper to respond. "We tried to cure Bill's fear heights, and almost fell off a water tower."

Will gasped. "Oh my gosh, are you okay!?"

"Your brother can handle anything," Bill scoffed.

Dipper smirked. "Then why were you holding onto me so tightly, even after we got down?"

Bill blushed in embarrassment, and the male brunette laughed at him, making the blond shoot him a glare in return.

"Bill, I'm really sorry for forcing you into that," Mabel said, sheepishly.

Bill shrugged. "It's alright, Shooting Star. Honestly, I think it worked a little."

Mabel's eyes shined. "Really?"

"Yeah, I've been through more creepier scenarios, so my fear of heights seems silly in comparison."

"So, I helped you?" She asked, hopefully.

"Um, sure--"

Bill was cut off, when Mabel gripped him in a crushing embrace. "Thank goodness!"

"Mabel, let go of me!" Bill shouted.

Mabel did as she was told, and released him. She then turned to Will, with a curious smile. "Also, I been meaning to ask you: what's that?"

She pointed to the counter, where Robbie's sapling stood.

"Oh, that," Will noticed. "Turns out, Robbie wanted me to take care of his plant for breaking his arrows. It's understandable, but I can't believe I have to look after it for 10 whole years..."

Mabel tilted her head at the sprout, then suddenly stuck her thumb deep into it's soil. "Boop."

A second later, Will was staring in amazement, as the sapling grew into a medium sized tree in a matter of seconds. It had a dark trunk and branches, with beautiful purple leaves in the shape of hearts.

"There you go," The Guardian smiled. "You can return this to Robbie tomorrow."

"That was amazing!" Will exclaimed.

Mabel wiggled her thumb playfully. "Never underestimate a *green thumb*."

Everyone chuckled at the joke. Though, Will's chuckle sounded a little forced, as he was stricken with anxiety. He realized he had one more person to add to the list of people he kept secrets from.

He turned to Bill. He knew his brother would disapprove of his *lessons,* and would try to stop him.

I'll tell him later, Will thought, determinedly.

Though, deep inside, he knew he was lying to himself.

⁂

Robbie was walking home, in the dead of night. The trees whistled eerily in the soft breeze, but he didn't mind. Though, the walk seemed lonelier without Wendy.

He hoped she would return soon, he already missed her, and he hated how these trips of hers were the norm. The only other person he allowed to walk him home, was Tambry. Sure, walks with the purple haired girl weren't as chatty as the ones with Wendy, but Robbie enjoyed the comfortable silence. But, Tambry wasn't here, and the Cupid felt a unsettling feeling whenever he strolled through the dark woods alone.

Crack !

He froze, not wasting a second as he whipped out his bow and arrow. However, as he was turning in the direction of the noise, he saw nothing.

Robbie sighed in relief. *It must've been a squirrel--*

That thought was abandoned, when strong hands grabbed his wrists from behind. A sting of heat from the mysterious hands, made Robbie drop his weaponry. Then, the figure tightened his grip, and twisted the Cupid around to face them.

Robbie's eyes widened in confusion, when he saw a young man with red eyes and red hair. "Who are you?"

The man smirked, and his hands glowed. The Cupid gasped, when glowing red chains materialized in thin air, and locked around his wrists.

"Hey! Let me go!" Robbie shouted, struggling to no avail.

The redhead chuckled. He grabbed the Cupid by the shoulders, and pinned Robbie to a nearby tree. The Cupid's exposed skin scraped uncomfortably against the bark.

"Not bad," The redhead smirked, looking Robbie up and down. "I like your style, but you should remove that glorified collar, it's hiding your pretty face."

The man reached for the collar hiding Robbie's mouth from view, and the other retaliated by kicking furiously. "Don't touch me, you freak!"

"Easy, Cupid," The demonic man chuckled. "I'm not gonna hurt you...much. Also, is that real?" He pressed a finger to Robbie's heart tattoo, while the other stared.

"Kill!"

The redhead rolled his eyes at the voice, and turned to some nearby bushes. Robbie saw a girl with blonde hair climb out.

She glared at the redhead. "Are you flirting with one of our puppets, again?"

"Can't a man compliment a other man's attire without seeming suggestive?" The man, supposedly named Kill, complained. "Also, you know that Blue Pine is my one and only, sis."

"Ugh, I can literally smell your desperation," The girl gagged. "Now, move aside, so I can do my work."

Kill nodded, and moved away from Robbie. Before the Cupid could escape, the girl cornered him, and opened her mouth.

What came out, was angelic singing.

"*Lortnoc ym rednu won era uoy. Enim si dnim ruoy*."

Almost immediately, Robbie's eyes blanked over, and he stopped struggling.

"He's ours," Jill smiled. "Kill, release him."

Kill obliged, and made the chains disappear. He then reached out, and grabbed Robbie by the hair. He made the Cupid look up at him, so his lifeless eyes faced Kill's red ones.

"From now on, you'll do whatever we say," The redhead said, releasing him.

Robbie nodded, then spoke in an almost robotic tone. "Of course, my Masters."

"I like him," Jill beamed, clapping her hands in delight. "He's way more polite than Gideon."

"Of course he is, you mindcontrolled him," Kill snapped. "Remember, your powers have weakened through the years, so it might not last."

"We'll make it count, then," The blonde said. "Let's bring back our brother."

Kill nodded again, then turned to shoot the mindcontrolled Robbie another smirk. "Welcome to our twisted little group, Cupid."

Little Problems-Part One

(A / N : *E arly update ! I figured I'll post early , since I'll be busy packing for camp on Saturday)*

"Are you seriously taking notes?"

Will looked up from his notepad, shrugging. "How else am I gonna remember all this stuff?"

Robbie stood across from him. The Cupid shook his head. "To be honest, I never met a kid who is invested in studying like you are now."

"And I can tell you're gonna be a good teacher," Will deadpanned.

He was currently at Robbie's place, which was an abandoned manor deep in the woods. On the outside, it looked creepy with it's rotting walls and dusty stained windows, and the inside was no different. If Robbie hadn't been there to walk him in, Will would've turned on his heels and ran back to the shack. However, once they reached Robbie's main bedroom, the boy eventually relaxed. Surprisingly, the Cupid's room wasn't as creepy as the rest of his house. The windows were closed off, it was dark for the exception of some fairy lights that streamed overhead from the ceiling. Will even spotted a miniature garden in the side of the room, with a collection of different plants, with Val in the center. He wondered how Robbie managed to keep all those plants alive without any natural sunlight pouring into the room.

"OK, loser," Robbie started, sitting crosslegged in front of Will. "What would you like to learn first?"

Will never thought that far, he expected the Cupid to just give him pointers. Now that he was thinking about it, there was one thing he would like to know about...

"What do you know...about Demons?"

Robbie stared at him, like the boy just broke an unspoken rule. Maybe Will had? He suspected it was unusual for mortals to speak about this *war* with Guardians, especially ones that weren't there to witness it.

"Why a question like that?" The Cupid asked.

Will caught Robbie's hands tightening into fists, and he began to fear for his life. "Dipper and Mabel mentioned them once, you don't have to answer if--"

"No, it's alright," Robbie reassured, in a nonchalant tone. "I only know a bit about Demons from Wendy, so there's not much, though. What do you want to know, anyway?"

Will rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "Um, how do Demons make their magic stronger? Just curious..."

Robbie arched a brow, then sighed. "Some say that Demons fuel their powers using magical artifacts."

"Really?"

"Yep," He said, nodding. "How about you venture into the forest and look for some for your next lesson?"

"Are you trying to get rid of me?"

"Obviously."

"Fair enough," Will admitted, starting to stand up. "Also, thanks for doing this, Robbie."

"Don't get mushy with me, kid," The Cupid groaned. "This is weird enough."

Will nodded, then turned and walked away. By the time he left the room, Robbie was alone. The Cupid blinked his eyes tiredly, before they switched to a bright red.

Robbie immediately went limp, dropped to the floor, when a ghostly ball of crimson light floated out of the back of his skull. The glowing sphere then formed into a man.

Kill smirked. "Interesting."

⁂

"And...checkmate!" Dipper declared, triumphantly.

"Aw, man," Mabel sighed, looking at the chessboard.

"That's what you get for stealing all the tiny horses."

She held the up the knights gathered in her palms. "But, they're my babies!"

"You two, keep it down," Bill scolded them.

The blond returned to his current task, which was trying to call Will. His brother still hadn't returned his texts, and Bill quickly grew worried. Will mentioned he was working a shift at the diner, but how much time did waiting tables or driving out wild animals take?

"I knew I should've planted a tracking device on him," Bill groaned. "To hell with this town's privacy laws!"

"You need help," Wendy said, from beside him.

"Don't test me, Red," He warned, without looking away from his phone.

At that moment, though, the front door to the shack opened. Will stepped inside the kitchen a few seconds later, greeting everyone with a smile.

"Hey, guys."

Bill breathed in relief. "Oh good, you're okay...now I can yell at you."

The blond moved forward, grabbed Will by the shoulders and shook him as he snapped. "Why didn't you return my texts!?"

"Oh, I forgot to charge my phone," Will said, quickly. "Now that I'm here, I unfortunately have to leave again."

"Where to?" Bill demanded.

Will hesitated before answering. "I was thinking about going exploring in the woods, maybe I'll find something interesting. Can I borrow the journal, so I can write down what I find?"

Bill forced a smile. "Of course...only if you let us come with you."

"What--?"

"Yeah, it'll be fun," The blond insisted, wrapping an arm around his brother's shoulder. He turned to the others. "Right, guys?"

Wendy shrugged. "Sure, I can be your guide so we don't get lost."

"Mabel and I don't have anything to do at the moment," Dipper said. "We'll come with."

"Yay! Adventure!" Mabel cheered. "I'm gonna hug every baby animal I see!"

"OK, but the mothers might maim you," Wendy pointed out.

The female brunette looked at her friend seriously. "It'll be worth it."

"Uh...well...alright," Will sighed, in defeat.

Bill nodded. "Now, that we're all in an agreement, we should leave now when it's still bright outside."

The group murmured in agreement, and shuffled out of the kitchen. Will was left alone for a few minutes, comprehending what had happened, before Bill called for him.

"Will! Are you coming or not?"

Will breathed out deeply. "OK..."

⁂

Meanwhile, in a dark room, located in the middle of nowhere. A table stood bare before him, and a single book was in the center. *Journal #2* in all it's glory.

Gideons hands glided across the pages, flipping them, and examining each one with high focus. In the corner of the room, Jill was braiding her hair. Once she was done, Jill admired her work in a hand mirror she was holding.

"Very nice," Jill said, approvingly. She then turned to smile in Gideon's direction. "Giddy, don't you think I look cute in this style?"

"I don't care," He sighed, without turning away from the journal.

Jill pouted, and looked close to complaining, when a cloud of red smoke drifted into the room. When it cleared, it revealed Kill Cipher, with a wide grin on his face.

"Brother, where were you?" Jill asked.

Kill chuckled softly. "Inside of Cupid."

"I don't know how to respond to that," Gideon replied, truthfully.

"I was *possessing* him, you nasty," The Red Demon protested.

"In Gideon's defense, you have no filter," His sister pointed out.

Kill rolled his eyes, then quickly changed the subject. "I was just with Little Boy Blue, and I have a suspicion he might be regaining his old powers."

Gideon stared, while Jill had a look of interest. "Ooh, does this mean he's actual use to us?" She asked.

"Probably," The redhead responded, looking a little disappointed.

"Wait, wait, wait!" Gideon rambled, catching the attention of the

two Demons. "Will has powers--"

"Again, it's only a *suspicion,*" Kill reminded.

"Then, what if Bill's regaining his powers, too?" The white haired boy said, worryingly. "We should destroy him when we have the chance."

"Calm down, Snow White," Kill remarked. "Have you forgotten that Bill is being protected by Guardians? We have to get rid of them first."

Gideon looked reluctant, but eventually nodded. "I guess so."

Jill floated off the floor, and drifted towards Gideon. She wrapped her arms around him. "All this pressure has been going to your head, handsome. You should take a break."

Gideon pried her arms off, but nodded again, indicating that he agreed with her. After he took the journal, he left the room a moment later.

Kill waited a couple of minutes, before turning to his sister. "OK, when do we murder that kid?"

Jill sighed. "Kill..."

"I'm serious," The Red Demon said. "Eventually, he's going to find out we've been lying to him."

"You're right," The blonde girl frowned. "If only he weren't so cute."

"And you call me desperate," Kill muttered, softly.

Jill kicked him in the shoulder while she was still airborne, and then floated down until her feet touched the floor. "So...you suspect that Will has his powers back?"

Kill rubbed his shoulder, sending her a glare, while also answering her question. "I guess so, he asked about Demons, and there has to be a reason he's taking *magic lessons.* I sent him on a little scavenger hunt a while ago."

Jill played with her braid thoughtfully. "Scavenger hunt, you say?" She smirked. "In that case, how about we give him a little surprise?"

Kill returned her smirk. "Now you're talking, sis."

Little Problems-Part Two

This wasn't according to the plan.

Will stood in the center of the woods, with his friends accompanying him and chatting amongst themselves. He guessed it wasn't so bad, at least he wouldn't be alone if something dangerous attacked him.

"Ah, gotta love that fresh air," Mabel said, blissfully. She tried to emphasis her point, and inhaled deeply, only to accidentally swallow a falling leaf.

Dipper quickly ran to his sister's aid, as she rolled on the ground making choking noises. Bill stared at them, as Dipper patted her back, as Mabel coughed up the leaf.

"They don't go out that much, do they?" He asked, turning to Wendy.

She shrugged. "Wasn't that obvious?"

"Phew! I almost died," Mabel laughed, despite recently been choking on a single leaf.

Bill rolled his eyes, then turned his attention on Will. The blue haired boy regarded the blond curiously, as Bill walked over and stood beside him.

"So, find anything in that journal?" Bill asked.

"There's something in here about a squash with a face," Will suggested, pointing to one of the pages in the book.

The blond held his head back, and groaned loudly. "Yep, this is torture."

"It's a wonder why you came with," His brother chuckled.

Bill was silent for a while, looking down at his feet. He then spoke softly. "For one, I wanted to ask you about something."

Will regarded him. "What is it?"

"I know you were with Robbie, again."

Will's posture stiffened with fear, as Bill looked up and glared at him suspiciously. "Haha, you got me," He laughed, nervously. "I told you I was going to visit him often."

"Which is strange, considering you two have nothing in common," The blond noted. "So, is there another reason why you're visiting him?"

The blue haired boy fingered the helm of sweater. "Not any I can think of, no."

Bill squinted. "Admit it, you told him about your powers, didn't you?"

Will stared at him. "How--"

"I'm not an idiot," The blond snapped. "First, you discover that you have magical abilities. Now, you're sneaking off to visit possibly the only Guardian that doesn't recognize our past lives."

The blue haired boy. "OK, you got me. I asked Robbie if he could teach me about magic, but I didn't tell him that I was a Demon."

"Still, you broke your word," Bill reminded.

"Try to at least look in my perspective," Will argued. "Thanks to Robbie, I actually know how to use my powers, it's just the matter of making it stronger."

"And, we're here for that reason?"

He nodded. "Robbie said that Demons fuel their powers with magical artifacts, and I thought--"

"I see, you thought you could hide this from me," The blond

muttered. "And what then? You learn how to do magic tricks, and get caught?"

Will narrowed his eyes. "Didn't you see what I did with Mason? Bill, I could accomplish great things, if I just--"

"You could also get killed!" Bill snapped, harshly, but careful not to raise his voice. "The Pine twins, Wendy, Gideon, every Guardian in this town, hate the Ciphers for what they done in the past. They could turn on us in a second."

"No," Will started, then said without thinking. "Bill, they would turn on *you.* You're the one who destroyed everything."

Bill stared, speechless.

"I'm going to look somewhere else," The blue haired boy decided.

The blond didn't try to stop him, as Will walked off without the rest of the group's awareness. He strolled in one direction, absent of mind, before making a complete stop. Slowly, a wave of regret filled his chest to the brim. What had he just said?

Will trembled, as raw guilt clawed at his insides. How could he had said that to Bill? He was angry, but that was no excuse! He had to apologize. With that, he turned around, but realized then...

Where is everyone?, He thought, looking at the endless clutter of trees.

Will couldn't have gone that far from the group. He called Bill's name, but there was no response. Panicking, he retraced his steps, while desperately calling for his friends. As he walked on, the silence became almost suffocating.

⁂

The group were deeper into the forest. Dipper watched with a smile, as Wendy gave Mabel a piggyback ride. He then turned to the back, to check on the Cipher twins. Dipper was distraught, to see that Will was missing.

He slowed his pace, so that he could walk beside Bill. "Where's your brother?"

"Will went for a walk," Bill said, bitterly.

Dipper caught his tone, and nodded in acknowledgment. "Ah, you two had a fight?"

"We've been having a lot of fights lately," The blond admitted, his expression softening.

The male Guardian couldn't help his concern. He reached out, and placed a hand on Bill's shoulder. Unintentionally, he had a memory back when he saved the blond from that water tower, and couldn't help the blush that formed up his neck.

"It's normal, Mabel and I fight all the time," Dipper reassured. "Siblings only have to learn to understand each other in the end."

Bill frowned. "I guess, I never put any effort into understanding Will's side of the story..."

"I'm sure you'll get it eventually."

"Thanks, Pine Tree," He said, smiling softly. "Once I find Will, I'm going to apologize for everything."

The brunette returned his smile. "I'll help you look for him, if you want."

"And you'll give me a piggyback ride?"

"Hell no."

"C'mon, Wendy does it with Mabel, and they're the same height," Bill complained.

Dipper rolled his eyes. "That is not a proper comparison, Wendy can lift a truck with her pinky finger."

Bill huffed. "Suit yourself, Pine Tree."

The blond quickened his pace a little, but stopped short. His foot got stuck on a stone that jutted out of the earth, and he ended up tripping. As Bill fell, Dipper instinctively reached out and grabbed his hand. Unfortunately, the Guardian ended up being dragged down with the boy.

Once he hit the ground, Dipper groaned. At this point, he noticed something had broken his fall.

"Pine Tree, will you get the hell off me?"

Dipper blinked, and looked down. It was revealed to him, that he was on top of Bill, while the blond laid on his back. He flushed, feeling the tips of Bill's hair tickling his neck.

"Sorry!" He spluttered, in embarrassment.

"You can prove you're sorry by getting off," Bill shot back. "Damn, you're heavy."

Dipper obliged, and quickly scrambled off. By then, Mabel approached them, not being carried by Wendy anymore.

"Guys, we found something!" She announced, beckoning them towards her.

They watched as she ran off in the direction she came from, and quickly rose to their feet, so they could follow her. They made sure not to lose the long brown hair in front of them, and eventually, Mabel made a complete stop.

The two stood in awe, as they took in the newfound scenery. It was a cove, completely inhabited by crystals jutting out of the earth. The sunlight danced over them, making them cast large glowing beams. Wendy stood nearby, examining the mystical stones.

"I travelled all over this forest, but never came across this," The redhead said, in amazement.

Dipper was stunned into silence, until something else caught his eye. Nearby, he saw a pair of glowering eyes staring from behind a couple of bushes. Before he could warn anyone, a mountain lion

lunged from it's hiding place at them. The group screamed in surprise, but stopped abruptly, as soon as the animal touched the pink beam of light. The wild cat shrank drastically, until it was the size of a finger. Bill yelped, when the tiny creature landed on his arm.

"Bill, are you okay?" Dipper asked, quickly.

Bill peered at the mountain lion, before pinching the scuff of it's neck and pulling it off his arm. "I'm fine, Pine Tree," He insisted, flicking the shrunk creature aside.

Mabel looked at the crystals with wide eyes. "So, they shrink things?"

"Not just shrink," Wendy chimed in, pointing in one direction. "Look."

They turned, and were taken aback when they saw a giant butterfly resting under a blue light. The colossal bug twitched it's antennae, before flapping away, the beat of it wings sending a heavy breeze to flatten the grass.

Dipper watched it flew away, then smiled ear to ear. "This is amazing! A material that can shrink and grow things. This could solve world hunger!"

"Or better yet: a human ant colony?" Bill suggested. "No? Just me? Fine."

"Will is gonna love this!" Mabel beamed. Her eyes scanned around, she frowned. "Uh, where is he?"

Bill didn't answer, crossing his arms. Dipper gave him a worried look, then turned to his sister. "Will went for a walk."

Mabel took this in with uncertainty. "Is it safe for him to be alone?"

"Don't worry, I can track him," Wendy reassured. "I could look for him now, and bring him back here."

"No need, he'll be dead once you reach him."

Everyone froze, and turned around. What they saw, standing on top of the heap of crystals, was Kill Cipher. The Demon grinned at them, showing his sharp teeth.

"It must be my lucky day," He laughed. "The group is all here."

The Guardians didn't hesitate, and took out their weapons. Wendy raised her axe, Dipper unsheathed his sword, and Mabel made her Bubbles of Pure Madness appear in the air around her.

"Leave," Dipper hissed, pointing his blade in the Demon's direction. "Or we'll finish what you started in the museum."

"Blue Pine, you're cute when you're angry," Kill smiled. "However, cuteness can only get you so far. You're all coming with me."

"As if," Mabel remarked.

The Red Demon narrowed his eyes, until they were merely slits. "I guess, I have to make you."

The group tensed, when he pulled out one of his knives. Kill calmly twirled it in his hand, then turned to the beam of pink light.

"So, you say these crystals shrink and grow things, Blue Pine?"

Dipper's eyes widened. "Stop him! Before he--"

Too late. Kill thrusted his blade into the light, bending it in their direction. Bill stepped back just in time, but the others were less fortunate. The Guardians yelled in terror, when they were hit by the pink light, and immediately shrank until they were only a few inches tall. Bill couldn't even register his shock, as Kill jumped off from the crystals.

The Demon swooped down and grabbed the small people. The Guardians struggled in his grip, while he grinned in Bill's direction. "See you again, Brother."

"Wait--"

But Bill was cut short, when Kill disappeared in a puff of red smoke.

The blond stood in silence, before he eventually snapped out of it. He looked back at the crystals, and furrowed his brow in determination. Bill dug in his pockets, hoping to find something useful. He thanked whatever god was up there, when he pulled out a Swiss Army knife. He bent down, and used it to dig out one of the smaller crystals.

Bill looked at the stone resting in his palm, knowing that it was his only chance at saving his friends.

⁂

Will had been walking for knew how long.

His feet were beginning to drag on the floor, as he forced himself forward. Will knew he needed a break, but he feared that it'll turn dark soon if he wasted anymore time. Eventually, he couldn't take it, and leaned against a tree. He panted softly, pressing his cheek against the bark. Where were they?

"Does my eyes deceive me?"

Will blinked at the unfamiliar voice, and looked around. He stopped, once his eyes caught on a moving figure. Once the person drew closer, it was revealed to be a teenage girl with blonde hair.

Will moved away from the support of the tree, and approached the girl. "Uh, who are you?"

The girl smiled innocently. "Aw, don't you recognize your big sister?"

Now, he was truly confused. Will regarded her in shock. "Big sister? What are you--" He paused, as realization poured over him. "You mean...from that *life*. I had more than two siblings when I was a Demon?"

"You had four, actually," She explained, then started listing down with her fingers. "Bill, Kill, and me, *Jill Cipher*."

"What about the fourth?"

"Oh, we don't mention *his* name," Jill sneered, something cold flashed in her eyes.

By now, Will's mind was whirling. His thoughts were put to a halt, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Will turned, and almost screamed when he saw Jill standing right beside him. How did she move so fast?

Jill looked at Will approvingly. "Finally, I have a sibling that is my height. Do you know the pain of being the shortest in the family? Kill always gave me a hard time for it."

"What are you planning?" Will demanded, immediately backing away from her. "Is Kill with you?"

"It's only me, little bro," She reassured. "And, I have a deal for you."

Will's eyes squinted in suspicion. "What kind of deal?"

"Well, you give me something," Jill started, her eyes glowing yellow. "And in return, I'll teach you everything about magic..."

Little Problems-Part Three

"Welcome to your new home."

The Guardians blinked their eyes, and couldn't comprehend what they saw. They were located in a dimly lit room, a giant table was below them. Kill reached down, and released them onto the table's surface.

Dipper instinctively reached for his sword, but then realized he didn't have it in his hand. "What--"

Kill snorted. "Looking for these?" He held out his palm, and on it rested Dipper's sword and Wendy's axe.

"Hey, give that back!" Wendy protested.

"I don't think so," The Demon chuckled.

Mabel glared at him. "You may have taken their weapons, but I still have my Bubbles of Pure Madness!" To make her point, she made them appear in the air, but they were as tiny as her. "Oh, right..."

Kill laughed cruelly, but was cut short a moment later, when another figure came into the room. The Guardians were in shock, to see Gideon Gleeful.

"Kill, what are you laughing for?" The young psychic complained.

"Gleeful, you have to see this," He replied, gesturing towards the table.

Gideon obliged, and looked down. His eyes widened in horror, when he saw the small people. "But...how?"

Kill shrugged. "I shrank them with some weird crystals I found in the forest. Crazy, huh?"

Gideon stared at the Guardians, then caught sight of Mabel. The

brunette frowned at him, and he quickly turned away, blushing. "Kill, you're not gonna...hurt them, are you?"

"No..." He responded, dragging out his answer. "I'm only going to temporarily take away their powers, and then we can go along with your plan."

"Um, alright," Gideon sighed. "Should we do it now?"

"Yeah, just wait a sec," Kill told him, then suddenly reached for the table.

Dipper yelped in surprise, when he was lifted off his feet. Kill placed the little brunette in his palm, and smiled at him flirtatiously.

"You know, I think I spotted some dolls in the attic," Kill started, his smile widening. "What about it, Blue Pine? You think you'll look good in a dress?"

Dipper turned red and was speechless. Meanwhile, Gideon was looking at Kill in distaste.

"OK, now you're doing it on purpose," The boy pointed out.

"Don't you kinkshame me, kid," Kill remarked.

Gideon rolled his eyes, then said. "I'll grab the others, and then we can start."

Kill grunted in agreement, placing Dipper in the pocket of his jacket. The Guardian struggled to climb out, but only gave up in the end. Meanwhile, Gideon grabbed both Wendy and Mabel, and followed Kill to the next room. Dipper wasn't sure what will become of them, but he knew it wouldn't end well.

⁂

"You want to help me?" Will questioned, in surprise.

Jill giggled softly. "Of course, in exchange for something, of course."

"And, what do you want?"

"Well, what's in your backpack right now?" The blonde asked.

Will arched a brow. "There's Band-Aids, mosquito repellent, the journal--" He stopped, staring at Jill. "You...you want the journal?"

"Bingo," Jill answered. "If you hand it over, I'll gladly show you how to use your newfound powers."

The blue haired boy was quiet. It was so easy, all he had to do was hand over the book, and he would get what he wanted. And from a Demon, learning his new skills would be a breeze. Yet...

"I'm sorry, but no," Will said. "I want to learn magic, but...not like this."

Jill's lips formed a thin line, and her eyes showed no emotion. "Is that so?" She sniped. "I guess, you're planning on repeating what happened back in the war."

Will gaped. "What?"

"Sorry, if this sounds sudden, but...it was your fault Bill died that day."

Horror crawled in him like a flood of spiders, and Will could only stare wide-eyed, before finally recovering his composure. "Wait, how was it my fault?"

Jill looked at him coldly. "You had healing powers far powerful than any being in the galaxy, so much, that you could revive the dead. But, when Bill was slain by the Guardian of the Mind, you didn't heal him, too paralyzed with fear to move. By then, it was too late, the Guardians already burned Bill's body to ashes, and he would've still been alive...if weren't for you."

Will grew pale, not wanting to believe that story was true. "But, I--"

"Save your excuses," Jill hissed. "After that, I sent Kill to get rid of you, but of course, you just had to come back. And to make matters worse, you're gonna take Bill away, again."

"Take him away?" Will repeated, confused. "What are you saying? I would never hurt Bill--"

"Lies!" The blonde shrieked, her eyes glowed brighter, nearly hiding her pupils from view. "Sooner or later, you will betray Bill, like you betrayed him back then."

"Please, listen to me," He begged, drawing closer. "If it helps, I apologize for everything I might've done in the past. I could only imagine the pain of losing your brother, so please--"

Hot needles of pain shot through him, as claw-like nails raked across his face. Will gasped loudly, as blood tickled down the cuts in his flesh. He looked over at Jill, who had red stains in the tips of her fingernails.

"Gosh, you're pathetic," Jill spat. "Which is why Kill and I always hated you. You're so incredibly weak, a disgrace to the Cipher family. Yet...Bill always put you on a pedestal."

Will clutched his bleeding wound, then regarded Jill in distraught, when a golden flame lit in her palm.

"I'm going to do what Kill failed at," She growled, the golden light shined over her features. "I'm going to make sure you stay dead..."

⁂

Bill had no idea what he was doing.

He made a quick run back to the shack, and managed to fasten the crystal to a flashlight. After that, he returned to the woods. Now, a new problem arises, as he had no idea where to go. Bill figured that if he kept walking through the forest, he'll *eventually* arrive at the place where Kill was keeping the others. It was a stupid idea, there was no doubt about it, but it was also the only thing Bill could do. He just hoped Will had better luck than him.

He pushed forward, gazing worryingly at the sky, as it deepened into a bright orange. It wouldn't be long until night came, and Bill dreaded the prospect of wondering the woods in the dark. However, it seemed like his dumb luck had struck again, because he finally

spotted something. It was a lonely shack.

Bill hesitantly drew closer, until he could see the ancient wood that barely held the building together. It didn't look like the shack back home, it looked sinister in comparison. He circled it, coming to a stop when he found a window. Gingerly, Bill looked through it, and his heart paced in his chest.

Kill and Gideon were inside, thankfully not looking in his direction. Bill moved closer, trying to hear what they were saying.

"What do you mean, we have to wait for Jill?" Gideon snapped at the Demon.

Kill sighed. "Because this is a powerful spell, and I need assistance," He explained, then he smiled down at his palm. "Unless, Blue Pine here wants to help me?"

Bill noticed that Kill was holding something. He peered closer, and nearly fell on his back, when he saw the miniature version of Dipper resting in the Demon's palm.

The Guardian glared up at Kill. "I rather get stomped to death," He spat, then turned towards Gideon. "And, why are you working with them?"

"Unlike you, Jill and Kill know who their true enemy is," Gideon remarked. "Which is why they're helping me take Bill down."

"You fool," Dipper shot back. "They're lying to you! Can't you see, they're Bill's--AH!"

Both Bill and Gideon stared in shock, when Kill pulled up Dipper's shirt, exposing the Guardian's torso.

Kill withdrew, smiling. "Sorry, couldn't resist. I didn't interrupt you, did I?"

Dipper pulled down his shirt, a flushing mess. "You're a hazard to society!" He screamed at Kill.

"What's your point?" The Demon deadpanned.

Bill glared at Kill, feeling a sudden flash of anger, and another emotion he didn't recognize.

All of a sudden, Kill made a box appear in thin air. The box had tiny holes on top, and he set it down on a table beside them.

"Let's get you to rest, Dipper," Kill said, placing the Guardian inside the box.

Dipper's protests were cut short, when Kill put the lid in place. Afterwards, the Red Demon turned to Gideon.

"I'm gonna check on the girls," Kill decided. "See if they didn't escape."

"Just don't hurt her--them," Gideon corrected himself, quickly.

Kill looked at him suspiciously, then cracked a smile. "Sure, just take care of my Blue Pine...or else." Then, he left the room.

Gideon rolled his eyes. "He really thinks he can tell me what to do?" He muttered to himself.

Bill's eyes widened, when the white haired boy turned on his heels, and left the room as while. Acting quickly, the blond checked if the window was open, and breathed in relief when it was. As quietly as possible, he opened it and climbed inside. Then, Bill immediately went for the box, and tore the lid off.

Dipper blinked rapidly, then smiled upon recognizing the face above him. "Bill!"

"You know it, Pine Tree," Bill chuckled. "Now, let's turn you into a normal sized nerd instead a pint sized one."

He took the Guardian out of the box, and placed him on the table. Bill then reached for his flashlight, and rotated the crystal so it showed the blue side. He pointed it at Dipper, and flashed the beam of light at him. Immediately, the Guardian grew in size, until he was back to normal.

"This is the first and last time you'll hear me say this, but you're a

genius!" Dipper beamed, sitting on the table.

Bill gave him a playful look, and then helped the brunette off the table. But, the reunion was put to a halt, when the flashlight was suddenly yanked out of Bill's grip. The blond turned, and saw the object floating in the air towards a familiar face.

Gideon grabbed the flashlight, and glared at them. "It seems we have ourselves an intruder."

Little Problems-Final

***(Warning:** Extreme blood and gore)*

Dipper and Bill ran as fast as they could, while a psychotic kid pursued them. Gideon threw objects at them, and they dodged every attack he pulled on them, but it wouldn't last forever.

"We have to find Mabel and Wendy!" Dipper shouted, urgently.

Bill nodded in agreement, and stopped in his tracks. He turned, and caught a lamp Gideon had thrown, and threw it back at the young psychic. It him in the forehead, and Gideon fell down in a heap. Once the boy was disoriented, Bill swiped the flashlight back from him, and followed Dipper down the hall.

They checked every room, until they finally reached their destination. They found Wendy and Mabel sprawled in a hamster cage, and the two looked at them in shock.

"Mabel! Wendy!" Dipper exclaimed, in relief.

"Don't worry, we'll get you two out of here," Bill reassured.

Wendy shook her head. "No, you have to leave!"

The two stared in confusion. Then, they jolted when a voice spoke behind them. "Wow, isn't this a pleasant surprise?"

They turned, seeing Kill come out of the shadows. Just then, Gideon arrived in the room.

"Thank god, you're here," He said, to Kill. "Help me subdue Bill--"

Kill swiped his hand in Gideon's direction, and the boy immediately collapsed, unconscious. "Hopefully, he'll forget everything once he wakes up," The Demon sneered.

Dipper hesitated, before stepping in front of Bill defensively. "Stay back," He warned.

The Red Demon's shoulders rocked, as laughter rippled through his body. "Still think you can take me on? You are cute, indeed."

Kill took a step forward, making Dipper tense up. Then, the Red Demon peered behind the Guardian, so he was looking at Bill.

"Can we talk, Brother?" He asked.

Bill growled. "I'm not your brother."

"That's just your weak form talking," Kill insisted. "But soon, you'll be the most powerful Demon again."

"Then what, I hurt people?"

"That's the plan, yes."

"Don't listen to him, Bill!" Mabel screamed, from inside the cage.

"Say another word, then you're cat food!" Kill yelled at her.

"Still better than seeing your big ugly face!" She shot back, then stuck her tongue out.

Kill rolled his eyes, then turned back to Bill. "C'mon, imagine the world in your palms. We'll finally be able to accomplish our dream, to forge a place where we're finally accepted. Don't you want that?"

Bill had no idea what he was saying. Kill drew closer, which was when the blond finally saw it. A thin chain hung around Kill's neck, and on it were the tiny versions of Dipper and Wendy's weapons. Instantly, an idea formed in his head.

"You know, Kill...you have a point."

Dipper regarded him in horror, when Bill stepped forward towards the Red Demon. Kill grinned widely.

"You really mean that, Bill?"

"Of course," Bill smiled. "Just tell me what to do, then we'll rule this world."

"What are you doing?" Dipper demanded, but was ignored.

Kill's eyes glinted in triumph. "You won't regret this, Brother."

Bill nodded in return. "Oh, I'll definitely won't regret *this*." Then, he pointed the flashlight at Kill's necklace.

The Demon stared, when a blue light landed on the weapons, and they grew rapidly. The objects snapped off the chain, and dropped to the floor with a heavy *thud*. Dipper instantly grabbed his weapon. Then, he charged at Kill, causing the blade to skewer through the Demon's chest and pin him against a wall.

All was silent, except for Dipper's heavy breathing, and the steady dripping of Kill's blood. Bill stood in shock, as he stared at the motionless Demon, who had a sword embedded in the center of his chest.

He has to be dead, Bill thought.

However, luck was not on his side, as soft laughter escaped Kill's slightly parted mouth.

"Oh, Blue Pine..." He chuckled, facing Dipper with an inhuman smile. "That tickled."

Dipper's eyes widened, as Kill grabbed the sword's hilt. He easily pulled out the weapon, and threw it aside. Then, before the brunette could escape, Kill lunged forward and shoved him to the floor. Dipper struggled effortlessly, as Kill pinned him on his back.

"Dipper!" Mabel screamed. She was tugging at the bars, with Wendy joining her.

Dipper cried out, when Kill leaned down and sank his fangs in his neck. Bill yelled in protest, then darted his eyes around in search for something that could help the Guardian. He then spotted Wendy's axe, and knew what he had to do...

Bill grabbed it, rose it in the air, then swung in the direction of Kill's midsection. The blade hit him directly in the stomach, and the Demon screamed in agony. He pulled back from Dipper, and stumbled to his feet. Kill yanked the weapon out, which might've been a mistake on his part.

Bill almost grew sick, when Kill's internal organs spewed out of the newly slashed hole in his stomach. It cluttered to the ground in ropes, and Kill gurgled, choking on his own blood. The Demon pressed against the wall, he gave them one last red stained smile, before vanishing in a cloud of red smoke.

Bill waited for a while, before making a dash towards the cage. He unlocked it, and the two Guardians climbed out. He used the flashlight, and they were finally back to normal.

"Is Dipper alright?" Mabel asked, in concern.

With that, Bill turned towards the male Guardian, who was knelt down on the floor. He moved closer to him, and winced upon seeing a bloody bitemark on Dipper's neck, edged with bruising.

"Pine Tree, are you okay--"

Bill paused abruptly, when he heard Dipper sniff softly. He stared, as the rims of the Guardian's eyes started tearing up. "Hey..."

"I'm okay," Dipper said, quickly. He wiped his eyes dry, and stood up.

Bill regarded him in concern, but decided on to push it. It was clear that Dipper wanted to forget what had just occurred. Bill wanted to forget, as well.

"Nice shot, Bill," Wendy congratulated, picking up her axe. "I kinda wished I was the one to do that to Kill."

"Please, tell me that killed him," Bill said.

"I doubt it," Dipper muttered. "I know Kill, he's too stubborn to go down that easy."

Bill sighed, then Wendy placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "We should find Will."

The blond nodded in agreement, and turned to the exit. Gideon was still unconscious, and Bill had an urge to kick him, but he fought it. With that, the group left the blood stained room.

⁂

"COME BACK HERE, COWARD!"

Will sprinted through the forest, feeling he would faint at any moment. Behind him, Jill was not far, trying to attack him with columns of fire streaming from her palms.

He managed to dodge another strike from her, but unfortunately, it struck a tree near him. The bark exploded, and sent hot splinters of wood directly into Will's face. He dropped to the ground, as the pain returned.

Instantly, a shadow loomed over him, and he looked up to see Jill's face. He nearly cried out, when she placed a hand on his bleeding wound.

"Finally, I got you," She hissed, then raised her other hand, which already ignited a flame.

"Get away from him!"

Jill blinked at the new voice, and was then pulled off Will. It was soon revealed to be Wendy grabbing the Demon, and the blue haired boy watched as she tossed Jill to the ground at her feet. Nearby, Will saw the rest of the group approaching them.

"You were supposed to be banished!" Wendy growled, pulling out her axe. "Now, you'll suffer the consequences."

Jill's eyes widened in horror, as the axe was raised above her head. With a yell, Wendy brought it down...but stopped midway.

The redhead gaped in shock. "Will, what are you doing?"

Before the axe could make it's mark, the blue haired boy flung himself over Jill, shielding her. The rest of the group took this in with surprise, and so did Jill herself.

"Will, get out of the way!" Bill snapped.

Will shook his head. "Please," He rasped, eyes pleading. "Please don't hurt my sister..."

Wendy lowered her axe, looking at him in confusion. A heavy silence hung over them, but was broken by Jill's shriek of fury. She shoved Will away, then was encased in golden flames. When the flames distinguished, she was gone.

Bill immediately knelt before his brother, frowning at the cuts in Will's face. "Why did you do that?"

Will regarded him in confusion. "What?"

"You jumped in to protect that monster, and you called her *sister*!"

The blue haired boy stared. "I did that?"

"Of course, you did..." Bill trailed off, his frown deepened. "You didn't realize you were doing it?"

"I...I.." Will grew quiet.

Bill looked at him in concern. "It doesn't matter now," He reassured.

His brother smiled softly at him, but something grim flashed through his eyes. After a while, the group strolled through the forest in the direction of the shack. The Cipher brothers were walking in the back, not speaking a word to each other. Bill finally mustered up the courage to break the silence.

"Will, I'm--"

"I'm sorry."

Bill stared at him. "Why are you apologizing?"

"Because I lied to you," Will said, guiltily. "I wasn't thinking about how dangerous the situation I was getting myself in. I'm gonna call off my lessons with Robbie tomorrow."

"You don't have to do that," Bill said, softly.

"Yes, I do," He replied, seriously.

"In that case, I'm sorry too," The blond sighed. "I knew this was a big reveal for you, and it was insensitive of me to force you to hide it."

Will smiled at him sadly. "It's alright, you were only trying to protect me."

"Still, I should've thought about what you wanted," Bill pointed out. "From now on, I'll help you with your powers."

"I appreciate that," Will said. "I'm already quite good at healing, I just need a ton of practice."

"Practice, you say?" Bill smiled, having an idea. "Maybe, you can do something for me?"

He leaned in and whispered in Will's ear. Once Bill pulled back, his brother nodded. "Alright, I'll try."

Bill watched, when Will walked to the front of the group. The blue haired boy reached out, and touched Dipper's arm.

"Will, what's wrong?" The Guardian asked, turning to him.

"Nothing," Will said, withdrawing his hand. "I thought there was a ladybug on your sleeve. False alarm."

Will quickly retreated to the back, beside Bill again. Bill smiled, when he saw the bitemark on Dipper's neck fade away slightly, then tossed Will a grateful look. Will returned his smile, and they continued to walk in a comfortable silence.

⁂

She suspected Kill got reckless again.

Her brother was sprawled before her, blood and guts covering him. He was breathing raggedly, while his eyes screwed shut. Jill shook her head, then held up her hand. It was covered in blood, *Will's* blood.

She used her powers, and drew the blood off her hand, until it was a floating sphere of liquid. With a swiping hand gesture, she made the blood pour down Kill's throat.

Almost immediately, the Red Demon's intestines retreated back into his body, and his wounds knitted together. Soon, he was fully healed. Kill was now breathing and sleeping peacefully.

Jill knelt down, and patted her brother's head affectionately. "There you go," She whispered. "Don't worry, soon Will be gone, I promise you."

She placed a gentle hand on Kill's shoulder, and determination lit in her eyes. "He won't ruin this for us, I swear..."

Summerween-Part One

[image]

"Are you two ready yet?"

It was the beginning of night, and the shack was decorated in a variety of Halloween decorations. Watermelons with smiley faces carved in them, and lit candles stuck in their centers, illuminated the front porch. Meanwhile inside, Wendy was waiting downstairs, while adding the finishing touches to a costume she wore. She was dressed as a manly lumberjack, and was tying up her hair, before putting on a fake mustache. Wendy admired herself in the mirror.

"Looking good," She smiled.

Wendy tossed another glance to the staircase. "Guys, the kids are not gonna trick or treat themselves."

"We're coming!" Bill called.

There was a sound of footfalls, as the Cipher twins came down the staircase. They were dressed as a stereotypical devil and angel. Will adjusted his fake halo, so it wouldn't fall into his face.

"I'd be lying if I said I did this before," He said, sheepishly. "Our parents were never keen on celebrating...*any* holiday."

"Well, you're in luck," Wendy said, excitingly. "Because the people in this town love Halloween so much, they celebrate it twice a year. Which is how *Summerween* was born."

"Works for me," Bill grinned. "Hopefully, we'll be able to hit as many houses as possible."

"Ain't we a little old to go trick or treating?" Will questioned.

The blond chuckled mischievously. "Yes, but we can never be too old to TP every house in sight," He said, then his expression soured. "Especially Gideon's."

"Bill, no," The blue haired boy chided. "I rather not have a raging telepath tearing you limb from limb."

"Ugh, fine," The blond remarked, then added sarcastically. "It's not like he's working with our greatest enemies, or anything."

Will and Wendy frowned.

The latest discovery of Gideon's partnership, made everyone a little shaky, especially since it wasn't only Kill they were facing. Dipper and Mabel had explained to the Cipher brothers, everything they knew about Jill. The female Demon was indeed intelligent, and her main power centered around her voice. Unlike Kill's power of invulnerability, Jill wasn't as flashy with her ability, so the Guardians were unsure how she used it. It was also known, that Jill was smarter than Kill, and usually came up with all the plans. With that, Bill and Will decided to trudge more carefully, now that they were aware of who they were dealing with.

The tension in the shack was thankfully cut short, when two more figures entered. Of course, it was Dipper and Mabel, and they weren't wearing costumes.

"Happy Summerween!" Mabel cheered, holding a bucket of candy.

"Glad you two could make it," Wendy greeted.

Dipper looked severely drained, with heavy bags under his eyes. He lazily scratched at a band-aid on his neck. "Yep, Mabel really wanted to give the twins some leftover candy."

"Wow, thanks Shooting Star," Bill said, and Will nodded in agreement.

The brothers reached out and each grabbed a treat. After tearing off the wrapping paper, they each took a bite. However, shortly after, they gagged in disgust.

"What the heck?" Bill snapped, reading the candy wrapper. "I never heard of this brand! *Sand-Pop?"*

"*Mr Adequate Bar?"* Will questioned, looking at his own wrapper.

"Did you seriously feed us cheap loser candy?" The blond snapped at Mabel.

"Oh? Is that Summerween discontent I hear?" She replied, ominously. "Maybe, it'll be enough to summon the infamous *Summerween Trickster*."

"The what?" Bill asked.

Dipper yawned, before answering his question tiredly. "The Summerween Trickster is this supposed monster that eats people who don't show the spirit for the holiday. And he's a myth."

"He is not!" Mabel argued. "I know he's real, and I'm gonna definitely prove it this year."

"Do what you want," Dipper sighed. He walked over to the sofa in the living room. "As for me, I'm gonna take a little break..."

Then, in an instant, he fell fast asleep on the sofa. Bill glanced at him in confusion. "Uh, Pine Tree?"

When he didn't get a response, Bill turned towards Mabel. "OK, what's up with him?"

"He was pulling an all-nighter," Mabel explained. "I knew I should've gave him some *Mabel Juice* to keep him energized."

Will looked at her curiously. "What's *Mabel Juice*."

"My famous concoction," She answered, proudly. "Keeps you awake for up to 24 hours or more!"

"That sounds horrible," Bill commented.

"Eh, it's not that bad," Wendy chimed in. "I tried it, and I was so energized, I managed to party all night...Granted, I did wake up the next morning with no memory, and I was parentally engaged to a hermit that sniffed mold."

Bill chuckled. "And how did that work out for you?"

She shrugged. "He was surprisingly a gentleman. However, some of the mold fumes were toxic, so..."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for your loss," Will said, sincerely.

"Yep, he was a great man," Wendy sighed. "The 20 minutes I spent with him had been the best 20 minutes of my life..."

"What a tragic tale," Mabel said, gravely.

Bill stared at her blankly, then said. "OK...I'm going to forget I heard any of that."

"That'll be for the best," Wendy agreed.

So, moving on, the group continued to prepare for trick or treaters, with Mabel helping. Dipper was sleeping on the sofa the whole time, and Bill was stopped by the others more than once from drawing on his face with black markers. At one point, the doorbell rang, catching everyone's attention.

"Our first batch of trick or treaters!" Will exclaimed.

He picked up a nearby bowl of candy, and headed to the front door. Bill followed his brother, and they both stood by the entrance. Holding the bowl in one hand, Will turned the doorknob, and opened the door.

He smiled. "Happy Summer--"

"ARRGH!"

Will leaped back in surprise, falling onto his back, and spilling candy everywhere. The Cipher twins stared, at the two figures standing on the porch. The stranger's were wearing hockey masks stained with blood, one held a rusty shovel, while the other wielded a chainsaw. Expectedly, Will released a high pitched scream, while Bill jumped in front of him protectively.

However, the menacing figures lowered their weapons. One of them then burst into a fit of laughter. "Haha! Our first scare of the night! We got them good!"

"We could've done better," The other said, bluntly. "The blue haired one didn't even wet his pants."

"Now, now," The first masked stranger chided. "We can't make *everyone* wet their pants. We're not professionals after all."

"Yeah, you're right."

Bill looked between the two. He noticed that they were the same height as him and his brother, which meant they also might be their age. The one that was laughing sounded female, while the other was male. These two weren't monsters, they were a couple of idiots planning to scare them!

"You two!" Bill snapped. "What's the big deal?"

The masked male shrugged. "This isn't personal, Blondie. My sister and I like to scare random people on this holiday, it's become a tradition of ours."

"Your tradition broke my brother!" The blond yelled, gesturing to Will.

Will was curled into a ball on the floor, and murmuring under his breath. "I thought this was a kid's holiday, I thought this was a kid's holiday, I thought this was a kid's holiday..."

"Yeah, we don't make that much friends," The boy in the mask admitted.

The girl leaned closer to Bill, her voice muffled behind her mask. "We're really sorry for the trouble, we can repay you if you like."

Bill tilted his head. "I guess..."

"Good!" She cheered. "My brother and I were gonna go for a walk around town, how about you two join us?"

"What?" Her brother demanded. "We don't know anything about them!"

"Then, we should all introduce ourselves," She insisted, looking at

the Cipher brothers. "What's your names?"

"I'm Bill," The blond answered. "And my less fortunate looking clone on the floor is my brother, Will."

Will stood up, smiling gingerly at the sibling on the porch. "Hey, nice to meet you. And might I add, that fake chainsaw looks so real."

"That's because it is," The girl said, holding it up to his face.

The blue haired boy gulped softly, backing away. "Oh...that's nice."

"So, what are your names?" Bill asked. "And, do you mind taking off those masks?"

The two obliged, and tore off their masks almost on the same time. But, as soon as they came off, the brothers were stunned into silence. The pair before them...looked almost identical to Dipper and Mabel. Sure, they appeared younger than the Guardians, but besides from that, the resemblance was almost mindblowing.

"Why are you staring?" The copy of Dipper asked them. "C'mon, my face isn't that ugly, is it?"

Bill narrowed his eyes. "No, and that's the problem."

The brunette blinked. "What?"

"What?"

While both boys stared awkwardly at one another, Will hesitantly asked. "So...what are your names?"

"Oh, of course!" The copy of Mabel beamed. "Our names are Mabel and Dipper."

As expected, the Cipher brothers only looked at them in confusion and amazement. This was the second time they came across doubles of the Pine twins, it couldn't possibly be a coincidence. This definitely meant something. Quickly, Bill fished out his phone from his pocket, and snapped a picture of the two.

"Ah! What the heck!?" Other Dipper complained, rubbing his eyes from the flash.

"Sorry, I was aiming for the cute squirrel behind you," Bill lied.

Other Mabel gasped, then spun around. "Where!?"

"Sadly, it ran off," He said, starting to close the door. "Anyway, we'll see you later!"

"That sounds great," The girl smiled. "Remember to meet us in front of the Summerween store--"

Then, Bill closed the door shut, before stomping towards the living room. Will followed him, a worried expression on his face. A moment later, they saw Wendy and Mabel on the floor, each eating a chocolate bar.

When Mabel saw them, the Guardian quickly the treat behind her back. "We weren't eating your candy or anything!" She insisted, with her mouth full.

"Shooting Star, I have a question for you," Bill told her, seriously.

Mabel swallowed the rest of the chocolate, before giving him a look of curiosity. "Um, okay? Spill."

"Not yet," He said, shooting a look towards the sofa. "I want him to be awake for this." Bill walked over to Dipper, and shook his shoulder. "Pine Tree! Wake up!"

Dipper peeled his eyes open slowly, looking at Bill with a dazed look. Bill chose to ignore how cute the brunette looked while waking up, with his eyes half-lidded and his ruffled brown locks.

"Bill, what's going on?" Dipper asked, sitting up.

Bill showed him the picture on his phone. "I'm assuming you know about this?"

Dipper's eyes widened, and gasped. "The Oak twins."

"Good, you recognize them," He said. "Mind telling me what the hell is going on?"

The male Guardian breathed deeply, before saying. "I can explain, you see...Mabel and I didn't always look like this."

"What does that mean?" Will asked.

"I'll try to make it sound simple," Dipper said, then went on to explaining. "Similar to how Demons take a new form every time they die, Guardians have multiple counterparts when they're born. Our kind is originated from space matter, and every time we're brought into this world, it would cause a ripple through reality, making duplicates throughout history or other dimensions, who usually share the same names as their Guardian counterparts."

"But, what does this have to do with you guys not always looking like this?" Bill asked.

"Because our counterparts develop a human form before we do," Dipper explained. "Unlike Demons, who are born with the ability to change into their humanoid forms, Guardians have to reach a certain age, before they share the same features as their duplicates."

"So, what did you two look like before?" Will asked, curious.

Mabel grinned in return. "Oh, sort of like *this!"*

The female Guardian was suddenly encased in a cloud of pink glitter. When it cleared, the Cipher twins could only stand in amazement. Mabel was no longer a young woman, but a floating yellow five pointed star, with a rainbow cape, and one single eye.

Will stared at the floating being. "Woah!"

"I know right?" Mabel beamed, circling around the brothers. "This form is so cute, but it takes a lot of energy to maintain." With that, she changed back to normal in an instant.

Bill glanced curiously at Dipper. "How about you?"

Dipper shook his head. "Not gonna happen."

"I'm betting you'll turn into a little pine tree," The blond chuckled. "Who knows, maybe you'll make an adorable air freshener."

Dipper blushed, then slumped back into the sofa. "I'm going back to sleep." Then, he did.

"I guess, he's out of commission," Bill muttered, turning to his brother. "So, we're gonna meet up with those two weirdos or not?"

"Well, we're not going to keep them waiting," Will pointed out.

So, the two brothers headed for the front door. Before they left, Mabel called out to them from the living room.

"While you're out, keep your eyes open for the Summerween Trickster!"

"Yeah, yeah," Bill murmured, closing the door behind him.

"You think that the Summerween Trickster is real?" Will asked him, looking a little nervous.

"If Pine Tree says it's false, then it must be," The blond declared. "He knows everything. Also, Mabel is probably high on candy right now."

"Good point," His brother agreed.

The two walked away from the shack, the night looming over. They were unaware, of the lurking shadow slinking off behind the trees.

Summerween-Part Two

[image]

The Cipher twins wandered through the night, the streets were packed with kids and adults in costumes. Jack-o-melons littered the pavements, lighting their path. Eventually, they arrived at the place the Oak twins are planned to meet them.

"It's really weird that we're hanging out with literal copies of our friends," Will spoke. "You think they'll be like our Dipper and Mabel?"

Bill shrugged. "Well, the Dipper clone looked like he wanted to kill me on the spot, so probably."

"And the twin that looked like Mabel wasn't any different from our one," The blue haired boy noted. "At least, she's not like Mabel *Gleeful,* that woman was scary."

"Speaking of Gleeful, are you gonna fall in love with this version of Dipper too?" Bill asked him, suspiciously.

Will turned bright red. "No! And what about you, huh? Are you planning to flirt with Dipper's mortal counterpart?"

"If it'll piss him off, maybe," Bill answered, truthfully.

"You're unbelievable sometimes," Will sighed.

Bill was about to respond, when he was interrupted by a distant yell. "Hey! There you are!"

The two turned, and running towards them, were non other than Dipper and Mabel Oak. Last time, Bill hadn't been examining them properly, to see they had some defining features. Other Mabel had her brown hair tied into a ponytail, and a pink sweater wrapped around her waist. As for her brother, Other Dipper looked more scrappy than the uniformed Guardian. He had a band-aid on his left

cheek, messy brown hair, and a bright red jacket.

"Weird, I thought you two would ditch us," Dipper remarked, shoving his hands in his jacket pockets.

"Couldn't if I wanted to, Red Pine," Bill grinned.

The boy looked at him strangely. "Nicknames, already? And why *Red Pine* of all things?"

"Would you rather prefer *Shortcake?*"

"What did you say, you human waste basket?" Dipper growled.

"Dipper! I'm actually hoping to make *friends* this summer," Mabel chastised, and her brother grumbled under his breath.

Mabel then smiled in the direction of the Cipher twins "So, I was thinking we can go around the neighborhood, and get to know each other better?"

"Sounds great," Will said. "And I apologize for any remarks my brother might use now or in the near future."

"And I'm fully prepared to pay you in case Dipper sends your brother to the hospital," Mabel said.

"If he can even beat me," Bill scoffed.

"You are aware I'm holding a shovel, right?" The male brunette deadpanned.

Mabel tossed them both a stern look. "If you two are done threatening each other, we should be off by now."

Will nodded, following the girl, while Bill and Dipper walked along in the back. After a while, Will and Mabel started chatting in front, while the other two boys stayed quiet. Then, Bill turned to look at the brunette beside him, that was when he noticed something.

In the center of the boy's forehead, almost hidden away by his brown hair, was a peculiar shaped birthmark. Amazingly, it looked

like the star constellation, the Big Dipper. Bill couldn't stop himself from staring, but before he could, Dipper turned to him.

"I see, that you noticed the birthmark," He said, calmly.

"Yeah," Bill said, awkwardly. "Sorry to stare."

Dipper shrugged. "It's not like I bother to hide it, so I expect people to stare."

Bill regarded him hesitantly. "Er, is that how you got your name?"

"Nickname, actually," He replied. "Dipper isn't my real name."

"Oh, and what is?"

"I rather not say."

Bill leaned closer to him. "C'mon, tell me."

"No," Dipper told him.

"Red Pine! I'm curious!" The blond whined.

The brunette rolled his eyes. "Oh my god, if I tell you, will you shut up?"

Bill smirked. "Probably."

"Close enough," The other boy sighed. "My real name is Tyrone."

With that, Bill was immediately reminded of Pine Tree's infamous clone that kidnapped him. He tried not to make a bitter expression.

"Tyrone? So, should I call you *Ty* for short?"

"Hell no," Dipper said, angrily. "I hate that name with a passion, and I don't want to be called anything associated with it."

"Very well, *Red Pine* it is," Bill chuckled.

They continued to walk in silence, and Bill glanced at the other's birthmark again. He wondered if his Pine Tree had something

similar, he should check once he returned to the shack, he might get killed in the process, but it'll be worth a shot.

All of a sudden, the silence was broken once more, when Dipper Oak asked. "So, I'm assuming you and the walking blueberry been here for a while now?"

"Pretty much," Bill answered.

"So, you're aware of the weird creatures?"

"Yep."

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "So...you won't freak out if I tell you a strange man is following us?"

Bill stopped dead in his tracks, and slowly turned. Red Pine was correct, a few blocks away, a ridiculously tall man stood. In the ominous lighting of the jack-o-melons, it was revealed that he was wearing a trenchcoat, a raggedy hat, and a smiley face mask.

Dipper settled beside Bill, glaring at the figure suspiciously. "I don't like this," He said.

"We should run," Bill whispered to him.

"Yeah, I don't run," The brunette said, lifting up his shovel.

Before Red Pine could walk forward, Mabel and Will approached them.

"Hey, why did you guys stop?" Mabel asked them.

"Well, it appears that some creep is following us," Bill told them, nodding towards the stranger.

"Oh man, should I pull out the whistle?" Will asked.

Bill shook his head. "No, you can't. I threw it away a few days ago."

"Why would you do that!?" His brother exclaimed.

"Because whistles attract wild dogs, I told you this!"

"If I get kidnapped tonight, you are paying the ransom!"

"Sure, unless they accept coupons."

"You two!" Dipper snapped at the brothers. "Pay attention, what are we gonna do about--"

He paused, his eyes widened. A moment later, the others realized something: the man was gone.

Bill squinted at the empty pavement. "Where did he--"

"Greetings."

The group jolted in shock, and rotated around to see the man looming over them. There was only darkness behind his mask.

"Hello, young ones," He said, his voice unbelievably raspy. "Nice to meet you this fine night."

Will gulped. "Hello to you, too...Also, I need an adult."

The creature tilted his head. "I am an adult."

"Oh."

Bill stepped forward defensively. "What do you want with us, you trenchcoat wearing weirdo?"

"Easy answer," The man growled. He pointed a skeletal finger in the Bill and Will's direction. "You two have defied me, and now I want vengeance."

The brothers could only stare. Then, Will blurted out. "Wait! We don't even know you."

The group backed away, as the man stepped closer. An unsettling stench drifted off him, so nauseatingly sweet. "I'm surprise you haven't heard of me."

"Why should we?" Dipper snapped, holding his shovel.

"Because I am the most feared monster of Summerween."

Will gasped softly. "The *Summerween Trickster*."

The man laughed dryly. "Glad to see you finally recognized me."

Bill shook his head in disbelief. "That's impossible! You're a myth."

The man laughed some more, the second time more menacing, creating an astrosphere of fear. It was interrupted, when a little kid walked over, dressed as a pirate,"

"Hello! My name is Gourny!" He smiled. "Can you give me directions to my address?"

Then, before anyone could comprehend it, the man's neck began to split open, revealing rows of teeth under his grey skin. The group screamed in terror, when the monster grabbed the kid by the head and swallowed him whole.

"Gourny!" Mabel cried.

"There's only one way to avoid his fate," The man said. "If you collect 500 pieces of candy, and bring it to me before the last jack-o-melon goes out...you will live."

"500 pieces of candy?" Bill repeated. "That's impossible!"

"Do it, or die," The monster sneered. "See you soon, children..."

Then, he leaped into the air without effort, landing on a nearby roof of a house, before disappearing into the darkness. The group was silent, taking this all in at once.

"We can't do this!" Will said, frightfully. "There's no way we can collect that much candy in one night!"

Bill placed a comforting hand on his brother's shoulder. "Don't worry, we can just buy the candy."

"That's not an option now," Dipper said. "All the nearest stores are closed. The only way to get candy now is by trick or treating."

"And that's exactly what we're gonna do!" Mabel exclaimed,

suddenly.

Her brother looked at her with uncertainty. "You really think we can do it?"

"Of course, we're all twins for god's sake," She said. "We can get enough candy in no time!"

"I guess we have no choice," Bill sighed. "We should start now."

Everyone nodded in agreement, and proceeded walking. Their eyes were glued on the passing jack-o-melons the whole time.

"Figures," Red Pine scoffed. "Just when I was hoping for a *normal* night out."

Bill stifled a laugh. "*Normal* and this town don't mix. I should know, my brother and are currently being hunted by a demonic redhead and his sister."

Dipper's eyes lit in recognition. "The demonic redhead you speak of...what's their name?"

"Kill Cipher. You know him?"

"Ugh, that perverted raspberry punk," The brunette remarked. "Yeah, I know him. He's been terrorising my family last summer, I thought he was gone for good."

"The guy's basically unstoppable. I once plunged an axe into his stomach, and I still doubt he's dead. You?"

"I used this same shovel to crack his skull open."

"Oh, so that's what that red stain is," Bill realized. "And he still didn't feel pain?"

The brunette sighed. "Worse, he enjoyed it."

"Gross," Bill commented. "Also, you sound pretty aggressive for someone so cute."

"I'm not cute," Dipper snapped, flushing.

The blond chuckled. "Are you sure? Because you're literally the human version of what an angry kitten would look like."

"That is so true," Mabel agreed.

Her brother glared at her. "Mabel!"

The female brunette ignored him, then went to address the group:

"Listen up, people!" Mabel called, catching their attention. "It's time we venture into our destiny, collect as many pieces of candy as you can, and we'll all meet in the center. For glory!"

She ran ahead of them, with Will barely catching up. Bill and Red Pine hesitated, before following them into the dimly lit neighborhood.

Summerween-Final

[image]

(Fight ! Dipper and Zero ! Dipper don't really meet yet . I just thought the picture was cute 👆)

The four paused in front of a house, and the Oak twins were explaining the plan to the Cipher twins.

"Remind me why we have to do this?" Bill asked.

"Because we all know nothing gets people's fancy than twins in matching costumes!" Mabel smiled.

The blond glared. "So, why don't you two do it, then?"

"Cuz' we won at *rock paper scissors,*" Dipper reminded. "Don't be a sore loser."

Bill grumbled under his breath, and Will nudged him towards the door. Meanwhile, Mabel Oak was softly encouraging them from behind.

"Remember what we rehearsed," She said.

Bill rolled his eyes at her, then turned back to the door. He knocked it, and a moment later, a huge man answered it. The Cipher twins looked up at him fearfully, then they took a deep breath, before doing a frenzied tap dance.

"TWIIINNNS!" They sang, while posing at the end of the dance. The man stared, before tearing up and smiling.

The brothers returned to the Oak twins after receiving their candy. "At this rate, I don't need a hell," Bill muttered. "Because, I'm already here."

"Quit complaining," Red Pine snapped. "We still have a lot of houses

to go."

"Let's do this!" Mabel cheered.

"OK, just don't eat any of the candy, Falling Star," Bill chided.

The female brunette pouted. "Fine..."

For the past half an hour, the group has been collecting candy left from right. Anxiety rose to their peeks, each time they noticed less and less lights covering the streets. Fortunately, by the time they reached the center of the street, they gathered a total of 499 pieces of candy in a wheelbarrow, which meant they only had one more to go.

"Finally," Bill breathed in relief.

"We might pull this off," Will smiled.

Mabel tugged at Will's arm eagerly. "Race you to the last house."

"You're on," He challenged, then turned to Bill and Dipper. "Take care of the candy while we're gone!"

Both nodded, and watched them walk off. There was a bit of silence between them, until Red Pine chuckled softly.

"Something on your mind?" The blond asked.

Dipper shrugged, a soft smile on his face. "I never expected to have fun tonight, especially with my life being threatened."

"Stick with us, then," Bill grinned. "I guarantee that you'll be facing life threatening situations every day, the rush will have you ecstatic."

Red Pine released a small laugh, a bright expression on his face. It was the first that Bill saw him like this, he looked softer, *warmer*. The blond thought back to Pine Tree, wondering if the Guardian would have this much warmth directed towards him. The thought immediately made him flush, and Bill pushed it away, not knowing why it occurred to him in the first place.

"You're a dork," Dipper said, teasingly.

Bill smirked. "Perhaps, a *handsome* dork."

Red Pine gave him a lopsided smile. But then, it slowly wavered, and he bowed his head.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Bill asked, a little concerned.

"I have a very important question for you..."

Bill didn't know why, but he felt a little nervous. "And, that being?"

Dipper gave him a sideways glance. "By any chance....are you and your brother related to Kill?"

It was like time froze. Bill stood there, staring at the boy before him, as every sound became mute around him. How? How could he have figured that out?

"That's crazy," Bill said, his gaze drifting away.

"Then, why won't you look in my direction?" Red Pine interrogated. "Are you hiding something?"

"Red Pine, I meant what I said," The blond insisted. "How can I be related to that monster? I'm human, I swear."

Dipper looked at him for a while, then abruptly turned away. "I'm sorry," He said. "You and Will look so much like him. And, you...you remind me so much of him.""

Bill frowned. He didn't like being compared to the murderous Demon, but at the same time, he couldn't deny they both were bit sociopathic. Bill noticed Red Pine's embarrassed look, and felt the urge to tell him the truth. Thankfully, he kept his mouth shut in the end.

"It's quite a coincidence," Bill started, hoping to stir up another topic. "You remind me a lot of someone I know. Though, he's way taller, and much more on the nerdy spectrum."

"Who's says I'm not a nerd?" Dipper pointed out.

"If you're are, I feel sorry for anyone unfortunate enough to decide to bully you."

The brunette rolled his eyes. "They were fine, at least they gave out lollipops in the nurse's office."

"You're one scary shortcake, you know that?" Bill chuckled.

"All my rage is pent up in my little form, so it makes sense," Red Pine remarked, tossing him a smirk.

The blond laughed in return. He began to feel a strange affection towards this boy, a thing that rarely happened when he meant new people. Red Pine was like a perfect copy of Pine Tree, with the added sass. Plus, the boy in the red jacket was cute as hell. Red Pine was as cute as Pine Tree was handsome.

What?, Bill paused. *Did that thought just entered my mind?*

"Bill?" Dipper questioned, tapping his shoulder. "You're staring off into space."

Bill shook off his confusion, then said. "I'm fine...how's the candy doing?"

"I think, it's okay," He replied. "I mean, it's right--"

Dipper stopped mid-sentence, face painted in horror. Bill made the same expression, as it was revealed that the wheelbarrow was gone.

"Where is it!?" Bill gasped.

"How should I know?" Red Pine snapped, looking around furiously. "Some snot nosed kids must've snatched it when we weren't looking!"

Bill ran his fingers through his hair, creating little grooves in his blond locks. "This can't be happening..."

"Hey, guys!"

The two turned, seeing Will and Falling Star return with two bags filled with candy. They stopped in their tracks, when they realized the wheelbarrow was missing.

"W-what happened to the candy?" Will breathed, in disbelief.

Before either Bill or Dipper could explain the situation, another sound pierced through the cold dead night. A shrill laughter, that made the group tremble to the bone. Their eyes darted around, as all the jack-o-melons went out in a flash. The only light came from a single lamppost, and under it's beam was the Summerween Trickster himself.

"Knock knock," He laughed, in his ever raspy voice. "Where's my candy?"

With the rest of the group frozen in fear, Bill answered. "It's...gone."

"Gone?"

"Please, give us more time," Mabel pleaded. "I'm sure there's still houses left, if--"

"TOO LATE!" The Trickster roared, silencing her. He breathed heavily, filling the air with his sweet stench. "Now, you must pay with your lives..."

To their terror, the monster grew extra legs. It protruded out of his trenchcoat, and made him look like a giant intimidating spider. The Trickster roared, revealing his gapping jaws. The kids screamed in return, and quickly retreated the other way. Their footsteps were drown out by the approaching heavy *stomps* of the Trickster's feet.

"Ah!" Mabel yelped, as she tripped, falling behind the rest of the group.

Dipper tossed her a distressed look, stopping in his tracks. "Mabel!"

But, before the girl could respond, the monster loomed over her. Mabel tried to escape, but in the end, the attempt was fruitless. Her shrieks filled the air, until they were silenced, as the Summerween Trickster ate her whole.

"NO!" Red Pine screamed.

Tears streaked down the boy's face, then his eyes lit with rage. He hoisted up his shovel, and was about to charge at the monster, but was grabbed by the Cipher twins.

"Let me go!" He yelled at them.

Bill held on harder. "Like hell I will! You can't compete with that thing!"

Dipper growled deeply, bowing his head. "You have no idea what I'm capable of..."

"This is not the time to be cocky!" Bill snapped. "Last I checked, you're just a normal kid--"

At that time, he paused, because Dipper turned to him. Bill's eyes widened in shock. The brunette's eyes were a blazing red, and his birthmark glowed with the same crimson colour, like it was burning from the inside.

"I said: *let me go,*" Dipper hissed.

This time, the brothers obeyed. They released Red Pine, and the boy calmly approached the Trickster. They watched with immersed focus, as the monster turned his attention on the brunette. But, before the Trickster could attack, Dipper did the unimaginable. The boy released a battle cry, before swinging his shovel like a baseball bat. It hit the Trickster squarely in the face, and as result, cracks traveled throughout it's whole body. And like that, it exploded into a millions chunks.

The Cipher twins shielded themselves, as the pieces rained down. After that, they directed their stares towards Red Pine, who was helping his sister to her feet. Thankfully, Mabel looked unharmed, though her white shirt was stained with greyish substance. It was also noticed, that the red glow that inhabited Dipper's eyes and birthmark, had vanished.

Bill blinked a few times, before running up to the twins. "What just happened here!?"

Before Red Pine could respond, the chunks on the ground started floating towards one spot. They watched, as the pieces began to form.

"He's regenerating!" Dipper yelled. "Run!"

With not a moment to lose, the group bolted off. The monster's roar followed closely behind.

⁂

Finally, the four reached a hiding place, in a Summerween themed store. Will and Mabel were huddled inside the racks, while Bill and Dipper hid in some bottom shelves.

The boys sat in silence, as their shoulders brushed together. Finally, Bill had the courage to speak. "Red Pine--"

"No."

Bill glared at him. "Let me finish!"

"I don't need to," The brunette snapped. "I already know what you're going to ask."

"Can you blame me? Since when, have you been able to do something like that?"

"It's none of your business," Dipper remarked. "So please, drop it already."

The blond regarded him in frustration, and was about to press him further. However, that plan was put to a halt, when he heard the *ding* of the bell at the sliding doors. The group tensed, as the Trickster passed them, his looming shadow crawling over them, before disappearing.

Bill waited for him to be out of earshot, then turned back to Red Pine. "Whatever you did back there, can you do it again? Because, we really need it."

Dipper frowned. "I can't..."

"You *what?"* The blond snapped.

"I can't do it on command," The brunette replied, bitterly.

"What even is *it*?"

The boy sighed, a dark veil crossed his hazel eyes. "A curse."

Bill's eyes widened, and he looked at the other intently, hoping Dipper would continue.

Eventually, he did. "Last summer...Kill put a curse on me," He choked out. "He said something about finally releasing my *inner warrior*. At first, I didn't understand, but then..." He paused, and had to regain his composure. "I realized that whenever I get really angry, I...I..."

"Completely fly off the rails like a maniac?"

"Yeah," Dipper sighed. "I learnt to control it, but I'll never forget about all the horrible things the curse made me do. It was me, but at the same time, it wasn't..."

Bill was discouraged to see that the boy was shaking a bit. Hesitantly, he placed a hand on Red Pine's shoulder, and surprisingly, that calmed him down.

"It wasn't your fault," The blond insisted. "If Kill hadn't been such a jerk, you would've never done the things that you did."

"Still...I wish I can control my anger more."

"Dude, your anger saved your sister's life," Bill reminded. "Quit dwelling on the past, it doesn't help. Trust me, I would know."

The brunette took this in, then his shoulders slumped as though released from some kind of pressure. "Thanks for the talk, Goldilocks."

"No problem, Red Pine," Bill grinned. "If you ever need anything, you can always come to me and my brother. But first, let's figure out how to escape--"

"MABEL POWER!"

"Oh no," Dipper said.

Before they could comprehend it, Mabel jumped from the racks, with her chainsaw, Will followed close behind. The Trickster immediately turned to them, and roared loudly.

"They're idiots," Bill said.

Red Pine huffed. "Yeah, so am I."

Bill stared, when the brunette fled from his hiding place, and ran at the monster with his shovel. The blond hesitated, before following him. Together, the group attempted to take down the monster. Will and Bill held onto it's legs to trap it in place, while the Oak twins released their fury on the Trickster. Unfortunately, their weapons barely a scratch. Dipper slammed his shovel repeatedly into the monster's leg, showering some white powder over his face.

He tasted it curiously. "Saltwater taffy?" Dipper said, then cringed. "Gross."

"What do you--?" Mabel paused, when she tasted the powder too. "Wait, it is. What's going on here?"

The Summer Trickster laughed menacingly. "Haven't you figured it out yet?"

The kids screamed, when the monster grabbed them one by one, and lifted them in the air. With one of his hands, the Trickster removed his mask, revealing mix of candy forming a face.

"Loser candy," Bill gasped.

"That's right," The Trickster sneered. "Do you ever wonder about the candy at the bottom of the bag, that no one likes? Every year, the petty children of this town cast me aside. Since no one will eat me, I come back every year to eat the same people who rejected me."

"Wait!" Will squeaked. "We didn't mean to hurt your feelings, surely, you don't have to do this."

"Trust me, there are much better prey out there," The monster hissed. "I was told to go after you."

"Told?" Bill repeated. "By who?"

"You'll never know," The Trickster said. "Now, die."

The monster opened his mouth, and was about to bite their heads off. The group braced themselves, but then something happened. The Trickster cried out, in what was close to pain. Then, his neck was split open, causing a flood of jellybeans to pour out onto the floor. The more monster screamed, before collapsing. The group were released from the beast's grip, and they stared as a form crawled out of the motionless body.

Gourny climbed out, smiling. "I've been twaumatized!"

"Well done, Gourny!" Mabel cheered.

Bill moved over to the Trickster's corpse, examining it. "Yep, he's done for."

"What do we do now?"" Will asked.

"Wanna leave him here and go home?" Dipper suggested.

The others murmured in agreement.

⁂

Later, the four walked back to the shack. As soon as they reached the front porch, they began to say their goodbyes.

"Despite the weird candy monster, this has been great," Mabel smiled.

"If you want us, we don't live far," Dipper said. "See you later."

The two walked off. Bill smiled, before calling. "Red Pine, remember what we talked about!"

Red Pine looked over his shoulder, giving the blond one last smile,

before turning away. After they left, the Cipher twins entered the shack. However, as soon as they did, two figures in masks jumped out of nowhere.

"ARRGH!" They roared.

"Hey Wendy. Hey, Mabel," Bill said, walking past them.

Mabel removed the mask. "Aw, man...at least, Will was scared."

Will was yet again curled on the ground. "I hate this holiday..."

Wendy knelt down, and nudged Will gently. "C'mon, there's still candy left in the kitchen that Mabel and I didn't eat yet."

Will nodded, then slowly stood up, and walked with Mabel to the kitchen. Wendy turned to Bill. "You coming?"

"I'll be right there," Bill reassured.

Wendy nodded, and followed the others. Meanwhile, Bill moved towards the living room, where he saw a familiar sight. Dipper Pines was still sleeping on the sofa.

"Still unconscious, I see," He chuckled.

Bill gazed absentmindedly at the Guardian's soft features, leaning in curiously. Dipper's brown hair swept over his forehead, and the blond boy couldn't help himself. He reached out, and gently brushed the Guardian's fringe back. With his forehead exposed, it revealed Big Dipper shaped birthmark. It appeared that Bill's assumption was right.

Bill didn't notice that Dipper had shifted in his sleep, and was shocked out of his mind, when a hand grabbed him and dragged him down. Bill fell onto Dipper's chest, arms wrapped tightly around him. He looked up, and saw that the Guardian was still fast asleep. Bill tried to get up, but Dipper only held him tighter.

Bill sighed, embarrassment swelled inside him, and it was noted by his deep blush. In the end, he accepted defeat. Fighting his pride, he leaned against Dipper's warm chest, suddenly very tired.

"Don't get mad at me once you wake up," Bill whispered to the Guardian. "This is your fault."

Dipper breathed softly, resting his chin on the top of Bill's head. Bill sighed, and closed his eyes. Eventually, he had fallen into a deep sleep.

⁂

He watched them.

Two teenagers walked through the forest, and a pair of red eyes watched them from behind the trees. Kill Cipher trained in his gaze on one of them, a brunette boy wearing a red jacket.

"Master."

Kill turned around, facing Robbie. The Cupid was standing beside a wheelbarrow filled with candy.

"Ah, you're back," Kill smirked. "And, I see you did what I asked."

"Who were you looking at?" Robbie asked, in a monotone voice.

"Don't worry about it, Cupid," The Demon said. "I spotted a familiar face, that's all..."

"A friend or enemy?"

Kill hesitated at the question. "To him, I am the enemy. And, I don't blame him."

"Should I dispose of him?" The Cupid asked.

"No," He said. "He's not the target...but, he will be useful later on." Kill gave Robbie a serious look. "Do me a favour, and don't tell Jill about any of this."

Robbie nodded, and Kill turned back to the Oak twins. He smiled wickedly, upon seeing Red Pine.

"Welcome back," Kill whispered, under his breath. "You

were always a warrior."

Boss Bill-Part One

A few centuries ago ...

" Stan !"

In a colossal city , with buildings raising from the ground , streets paved with gold , and surrounded by a celestial night sky . A young man with brown hair and glasses , was meeting up with his twin brother .

" Stan !" Stanford Pines called again .

Stanley Pines , his brother , turned to him . He smiled as the young Night Guardian approached him . " Sixer , what's the hurry ? Did something happen ?"

" Yes ," Ford smiled . " Dipper and Mabel just got their human forms !"

Stan's eyes widened . " Already ? And at the same time ?"

" Affirmative ," His brother replied . " I predict they'll be very powerful Guardians in the future ."

" I , for one , am proud of those two knuckleheads ," Stan said . " We should celebrate ! How about we take them on a trip around the galaxy . You know , meet new people , probably commit some kind of tax fraud ."

" Even though , I would've enjoyed bailing you out of jail the fifteenth time in a row ," Ford said , sarcastically . " I think we should have our celebration here . After all , we don't know what dangers are outside the Dreamscape ..."

Stan looked at him seriously . " Ford , the war is over ," He insisted . " Demons are no longer our enemies ."

" But , there are rogues out there ," Ford reminded . " Remember , the Ciphers and what they did to us ?"

The Day Guardian paused , a wave of sadness in his eyes . " How can I forget ? I miss Shermy ..."

" I miss him , too ," Ford said , sorrowfully . " Hopefully , we won't have the repeat of that day , since the Ciphers are gone for good-- "

" Sir !"

Both turned , seeing a guard in uniform rushing towards them , with an urgent expression .

" What's wrong ?" Ford asked .

The guard stared . " There are intruders ! By the entrance !"

The Pine twins were shocked . That was impossible . What could have been strong enough to breach the realm's defenses ? Unless ...

Without a second to lose , both Guardians rushed in the direction of the realm's gate . They sped past confused pedestrians , before finally reaching their destination . There , they saw a group of guards , with their weapons pointed .

" Stand back !" Ford commanded .

The guards obeyed , and moved aside , revealing the intruders . There were five of them , the oldest one being a young man in a hood , while the rest couldn't be any younger than Dipper and Mabel . Stan looked at the children shielded by the hooded man's arms , and they looked all too familiar .

Before he could utter a gasp , Ford stepped threateningly towards the hooded man . " Who are you ?"

" Please , I only ask for help ," The man replied .

" First , answer my question ."

The man sighed . " Do you remember the war ? Your kind killed two powerful overlords . They were our parents."

The Ciphers had kids !?, Stan thought .

Ford looked equally shocked , but the expression melted away to be replaced by a much angrier one . " What do want from us ? And what is your name ?"

" My name is Tad ," He answered , quickly . " And my younger siblings and I only seek refuge . We were lost in space for days . "

" I don't know ," Ford said , honestly . " How can I trust you ? What if you're out for revenge ? "

" Quite the opposite , actually ," Tad said . " I want redemption for my family name . If you're still unconvinced , you can check me for signs of lying , I guarantee you won't find anything ."

Ford narrowed his silver eyes suspiciously . " You think I'm that dense ? I've been deceived by Demons before , so I won't fall for your games ."

Tad stepped forward , grabbing Ford desperately by his forearm . " They're not games ! I'm telling the truth !" He yelled . " Please , don't make us go back , my siblings won't survive . You can leave me , but please, save my family."

Stan felt his chest clench a little upon seeing the broken man . He never liked Demons , but this one seemed genuine . He looked over at his brother , hoping to find a shed of sympathy in his gaze . Unfortunately , all Stan could see was cold distrust .

" I'm sorry ," Ford spoke , seriously . " But the answer is-- "

" You can stay ."

Ford spun around , staring at his brother . Stan ignored him , looking blankly at Tad . " If we can prove you're not lying , you and your family can stay here from now on ."

" Thank you ," Tad whispered , gratefully .

" Secure them ," Stan ordered the guards .

They nodded in return , before escorting the Cipher family away from the gate . Before they left , one of the Demons , a small boy with blond hair , turned to glance at Stan . The Day Guardian didn't know why ,

but he felt a chill run up his spine , when seeing those golden eyes .

After that , Stan turned back to his brother , where unsurprisingly , Ford was giving him a hard look . " I did the right thing ," He insisted .

" Really ?" Ford snapped . " Because from my perspective , you invited the spawn of pure evil into our home !"

" He has kids with him, Poindexter ," Stan shot back . " You were about to banish kids into the cold dead space !"

Realization flooded over the Night Guardian's features , and his expression softened . " You're right ," He admitted . " I may have been too harsh . Still , would Shermy really approve of us letting the Ciphers live in the same place as his grandkids ?"

" He would've understood the circumstances ," Stan reassured . " It's going to be alright , Ford . You just gotta trust me ."

Ford smiled softly at him . " Of course , I trust you ."

" C'mon , we should start interrogating that Tad guy ."

So , the two walked off in the same direction the guards took . There was an obvious tension in the air , and Stan could feel it radiating from Ford . Even though his twin pretended to be alright about this , there was no denying ...

... Everything was different now .

⁂
Present Day:

Will was awoken by a loud noise.

It came from downstairs, and it was a heavy *thud.* Will shot upright in his bed, looking fearfully at the door. The noise came again, and Will gingerly made his way towards his brother's bed.

Bill was sleeping soundly, and Will gently nudged him. "Bill, I think someone's downstairs," He said.

Bill groaned softly, and Will nudged him a little more desperately. "C'mon, please wake."

Bill held onto his pillow. "Dipper..." He mumbled, sweetly.

Will's face lit up in confusion. "No, it's Will."

Going for the last resort, he reached out and pinched Bill's nose. Immediately, the blond's eyes shot open, and he jolted out of his sleep.

"Ah! What is wrong with you?" Bill snapped, rubbing his nose.

"Someone's downstairs," Will explained.

"So? It's probably Wendy or the Pines."

"Still, can you please help me check?"

Bill yawned, then climbed out of bed. "Fine, as long as I can go back to sleep after."

"By the way, you were talking in your sleep a moment ago," Will said. "It sounded like Dipper was in your dream."

"Dipper?" Bill said, blushing madly. Then, he stuttered. "I-I don't know what you're talking about! C'mon, let's go."

With that, the two climbed downstairs. Upon doing that, they were met with a familiar face.

"Stan?" Will gasped.

The Day Guardian turned to them with a bright look. "Heya, kids! Seems like morning hasn't been treating you well."

"What are you doing?" Bill snapped.

"Well, I recently broke into your house with a crowbar--"

"Not that!" The blond yelled. "I'm talking about all this junk!"

The whole living room was filled to the brim, with all sorts of cheap

artifacts, most looked poorly handmade.

"They're my exhibits, of course," Stan smiled. "Can't have a gift shop without them."

"And where is this gift shop of yours, old man?" Bill asked.

"You're standing in it, kid."

Will's eyes widened. "What? You've mistaken, this is our house."

"And it's also gonna be the biggest tourist trap in town," Stan grinned. "The *Mystery Shack!* With amazement and overpriced merchandise in every corner."

"Wait, wait, wait!" Bill remarked. "What makes you think you can come in here and claim our property?"

"Uh, you did."

Then blond blinked. "What?"

"Last night," The man started. "We played poker, and placed our bets. Your bet was that if you lose, you'll share custody of the shack with me. And in the end, I won."

"Oh..." Bill murmured, in realization.

Will turned to his brother furiously. "What were you thinking!?"

Bill turned to him. "I drank a lot of Kool-Aid that night..."

Will facepalmed, while Stan said. "If you excuse me, I have a shop to open." Then, he walked off.

At that moment, more people entered the shack. It was Wendy, and the Pine twins.

"Hey--" Wendy paused at her greeting, when she saw the stuff filling the living room. "Uh, what's happening here?"

"It's Bill's fault," Will said.

"Ah, makes sense"

Boss Bill-Part Two

"Just when I thought you couldn't get anymore stupid," Wendy sighed.

"I told you, Red, it was the Kool-Aid! It messes with your head!" Bill protested.

The group were sitting around the kitchen table, discussing the situation with the Day Guardian.

"Guys, can't you convince Stan not to make a shop here?" Will asked the Pine twins.

Dipper shook his head, standing against a counter. "Sorry, but once that man has his mind set on something profitable, he can turn stubborn real quick."

Mabel nodded in agreement. "He once sold our beds to an open market...while we were still sleeping in them."

Dipper shuttered. "You don't want to know where we ended up..."

"That scrooge must have a weak spot," Bill insisted. "There's no way I'm having tourists in this house, that's as worse as having cockroaches."

Dipper approached the blond, pausing beside him. "You might be onto something," He smiled.

The two looked at each other for a while, before quickly turning away, their expressions close to embarrassment. The rest of the group regarded them curiosity. After the night of Summerween, Dipper and Bill were quiet towards each other, and no one knew why.

With the silence going on too long, Will broke it with a question. "So, Dipper, do you know how we can fix this mess?"

Dipper nodded. "As much as Grunkle Stan can't resist money, he also can't resist a good deal. So, if you want your shack back, you need to propose another bet."

"That could work," Will beamed, then turned to the blond. "How about it, Bill?"

"Sounds good," Bill agreed, sitting up from the table. "Let's go see the old man."

The two left, and the last three were alone in the kitchen. Wendy turned to Dipper.

"You really think this will work?" She asked.

"No, I'm pretty sure they're screwed."

"Yeah..." Mabel sighed.

⁂

Stan tilted his head. "You want to make a *what?*"

The Cipher brothers met up with Stan in the front yard, where he had been busy displaying a giant *Mystery Shack* sign on the roof. The Day Guardian was now on the ground, squinting at the kids behind his spectacles.

"We want to make a deal with you," Bill repeated, seriously. "The objective of it: is that if we win, we get full custody of the shack back."

Stan chuckled loudly, as though hearing a joke. "Oh? And what kind of wager is this? Another poker game?"

"Whatever it is, I'll guarantee we'll beat you."

"Is that so?" The Guardian mused. "Well then, how about this?" He snapped his fingers, and an empty jar magically appeared in his hands.

At the near top of the jar, marked a red line. Stan tapped this red

line with his finger. "Let's say, you run the Mystery Shack for three days. That's three days for you to fill this jar with money up to the red line."

"OK, sounds easy enough," Bill said.

"If you lose, you'll be my part-time employees," Stan said, then grinned in Bill's direction. "Also, you'll be preforming a special dance, with lyrics I'm gonna let my niece make up."

"And if we win, you get the hell out of here," Bill shot back. "And, you have to wear a *Loser* shirt all summer."

"Deal," Stan said, extending his hand.

Bill glared, then shook the man's hand. "Deal."

The Day Guardian withdrew, smirking. He handed Will the jar. "Good luck, you two."

Then, Stan stepped back from them, and combusted into flames. The Cipher twins retreated back, as the fanning fire distinguished, and Stan was gone.

"Well, that happened," Bill said.

Will looked down anxiously at the jar. "We'll be running a store by ourselves, this is insane."

"Please, compared to everything else we faced, this is a piece of cake," Bill noted. "C'mon, let's go tell the others."

The blond walked inside, while Will stood outside for a good few minutes. His eyes darted from the jar to the huge sign on the roof, before eventually following his brother inside.

⁂

"I get to make up lyrics for your special dance?" Mabel beamed.

"*Only* if we lose," Bill told her, sternly.

Mabel pouted, and Dipper had a look of uncertainty. "You two are really going to run a whole shop?"

"Not only the two of us," Bill said. "Since it's your problematic uncle, you're helping us."

"Fine," Dipper sighed.

"What about me?" Wendy asked. "There's no way I'm in on this."

Bill narrowed his eyes at her. "Fat chance, Red, you owe us for the times you used us as bait."

"Touché," The redhead scoffed.

"I thought that was one time, Wendy?" Mabel asked.

Wendy shrugged sheepishly. "What can I say, the twins make good bait."

"Thank you, for being a responsible individual," Bill said, sarcastically.

Then, the blond boy then addressed the whole group. "OK, we'll be running this shack for three days, so we have to work our fingers to the bone in order to fill up the jar. Any suggestions on how to boost our profits?"

"Ooh, I have one!" Mabel announced. "How about, glitter canons?"

"That sounds horrible," Bill told her. "Next."

"I could catch a monster, and display it as an exhibit," Wendy suggested.

"That sounds like a great idea...if you want us to get eaten," Bill remarked. "Will, what's your idea?"

Will rubbed his chin hesitantly. "Hmm, we can--"

"Nope."

"Why did you ask me, if you're not gonna let me finish?"

"I'm just trying to think smart here," The blond said. "We can't jump on the first idea that comes to mind, we need to explore options."

"But, at least give some of our suggestions a chance," Will said. "It's not like you can come up with anything better."

"Actually, I did," Bill smiled. "While you were talking. Here's my strategy: I'll be the supervisor. Red, you run the counter. Will, you'll handle the prices. Mabel on exhibits. And Dipper...can be a mascot or something."

Dipper blinked. "What--"

"Shooting Star, I need you to make Pine Tree a cuddly outfit that can attract tourists from a mile away, you think you can handle that?"

Mabel stared into the distance. "My time has come..."

"I don't know what's happening, but I'm scared," Dipper said.

Mabel grabbed his arm. "Come, Brother, let us check your measurements." Then she dragged Dipper away, while he pleaded for dear life.

"While they're busy," Bill started, turning to Wendy and Will. "You two can help me make last minute preparations."

They nodded in agreement. So, for the whole day, they prepared for the grand opening of the *Mystery Shack*.

Boss Bill-Part Three

For the last two days, things have been going smoothly. More or less.

Their profits have been raising surely, but Will didn't like how this had turned his brother into a bit of a tyrant. Bill gave orders without a moment's hesitation, and refused to listen to anyone else's ideas. Will wasn't the only one frustrated by this, and on the start of the third day, he complained about this to Wendy.

"I think he's just stressed out about Stan," Wendy noted, while reading a magazine by the counter.

"Still, he's not alone in this," Will said. "He doesn't have to be such a jerk."

"Since when was your brother not a jerk?"

"Good point."

Wendy closed her magazine, so she could look him in the eyes. "For one, I agree that Bill needs to cool it," She admitted. "Mabel was pretty upset that she couldn't collaborate her idea, and that goes for me too."

"Oh yeah, you wanted to catch a creature for an exhibit?"

She nodded. "I thought it'd be cool, and it wasn't like I was gonna let it run loose."

"I believe you on that," Will said, recalling that his redheaded friend was an expert monster slayer.

"But, it's alright, I guess," Wendy sighed.

Will frowned, looking at her thoughtfully. Before he could have a second thought, he said. "Maybe...you can include your idea."

Wendy looked at him in surprise. "What? But, didn't Bill refuse?"

"We didn't clarify who the boss was of this operation," Will reminded. "This shack belongs to the both of us, so I think my word should count too."

"Hmm, that makes sense," Wendy admitted, then smiled. "And thanks for giving me a chance. You won't regret it."

"Of course," Will smiled back. "I'll take your shift, while you're out."

"Great!" She beamed, stepping away from the counter. "See you later, hopefully with something awesome."

Then, the redheaded Guardian walked out, leaving Will to stand behind the counter. He looked worryingly at the door, before turning to the spot in front of him.

This was a good idea, He thought, trying to convince himself.

⁂

Meanwhile, Bill was busy working on an exhibit, a stuffed antelope with a six-pack, when Mabel confronted him.

"Bill, I finally finished the costume for Dipper," She smiled.

"What took so long, Shooting Star?" Bill remarked. "Couldn't you have poofed one up in thin air?"

"It's more fun if I put actual effort into it," Mabel insisted. Then, she turned around. "Dipper! Come out, and show Bill!"

"Mabel, I look stupid in this!" Dipper called from the other room.

"No, you look like a friendly suburban mascot!" Mabel remarked. "C'mon, I worked hard on that outfit, the least you can do is show it off."

There was a heavy sigh on Dipper's part, then the brunette slowly stepped in. Bill's eyes widened. The male Guardian was wearing a pair of grey furry pants, with fake wolf ears, and fake wolf paws

covering his hands. His torso was bare, revealing his toned chest and stomach, something that Bill found hard not to look at.

"OK, I don't hate this," Bill admitted.

"Thank you," Mabel said, proudly. "When I started thinking about potential mascot ideas, I first thought about kittens, cuz' kittens are great. But then I realize, the shack is located in the woods, and you know what else is in the woods? Wolves!"

Dipper blushed harshly, trying to cover his chest with his arms. "This is so embarrassing."

"In retrospect, I should've added a shirt," Mabel admitted. "But, I couldn't find anymore material."

"No need, the revealing clothing will pull in teenage girls and lonely housewives in no time," Bill grinned, eyeing Dipper's midsection.

"Bill, I am *this* close to throttling you!" Dipper snapped.

"You can spend that *throttling* time, by practicing your selfies, because people will be asking for them."

"Bill, I swear to Axolotl--"

"What, do you want a raise for that?"

"What I want, is for you to stop staring at me like that!" Dipper deadpanned, though it was depleted by his red face and stuttering tone.

"Staring like *what?*" Bill asked.

The brunette looked physically in pain when he replied. "Like...like you...*want me.*"

Immediately, a silence drifted into the air, as Bill could only stare at the blushing brunette before him. Mabel looked between them awkwardly.

"Uh, bye," She said, before running off.

Dipper quickly turned away, as though too embarrassed to face Bill. The blond finally snapped out of it, but continued to stare at Dipper.

"Pine Tree, may I ask when it was applied that I would want you in that way?"

Dipper winced, as though something in the blond's words stung him. He hesitantly turned to face Bill. "The morning after Summerween, I thought that--"

"You ran off before I could explain myself!" Bill insisted. "The night of Summerween, you grabbed me in your sleep, and you wouldn't let go. That's how I ended up in your arms that morning."

Dipper's eyes widened, then he bowed his head. "I'm so sorry."

Bill regarded him in sympathy. "It's alright, let's forget it ever happened. Alright?"

"Yeah," He agreed, softly.

Bill felt a blush of his own surging up his neck, and he ignored it. He had to change the subject, or else the air will grow more uncomfortable. Fortunately, there was something on his mind that he was hoping to bring up with the Guardian for a while.

"Pine Tree, at the night of Summerween, you remember the Oak twins, right?"

"It'd be weird if I didn't."

Bill trudged carefully as he spoke. "You see, your counterpart...he's been cursed, by Kill himself."

Dipper's eyes widened in shock. "What does this curse do, exactly?"

"From what I learnt, it makes him go crazy violent whenever he's really angry."

"I see," The brunette said, looking troubled by this.

Bill looked at him intently, trying not to get his hopes up. "Is there a way to break the curse?"

"I'm sorry, it's impossible to break a Demon's curse," Dipper said, sorrowfully. "Unless--"

By then, Bill caught the sound of the front door opening, and people pouring in. "Customers!" He announced. "We'll discuss this later, Pine Tree."

"But, Bill--"

Bill couldn't hear him, because he already walked away. Later, Bill welcomed the customers in with hospitality, and another day of work began.

⁂

Will blinked. "Wendy...what is that?"

Wendy had recently brought in a huge cage covered with linen. Under the coverage, were a series of growls and hisses.

"I can't remember the name, exactly," Wendy admitted. She looked like she was racking her brain, before her face lit up with recognition. "Oh! It's called a *Gremloblin*."

The creature growled loudly, and Will looked at the cage fearfully. "Wendy, I thought you'd catch something small and easy to contain! Like a gnome or a pixie, or a cute baby deer!"

"It's either go big or go home, that's what life taught me," Wendy said. "Also, it's perfectly contained...probably."

"Bill is going to freak when he sees this," Will panicked.

"You're right about that."

Will stiffened with fear, before slowly turning around. Unsurprisingly, he saw Bill standing behind him, with a scowl on his face.

"What is *that?*" Bill demanded, pointing to the cage.

"A Gremloblin..." Will answered, sheepishly.

"And what is it doing in the shack?" The blond interrogated, stepping closer.

Will rubbed the back of his head. "I told Wendy to along with her suggestion."

Bill glared. "And you did it, without consulting with me first?"

"If I did, you would've tried to dictate the situation again."

"What do you mean by that?"

Meanwhile, the cage nearby started shaking furiously, but the twins didn't notice. Wendy did, however, and she turned to the brothers urgently. "Guys..."

Will didn't hear the distress in her voice, and stared determinedly at Bill. "For the past few days, you made us work non stop, without any appreciation in return."

"Oh, in that case, sorry for not coddling you in the workplace," Bill remarked, sarcastically.

"I'm not asking to be coddled!" Will snapped. "These are your friends, the least you can do, is be nice to them."

Wendy spoke again. "Guys, I think the monster is feeding off your negative energy, maybe you should--"

"I'm trying to get our home back," Bill shot back. "And, I would like it if you stop keeping things behind my back!"

"It's hard not to, when you act the way you do!"

"ENOUGH!"

Both twins turned, seeing Wendy trying to hold the cage shut, as the hatch shook in it's hinges.

"Stop fighting, and help me!" She yelled, desperately trying to hold on.

Like that, their argument was forgotten, and they rushed to give Wendy assistance. However, it was too late. The three were flung across the room, as the cage swung open. The Cipher brothers landed on the floor, while Wendy was thrown to the wall and collapsed.

There was a loud roar, and the twins spun in horror, when they saw a ferocious monster crawl out of it's confinement. Terrified, the brothers ran to Wendy's sides, trying to gain her attention, but she was unconscious.

"Red, wake up!" Bill screamed, but she was unresponsive.

Another roar pieced the air, and they turned back to the monster. It bared it's slobbering tusked teeth, before charging at them.

Boss Bill-Final

By the time Gremloblin made it to the rest of shack, the tourists retreated in a fit of terrified screams. As for the Cipher brothers, they hid themselves in the hallway, dragging an unconscious Wendy along with them.

"What do we do?" Will asked, staring at the monster as it sniffed around the counter. "I can't see Dipper or Mabel anywhere."

"Hold on for a second," Bill told him, pulling out the third journal. "OK, it says here that if the Gremloblin looks directly into your eyes, you'll see your worse nightmare."

"As far as I'm concerned, I'm already living in a nightmare," The blue haired boy remarked. "Is there anything else?"

Bill examined the pages carefully. "*When fighting a Gremloblin, use water...*"

"Got it!" Will yelled, running out of the hiding spot.

Bill turned the page. "*But only as a last resort, as water makes it much much scarier!"* He read, before yelling. "WILL, DON'T!"

But by then, Will already splashed a cup of water on the monster. As result, the Gremloblin hissed, before spikes sprouted from it's back.

Seriously, who writes sentences like that!?, Bill thought.

Will uttered a gasp, when the Gremloblin grabbed him with it's huge hand. Bill rushed forward, on the same time when the monster lifted Will up to it's face.

"Will, don't look into it's evil eyes!" Bill yelled.

"What?" Will called back, too terrified to hear the warning. By the time he remembered, he was already looking into a pair of demonic

glowing eyes.

Bill yelled in dismay, when Will stilled, and his eyes glowed a pale colour. But, just when all seemed lost, the blond heard a familiar voice at the entrance.

"Hey, ugly!"

The Gremloblin perked his ears, and turned, only to look directly into a large mirror. The ones holding the mirror, were the Pine twins.

"It's time you faced your nightmare!" Mabel yelled, as the monster stared at his reflection.

The creature trembled on the spot. "*I've become my father..."* It growled. It then cried in agony, releasing Will, before retreating out of the shack.

The Pine twins leaped aside, as the Gremloblin escaped, smashing a huge hole in the wall. After it left, Bill shook his brother's shoulders.

"Will, are you okay?"

"Yeah..." Will sighed, in return. "Mostly."

Bill helped him to his feet, while Mabel and Dipper did the same with Wendy, whom had finally regained consciousness. The redhead stumbled dizzyingly, before finally regaining her composure.

"Sorry about that, guys," She told the brothers.

Bill sighed. "It's fine. But, we need to work twice as hard now."

"Are you kidding me?" Dipper remarked. "You know how many creepy catcalls I got in the past hour? I'm taking a break."

"Me too," Mabel agreed. "After all that, I really need one."

The two were about to leave, but Bill blocked their path. "You can't take a break!"

"And why not?" Mabel asked.

Bill hesitated, then glanced at Will. Finally, he sighed in defeat. "Because, I...I need you guys," Bill said, softly.

The three Guardians stared at him, and the blond continued. "I'm sorry for giving you a hard time, and I really do appreciate your help. So, can you help me...please?"

Dipper smiled softly. "Of course," He said. "But, I'm not wearing this wolf outfit."

"Are you sure?" Bill smiled. "Because, your looks are kinda a reliable moneymaker--"

"I am burning it as soon as this is done."

"Nooooo, my hard work!" Mabel complained.

"I guess the world is yet to understand your confusing fashion sense, Mabel," Wendy said. "C'mon, let's clean this place up."

Mabel nodded reluctantly, and helped the redhead out. Dipper did the same, leaving the Cipher twins to look at each other.

"I'm sorry, for being a dictator," Bill said, sheepishly.

"I'm sorry, for keeping things behind your back," Will responded.

Even though it was a short apology on both parts, both were more than genuine about it. With nothing else to say, they mimicked their friends, and helped fix the shack.

⁂

Despite the building being a total wreck, they managed to score a few customers. Bill even considered Mabel's glitter canon idea, which was a huge hit, and resulted in a few of them attempting to wash the sparkles out of their hair. By the time all the customers left, the group gathered together to count their profits.

"OK, minus the money to repair the shack, we're left with..." Bill

deflated, when he saw inside the jar. "One dollar."

"Aw, man," Will said.

"Yep, bad for you two, but good for me."

The group turned, seeing Stan Pines standing by the entrance. Bill frowned at the jar in his hands.

"I guess, you win," Bill sighed.

Bill's eyes widened, when a warm hand ruffled his hair. He looked up, seeing Stan smiling gently at him.

"You tried your best," The old man said. "I observed you from afar, and I can say I'm impressed. You two are courageous, even for a couple of mortals."

"Thanks, I guess," Bill replied, awkwardly.

"And don't worry, I'm not gonna live here," Stan reassured. "I'll be opening shop on weekends, and I hope to see my employees bright eyed and bushy tailed. And on the plus side, you'll be seeing more of my ugly mug."

"What a joy," Bill groaned.

"I guess, I have to quit my job at the diner," Will said. "What a shame..."

Bill glared at him. "Stop lying, you couldn't be anymore relieved to stop working at that dump."

"Yeah..."

Suddenly, Mabel grinned widely. "Grunkle Stan, didn't you say that Bill has to do some kind of special dance?"

Bill's eyes widened.

"Oh yeah, I remember," Stan grinned back.

"Oh shoot," Bill said.

⁂

A video camera was focused on Bill, who was in a sparkly jumpsuit.

Bill rolled his eyes. "Look, I'm not gonna--"

"Do it!" Mabel called off screen.

Bill sighed, then started singing. "*I'm Bill, and I was wrong. I singing the Bill Wrong Song! I shouldn't have taken that chance, now here's my remorseful dance..."*

"Do the kick!" Mabel commanded, then Bill did some kicks. "Jazzier!"

"If I dance anymore, I might figuratively implode," Bill warned.

"Alright," Mabel sighed, putting down the camera.

"Finally," Bill said. "This jumpsuit is uncomfortable."

"Now, you know how that wolf outfit felt," Dipper remarked, wearing his regular uniform.

Mabel shrugged. "Well, it was mostly made out of real wolf hair."

"WHAT?"

Before Dipper could scold her, Mabel retreated back into the shack. "If anyone needs me, I'm gonna order pizza!"

"Oh, I can go for some pizza," Wendy agreed, following her inside with Will in tow.

"As long as someone else is paying!" Stan added, returning inside as while.

With Dipper and Bill left alone, Bill remembered their earlier conversation that was cut short.

"Pine Tree, before I was extremely ridiculed, you were about to say something about Red Pine's curse?"

Dipper swallowed softly, as though his throat turned dry. "The curse is impossible to break...unless the Demon who casted it is destroyed.

Bill's eyes widened in disbelief. "But, that's impossible! Kill can't *die."*

"But, he can," Dipper told him, seriously. "When you attacked him with that axe, he was the closest to death than he ever was, same goes for the time Will scarred him with that Dreamcatcher. The only ones who can spill his blood, are the ones that inhabit the blood of his kin."

"So, only his siblings can kill him?" Bill demanded. "And, you only decided to tell me this *now!?*"

"Because I knew you would do the stupid thing, and try to fight Kill on your own," Dipper snapped. "You are still a mortal, and don't you ever forget that."

Bill grinded his teeth together, refusing to admit that Dipper was right. Another question dawned on him.

"Does the same go for Jill?"

"Jill, Kill, and Will's past life could only be killed by a fellow Cipher," Dipper replied. "Your past life was a little different, and could only be killed by a Guardian's weapon. And Tad--"

"Who's Tad?"

"He's your eldest brother," He explained, a distant look in his eyes. "It's impossible to leave a scratch on him, let alone *kill* him."

"Where is he now?"

"He disappeared right after your death," Dipper said. "For that, I'm glad for, he's not someone I want as my enemy..."

Bill nodded, taking this in. For a moment, he wondered if he'll be able to actually dispose of Jill and Kill the next time he saw them. He really wanted to, but Dipper was correct, as long as he was in

this feeble mortal body, he couldn't protect anyone. The thought made him angry... and slightly depressed.

"Thanks for the talk, Pine Tree," Bill said, heading towards the shack. "Let's make sure those weirdos didn't order anything gross. Like Hawaiian."

"Hey, Hawaiian pizza is great!"

"It is, if you don't have any taste buds."

Dipper nudged him playfully, and the two entered the shack, greeted by their friends at the other end.

⁂

A few centuries ago ...

Stan stared , fear rippling across his body like ice water penetrating his veins . All he could see was smoke , all he could hear were screams of adults and children alike . The place he once called home , was now a hellscape consumed by death and despair .

" Ford , I'm sorry ..." He wept to himself . " I thought they were good ... I thought it was right to-- "

" Stan !"

Stan stiffened , when a hand clasped his shoulder . He turned around , seeing a familiar face . The eldest Cipher , Tad .

" Stan , listen to me ," Tad told him .

The Guardian couldn't think , too consumed with rage towards any Demon he saw . With a yell of fury , he grabbed Tad by the throat , and pinned him against a cracked pillar . Tad's flesh sizzled under Stan's nearly flaming palm .

" How could you !?" Stan cried . " I trusted you !"

Tad looked at him calmly , unconcerned by the flaming hand grasped around his neck . " It wasn't me you trusted ," He said , seriously . " Now

, listen to me ."

Stan felt like ending him right there , but he decided to hear what the purple eyed monster had to say .

" Take me to Bill ," Tad said , slowly . " So , I can kill him ."

Stan's eyes widened . " What-- "

" It has to be me to kill him , alright !" The Demon snapped . " Either that , or I'll wait for him to be reborn ... and then , I'll murder his new form right on the spot ."

Stan could only stare at the rather sadistic man before him , but his attention was then drawn away . There was a rage filled scream in the distance , followed by a sound of a sword being stabbed into stone .

Stan recognized that yell . It was Dipper .

Stan woke up.

He looked around, sweat dripped down his brow. He recognized his bedroom, and eventually relaxed.

With that, he laid back down on his mattress. Stan stared at the ceiling, feeling rather unwell.

It's only a memory .

Even though he tried to reassure himself, there was no doubting...that moment will forever haunt him.

Bottomless Pit-Part One

"Bill, what is this?" Dipper asked.

"The gate to hell," Bill replied.

"It's our new exhibit," Will corrected.

The three were gathered right outside the shack, and were studying a hole at their feet. The said hole was wide, and inside was an endless spiral of darkness.

"Exhibit?" Dipper repeated.

"Yeah, your wacko uncle thought this bottomless pit would drive in some customers," Bill explained.

"Of course," The brunette sighed. "And, why did you drag me over here?"

"Well--"

"Hey, Bill!"

They turned, seeing Mabel and Wendy rushing towards them. There was something peculiar about them, because they were holding a bunch of things.

"What's going on here?" Dipper asked, as the two women paused in front of them.

"Since we have this pit, we might as while get rid of stuff that is no longer use to us," Bill said. "Which means, you can finally get rid of that dorky uniform, Pine Tree."

"It's not dorky, it's professional!" Dipper protested.

"And severely outdated," Mabel chuckled, and her brother shot her a glare.

Meanwhile, Wendy placed a large box in front of Bill. "Here's all the stuff you asked me to gather."

"I thought I asked you to bring Gompers too," The blond reminded.

"Bill, I am not letting you throw a live goat into a pit."

Bill pouted, while Will bent down to look inside the box.

"Wow, there's so much old stuff in here," Will mused. He reached in, and pulled out a battered teddy bear. "Aww, it's Mr Blueberry! I forgot I brought him along with me. Man, this gives me some nostalgia--"

"Nostalgia begone!" Bill shouted, grabbing the bear from his twin and dropping it into the pit.

"Mr Blueberry! Nooooo!" Will screamed, watching the bear disappear into the darkness. "Bill, why did you do that!?"

"Mr Blueberry lived a long life, he will be missed," Bill said. "Also, you didn't notice, but he was covered in maggots."

"Ugh, you could've told me earlier!" Will gasped, attempting to wipe his hands on the grass beneath him.

"I wanna throw stuff, too!" Mabel beamed, excitingly.

"Go ahead, Shooting Star," Bill said.

Mabel nodded, then held up what she'd been holding. A busted up sewing machine.

"Goodbye, old friend," She said, before throwing the object down the hole. "We made many memories together...and caused many fires."

Bill went next, throwing down a game console he recently grabbed from the box. "So long, crappy game console I bought from a sketchy internet site."

Will took out a shoebox tapped shut, and then tossed it into the pit

as while. Wendy looked at him curiously.

"Hey Will, what was in there?"

"Uh, nothing special," He said, simply.

"Guys, should we really be standing this close?" Dipper advised.

"It's all good, bro-bro," Mabel reassured.

However, things took a turn, when a strong wind suddenly picked up. The group stared in shock, as the current of air pushed at them with force.

"Everyone, inside!" Bill instructed.

They prepared to do just that, when a yell pierced the air. They turned, to see Will almost falling into the pit, gripping desperately at the edge. They quickly ran to his aid, but just when they were about to help him up, the wind picked up again, pushing them into the pit.

They screamed, as they fell through the darkness. After a while, they eventually stopped, looking around in confusion.

"Well, this sucks," Wendy commented.

While in the air, Dipper managed to pull out his sword. It then emitted a blue glow, which gave them a bit of light.

"There has to be an end to this, we could be hitting something at any moment," Dipper said.

Everyone braced themselves, but nothing happened.

"Looks like we're stuck here for a while," Bill sighed.

"I'm really sorry, guys," Will said.

"It's going to be okay, Will," Wendy told him, gently.

"Yeah, let's not worry so much about it," Mabel said. "How about, we past the time by telling stories?"

"Do you really think this is the appropriate time?" Dipper snapped.

"Either that, or we wait silently for our death," Bill said. "Plus, I think it'll do us good to relieve some stress."

"Bill is right," Mabel said, then added. "So, who wants to go first?"

"I guess, I'll go first," Will decided. "This story ain't all that interesting, though. It happened a few weeks ago..."

⁂

A few weeks ago ...

Wendy and Bill were outside the shack, playing with water guns. Bill yelped when a spray of water hit him square in the head, and Wendy laughed in return.

"That's a point for me, Cipher," She said, triumphantly.

"No way, my back was turned!" Bill protested, brushing his wet blond locks out of his eyes.

"Never turn your back on a water duel," Wendy told him, aiming the water gun at him. "Now, repent for your sins!"

"Never!" The blond yelled.

"You leave me no choice, partner," She said, in a fake Western accent, then sprayed him with water.

Bill protested loudly, but couldn't help but laugh a bit. Their fun was soon interrupted, when a familiar face showed up.

"Guys!" Will screamed, approaching them quickly. "I think I just got bitten by a snake! I need a doctor *quick!"*

Bill burst out laughing. "Oh man, I can't take you seriously with that squeaky voice of yours."

"What?" Will asked.

"Yeah, I have to agree with Bill," Wendy said. "That voice of yours is

kinda adorable, actually."

"My voice?" The blue haired boy frowned. "Sure, it cracks, but not that much...does it?"

Bill tilted his head. "Dude, your voice cracks so much that Red and I made a techno remix of it."

"You didn't," Will remarked.

Bill gave him a challenging look.

A while later, once Wendy and Bill were dry, they were inside and making Will listen to a tape recording of his voice.

" Hey there ! My name is Will C-C-Cipher ! Nice to meet you , C-C-Cipher !"

Wendy and Bill laughed, while Will frowned. "I don't really sound like that, do I?"

"Wait, this is my favorite part," Bill said, quickly.

" StOP it gUYSs ! "

The two laughed harder. Frustrated, Will grabbed the tape and stomped out of the shack.

⁂

Needing some time to think, Will walked into town. He let out a deep sigh.

"Dang it, even my sighs sound weird," He said, passing the entrance to the junkyard.

"HEY THERE!"

Will screamed, whirling around to face a man in a green cloak. He recognized the figure as Fiddleford McGucket.

"Fiddleford, it's been long since I seen you," The boy pointed out.

The old man smiled widely at him. "Yep! Also, I couldn't help but hear your pathetic sighs from a mile away. So, what seems to be the trouble?"

"It's just my voice," Will replied. "It keeps cracking, and my brother and my friend keep giving me a hard time over it. Though, it's not like I can do anything about it."

"On the contrary, little fella," Fiddleford started, reaching under his hat, before pulling out a vial filled with blue liquid. "You see, I've been tinkering with a voice alterizing tonic, that might help you."

Will was handed the vial, and he stared down at it. "This will really help my voice? Thanks!" Then, he downed the tonic with one gulp, before leaving.

"Enjoy your new voice!" Fiddleford called to him, before adding softly. "If you survive, that is."

⁂

The next morning, Will woke up, and yawned.

"Ugh, what time is it?" He said to himself. He paused, when he realized his voice was much deeper. "Wait, the tonic worked! I have a new voice! Ha ha!"

Will hopped off his bed, and went to nudge Bill awake. "Good morning, Bill."

"AH!" Bill shot awake, and slammed him with a pillow.

"Ow! What was that for?" Will complained.

Bill stared at him. "Will, what did you do to your voice?"

"I changed it," He replied, proudly. "Now, my voice doesn't crack anymore."

"Yes, but now you sound even weirder," Bill said.

"What? No, I think I sound awesome," Will insisted, then repeated

slowly. "*Sooouund aaawesome.*"

"Yep, I'm having nightmares tonight," Bill commented.

"Hey, guys."

Both turned, and saw Wendy standing by their doorway.

"Red, I told you countless times not to break into our house."

"And I chose not to listen," Wendy replied. "Anyway, what's happening this morning."

"Nothing much," Will answered.

Wendy's eyes widened, then she pulled out her axe. "Die, foul creature!"

Will screamed, but before she could swing her weapon, Bill stood in front of his brother defensively. "Wendy, relax! It's only Will."

"But, what happened to his voice?" Wendy asked.

"I changed it, since you two kept making fun of my old voice," Will said, bitterly.

"At least with your old voice, you sounded like an actual person," Bill remarked. "Now, you sound like some commercial guy."

Will huffed, and went in the direction of the exit. "I'll just find someone who appreciates my new voice. You'll see, I'll be back after these messages...I mean, goodbye!"

⁂

Will was yet again walking through town, filled with conflicting thoughts. Maybe, Bill and Wendy were right? Should he go see Fiddleford again, and ask for a replacement tonic?

While spaced out, he accidentally bumped into a huge guy with tattoos.

The man turned to him. "Oh, sorry about that, little guy."

"Uh, no problem," Will replied.

"What the hell!?" The man gasped. "Are you some kind of goblin child?"

"No, I'm not!"

"That's what I heard the first time, and the next I know, your kind stole my one good loafer!"

Will frowned. "OK, *what?"*

He didn't get an answer, and instead dodged a punch from the man. Will quickly ran off, while the tattooed guy shook his fist at him.

Eventually, he came across the junkyard, and immediately confronted Fiddleford.

"Fiddleford, your potion was a disaster!" Will snapped, then started to sob. "My own brother didn't recognize me, everyone mistakes for some kind of monster, and I even sound ridiculous when I cry-y-y."

"Hmm, I think I see the problem here," The old man said. "I must've mistaken the potions, you must've drank the one meant for voice over professionals. I have a better voice for ya, and just in time, since come sundown you would've returned to your strange old voice."

"It was strange, wasn't it?" Will sighed, taking out the tape recording of his voice and turning it on.

"*My name is Will C-C-Cipher!"* Then, Bill's voice emitted from the tape. "*This remix is dedicated to my brother. Your voice may be weird, but it's still one of a kind.*" Then, came Wendy's voice. "*Yep, never heard anything like it. Remix over."*

Will stared at the tape in his hand, then a soft smile tugged on his features.

"Here," Fiddleford said, handing out a vial with red liquid. "Ready for your new voice?"

Will hesitated, looking between the tape and the vial. Eventually, he decided what he had to do.

⁂

Later that night, Wendy and Bill sat in front of the TV. Wendy was crosslegged on the floor, while Bill sat on the sofa, with a freshly made cup of coffee.

Just then, Will walked in, and the two looked at him intently.

"Hey guys," He greeted, his voice back to normal.

"Will, you sound like a person again!" Wendy exclaimed.

Will shrugged shyly. "Yeah, my voice is not perfect, but it's mine. And, I wouldn't change it for anything, not even for whatever was in this new vial." He held it up, which was empty.

"Then, what happened to the potion in it," Wendy asked, on the same time Bill drank his coffee.

"Oh, I poured it into Bill's coffee."

With that said, Bill choked on his beverage, but already consumed most of it. "Qué el infierno!" He yelled, in Spanish.

Wendy and Will laughed, while Bill glared at them.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist," Will chuckled. "It's suppose to wear off at midnight."

"Poco diablo..."

"Does this mean we're force to use Google Translate, now?" Wendy questioned.

⁂

Present Day .

"Then, Bill went on a Spanish rant for the rest of the night," Will concluded. "That's the end of my story."

"That was great, Will," Mabel complimented. "Who's next?"

"I got a story," Wendy said. "About the time when I caught this wicked monster in the woods, with help from my friends and the Cipher twins."

"Ah yes, I remember this story," Bill said. "It was the eleventh time you used us as bait."

"C'mon, you had fun," Wendy insisted. "Anyway, it all started back when..." Then, she started telling her story.

Bottomless Pit-Part Two

A few weeks ago ...

Wendy, Bill, and Will, were currently standing in the center of the forest.

"Red, I'm starting to get tired of this," Bill grumbled.

"This is the last time, I promise," Wendy told them.

"Um, so when are your friends showing up?" Will asked. "You said they'll be joining us?"

Just then, the three heard a loud caw above. They looked up, to see a huge bird with purple tail feathers.

"Looks like they're here," Wendy smiled, then called to the bird. "Tambry! Over here!"

The bird immediately landed, turning into a teenage girl. "Hey," She said, pulling out her phone.

In the nearby bushes, Thompson crawled out, along with Lee and Nate.

Thompson approached them eagerly. "Hey--" Then, he tripped, and fell on his face. "Ow..."

Lee bent down and patted his head. "Don't worry, Thompson, you don't have any dignity left to lose."

"Yay..."

"Waddup, Wendy," Nate greeted, giving the redhead a high five.

Wendy looked around. "Where's Robbie? I asked him to come too."

"He couldn't make it," Nate explained. "He said he was *busy*.

Whatever that meant."

"Huh, since Leather Pants isn't here, this might be tolerable," Bill said.

"So, what are we doing here, Wendy?" Tambry asked, without looking up from her phone.

Wendy cleared her throat. "We're here to catch the elusive monster: the *Mudborn.* It's said to be located in this part of the forest, and the Cipher twins are gonna help us lure it out, so we can attack."

"This is a very, very bad idea," Bill remarked.

"Less complaining, more baiting!" Wendy told him, then beckoned them deeper into the woods.

After a while, they arrived at a spot beside a stream of water, and they hid behind a large bush. There was silence, and they looked around.

"So, Red," Bill started. "What exactly does this Mudborn look like?"

A moment later, he had answer. As a deep growl echoed throughout the forest, and a giant shape slowly came into view. The twins stared in shock, at the monster before them. It was completely made of mud, dirt, and an assortment of twigs. It had no eyes, but had a gaping mouth, relieving rows of pointed stones with sharp tips.

It emitted another low growl, it's four feet making squelching noises as it walked. It gurgled, dripping mud everywhere, while the brothers watched.

"Nope," Bill said, turning away. "Will, we're leaving."

"Yep," Will agreed.

But, unfortunately, Wendy blocked their path. "Guys, please," She begged.

"There's no way, we're facing that thing," Bill snapped.

"It's easy, I swear," Wendy insisted. "All you have to do, is stand in front of our hiding place, and lure the monster towards us."

"If we die today, you're banned from our funeral," Bill told her.

"I'll probably threaten to jump in the grave with you."

"Seems like something you'd do," The blond sighed, then tugged on Will's sleeve. "C'mon, let's get it's attention."

Will made a terrified look. "But--"

Before he could protest, Bill dragged him out of the safety of the bush, along with himself. The Mudborn had it's back turned to them, and Bill put two fingers in his mouth and blew a sharp whistle. Will squeaked, when the monster turned it's attention on them.

"Hey, ugly!" Bill yelled. "Look at this!" Then, he blew a raspberry.

The monster roared in outrage, and charged at them. The ground shook beneath them, and when the Mudborn neared, the Cipher twins ran out of the way. On that moment, Wendy launched out, along with her friends, whom had taken the forms of animals.

At the sidelines, the twins watched as the group attacked the monster at all sides. Wendy was currently swiping at the struggling beast with her axe.

"Don't worry, you two!" She called to them. "Everything's going to be--"

She was interrupted, when the Mudborn grabbed her axe, and swallowed it whole. Wendy stared at her empty hands. "Oh..."

The monster roared, and swiped it's paw at her. Wendy was slammed across the floor, and looked slightly dazed after that. Then, things only gotten worse, as Nate, in his buck form, got his front legs stuck in the gooey mass of the monster. Lee noticed his friend's distress, and helped him by locking his strong jaws on Nate's antlers and pulling. Eventually, Nate was freed, and the rest of the group decided to retreat.

They ran to the safety behind a tree, while the Mudborn whirled around blindly. Wendy looked like she was having a strong headache, but then Will put a comforting hand on her arm, and suddenly she looked much better.

"What now?" Bill snapped.

"I don't really know," Wendy admitted.

Meanwhile, the rest of the group turned back into humans. The first thing Lee did, was embrace Nate.

"Plunging your legs inside it, could you be anymore stupid?" Lee sniped. "I'm glad you're okay, though."

"Of course, I'm okay," Nate said, then added. "Also, there's a point where this hug becomes awkward..."

Lee instantly withdrew, turning pink. "Sorry."

Thompson went up to Wendy nervously. "What are we gonna do now?"

Wendy sighed. "Anything we throw at it, will just be absorbed. How do we even fight earth itself?"

"With water."

The redhead blinked, turning to Bill. "What?"

Bill didn't respond, instead pointing from behind the tree. Wendy looked, and saw the stream, that was a short distance away from where the Mudborn stood.

"Bill, you're a genius!" Wendy beamed, then addressed the rest of the group. "We'll force it into the stream, and maybe it will evaporate."

"It's our best shot," Nate agreed, and so did everyone else.

"OK, listen carefully," Wendy told them, before gathering them closely and explaining the plan.

Some time had passed, and the Mudborn was still where it was. That was, until a battle cry caught it's attention. It squealed, when a form jumped onto it's neck, and it was non other than Bill Cipher.

"Yeehaw!" Bill cheered, as it struggled to get him off. "Try to shake me off, you mutated dustbunny! I am the god of destruction and malice--GAH!" He was cut off, when the beast absorbed him into it's body.

"Bill!" Will screamed.

"I told him not to touch it!" Wendy spat. "C'mon, let's save your brother!"

Wendy and Will charged at the Mudborn, along with the rest of the group behind them. The monster roared in distress, as it was forced backwards. They dodged, as it swiped it's paw at them, then Wendy lunged at it. She grabbed it by it's stone teeth, and began to shove it backwards. Eventually, her strength pulled off, and the Mudborn ended up falling into the stream.

It shrieked in agony, as it's body melted away in the flowing water, until there was nothing left. Once the muck cleared away, Bill sat in the middle of the stream, holding Wendy's axe and something else close to his chest.

"Bill, you're okay!" Will exclaimed, relieved.

Bill stood up, and walked away from the stream. He handed over the axe to Wendy, while the other thing was still in his grip. It appeared to be a furry brown ball.

"Bill, what's that?" Wendy asked.

Bill held it out. "It seems to be the mighty *Mudborn*."

The group stared in shock, when seeing the form struggling in the blond's grip. It was a gopher.

"Fools!" It shrieked. "How dare you tear down the creation of the Gopher King! Unhand me, you aboveground peasants!"

Wendy rolled her eyes. "Ugh, it's a gopher mage," She said, tiredly. "These guys are always a menace."

"Release me, or I'll be force to chew on the earthworms you call appendages!" The gopher yelled, then nibbled on Bill's fingers. "*Nom nom nom*...FREEDOM IS MINE...*Nom nom nom*."

"He's so cute and tiny!" Thompson cooed.

"We should call him *Nibbles,*" Nate said.

"Desist your sounds of idiocy!" The creature shouted. "Soon, the earth will swallow your pathetic hick town, and the creatures of the dark will feel the warm embrace of the sun once more--"

Tambry snapped a photo of him. "Totally tweeting this," She said, tapping at her phone.

The gopher screamed dramatically. "MY EYES! My dimple sized eyes!"

"Well, that's done," Wendy said, smiling at the twins. "Thanks for everything, guys."

"No problem," Bill said. "Good thing, this is the last time you'll use us as bait."

"Actually...I had my fingers crossed."

"YOU--"

⁂

Present Day .

"So, what happened to Nibbles?" Mabel asked.

"We took turns babysitting him," Wendy explained. "You know, feeding him and all that stuff."

"Wasn't it suppose to be your turn to feed him?" Will asked.

Wendy creased her brow, then her eyes widened. "Oops..."

"OK, putting that aside," Bill said. "It's time I told a story, it's called *Bill Rules The Entire World,* where I laugh manically and properly stand on a mountain of bones."

"Definitely not," Dipper told him.

"You don't let me have any fun, Pine Tree."

"Well, I'm gonna tell a *non-terrible* story," Mabel declared, then started telling it.

Bottomless Pit-Final

Yesterday ...

Mabel and Will were in the living room, playing with Gompers.

"Why does your brother think he looks creepy?" Mabel asked, squishing the goat's face. "He's so adorable!"

"I think it originates from the *traumatic* event he had as a kid, when an animal in a petting zoo stole his popsicle," Will chuckled, petting Gompers's head.

A moment later, there was an abrupt slam of the front door, then Bill walked in. And, his clothes had patches of dark grime.

"Hey, losers," He greeted.

"Bill, what happened to your clothes?" Will asked, concerned.

"It's nothing, some jerk almost run me over," Bill muttered. "And when he finally parked his car and went inside a store...I kinda slashed his tires."

"You what!?"

"Relax, I didn't get caught," Bill reassured. "I managed to frame it on an ill-minded old guy."

"So, you framed Fiddleford?" Mabel questioned.

"Yep. You have to bail him out, though."

"Bill, you should've told the truth," Will chastised.

"But, sometimes you have to bend the truth for the greater good," Bill countered.

Dipper walked in, previously in the kitchen. "Did someone ate my

leftover lasagna? I left it in the fridge for later."

"It was Wendy," Bill said, quickly. "You know how feral that girl can be."

"This is a dark day," Dipper sighed. "Thanks, Bill." Then, he left.

"See? For the greater good," Bill grinned, then left the room.

Will huffed in frustration. "I wish Bill would stop lying."

Mabel looked at him thoughtfully, then her expression lit up. "I might be able to help with that."

"Really?"

She nodded. "You see, I happen to know the location of a certain item that can enchant it's wearer to tell the truth."

Will titled his head. "And, you're sure it's safe?"

"Absolutely," Mabel insisted. "And, it'll finally teach Bill a lesson."

Will thought for a while, then gave in. "OK, couldn't hurt to try."

Mabel smiled, then started explaining her plan.

⁂

Later, Mabel and Will managed to retrieve the item, which was a thin golden necklace. They confronted Bill, whom was sitting at the kitchen table.

"Hey, Bill," Mabel smiled, gaining his attention. "Look what I got you." She held up the necklace.

Bill squinted. "This doesn't light up like the last one, does it?"

"No."

"Good, I don't need anymore fire hazards," Bill sniped, then peered at the jewelry curiously. "Hmm, this doesn't look too ugly. Thanks, I guess."

"No problem," Mabel said, giving him the necklace, and he put it on.

After that, Mabel scooted closer to Will, and whispered. "See if it works."

Will obliged, then asked Bill. "Hey, what really happened to Dipper's lasagna?"

Almost on command, Bill immediately answered. "I ate it, because I have little to no concern of people's possessions or emotions." He blinked. "That was weird..."

Mabel nudged Will excitingly. "It worked!" She beamed, softly.

"Yeah, but I still feel a little bad about this," Will admitted.

"C'mon, what's the worst that can happen?"

As she said that, Wendy and Dipper came into the kitchen.

"Hey, guys," Wendy said, immediately rummaging in the fridge.

"Red, I gotta tell you something," Bill said, suddenly. "I'm so sick of you stealing from our fridge, I put a trap in it."

"You what--" Wendy was cut off, when there was a loud blast from inside the fridge. She pulled her head out, and her entire face was covered in blue dye. "Well played. I'm gonna plunge myself in a random lake now."

After she left, Dipper gave Bill a stern look. "Bill, that was kinda scummy of you."

Bill didn't respond, looking at him blankly.

"Are you listening to me?" The Guardian snapped.

"You're really attractive, Pine Tree," Bill said.

Dipper blinked, turning red. "What? Are you making fun of me?"

"No, I'm being completely honest," The blond insisted.

Dipper gave him a calculated look, as though making sure he was genuine. Then, his expression turned shy. "Thanks, I suppose..."

Bill nodded. "Plus, that cute butt of yours ties the whole look together."

Will choked on air, Mabel was speechless, and Dipper looked like he'd been slapped in the face. "Excuse me?" He asked.

"That's only the gist of it, I didn't even begin to describe your--" Bill was cut off, when Will pulled him away from the table.

"Bill needs a nap," Will said, quickly.

"No, I don't," Bill told him.

"Yes, you do," His brother remarked, dragging him out of the kitchen, followed by Mabel.

Will released Bill, and he gave him a frustrated look. "You're acting weird, to be honest with you," He said, then walked away.

"This is not going well," Will pointed out.

"This was a good decision," Mabel insisted. "Bill is being more open than he ever was before, we just need time to get use to it."

⁂

Throughout the whole day, Bill had been spouting the truth nonstop. To say that the experience was unnerving, was an understatement...

At *13:00,* Bill was working his shift in the *Mystery Shack,* when a customer walked up to him.

"Excuse me, can I get this T-shirt in my size?" He asked, holding up the clothing.

"Forget the T-shirt!" Bill laughed, then yelled to the rest of the customers. "Hey people, look at this man's unattractive face!"

The man bowed his head, and Will led him away, murmuring. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry..."

At *14:00,* Dipper and Bill were in the kitchen, and the Guardian was trying to work out a crossword puzzle.

"Bill, I need your opinion on something," Dipper said. "What's a six letter word for something that looks appealing?"

Bill thought for a moment, before picking up a pen, and writing the answer down on the crossword. Dipper looked at it, then frowned.

"Bill...you just wrote down my name."

Bill smirked. "Yep."

Dipper inhaled deeply, turned red, then set the entire crossword on fire. As soon as it turned to ashes, he stomped out of the kitchen without another word, on the same time Wendy walked in.

"What did you say to him?" She asked.

Bill shrugged.

At *16:00,* the group was huddled together in front of the TV. Everyone was laughing, except for Bill.

"Is this what life is?" He questioned. "A horrific joke without a punchline? That we're all just biding our time until the sweet release of death?"

The TV show kept going, but no one was laughing. Everyone grew silent, while Will was rocking back and forth, murmuring to himself.

By the near end of the day, Will had enough, and went to go confront Mabel about it.

"We need to get that necklace back!" Will told her. "I thought I wanted a more truthful Bill, but I was wrong. So, so wrong!"

"It's not that bad," Mabel said, sounding like she was trying to

convince herself. "It can't possibly get any worse."

"Bill Cipher, you are arrested."

Both stared, before heading in the direction where the voice came from. They arrived at the front door, where Officer Blubs and Deputy Durland stood before Bill.

"What's going on?" Will demanded.

"This boy called us over and admitted to committing property damage," Blubs explained. "Also, he called me fat."

"He's getting full jail time," Durland said, taking out a pair of handcuffs.

"Wait!" Mabel said. "Bill's innocent!"

Blubs looked at her with uncertainty. "Is this the truth you're telling?"

Mabel sweated nervously, then sighed. "Bill is...Bill is secretly a crime fiction writer."

"Huh?" Bill said.

"Yeah, he was telling you about a character in his upcoming page turner, a lovable delinquent," Mabel said, forcing a smile. "Also, have you lost weight, Mr Blubs?"

"Finally! Someone noticed," Blubs smiled.

Durland beamed. "An author! Can you teach me how to read?"

"Author?" Bill repeated. "I'm not--"

"Anyway!" Mabel interrupted. "Bill has a lot of writing to do. Bye, Officers!"

The two men bid them farewell, and left. After that, Will and Mabel sighed in relief.

"Aw, man," Bill said. "I didn't get to tell them about my obsessive

jaywalking."

"Will, tackle him."

"What--"

Will tackled him to the ground, and tore of the necklace. "Got it!"

⁂

Present Day ...

"And that's the end of my tale," Mabel said.

"You never told me I said all those things to Pine Tree!" Bill stuttered, while the said brunette blushed nearby.

Mabel shrugged. "You never asked."

"So, what happened to the necklace?" Wendy asked.

"I put it somewhere no one would find it," Will said.

Bill looked around, then pointed to a taped box falling beside them. "It's in that box, isn't it?"

"Yeah..."

"So, if you told a story you just lived through," Dipper started. "How does it end?"

"I never made it that far," Mabel admitted, then a beam of light shined on them from below.

They stared down, only to see a beacon of light, which was likely the end to the pit. They screamed in fear, and but a moment later, they landed safely on the ground. They looked around, only to see that they were outside the shack, exactly where they last stood.

"Wait, what?" Mabel said, in disbelief.

"It's not a bottomless pit, it's a loophole!" Dipper realized.

"And it seems not much time has passed," Wendy pointed out.

"Well, this by itself makes a pretty good story," Bill smiled.

"Yep," Will agreed.

"And it all started, because we had to save Will for the twelfth time in the row," Bill said.

Will shoved him into the pit.

Bill screamed as he fell down, and the Guardians stared at Will.

"He'll be fine," Will said, before heading towards the shack.

The Deep End-Part One

On one excruciatingly hot day, the group were huddled in the living room of the shack, as the heat exhausted them.

"Arrgh!" Mabel groaned, leaning against the TV.

"Translation, please," Bill asked Dipper.

"She can't take the heat anymore," Dipper replied, waving a paper fan at his face rapidly.

Wendy came out from inside the kitchen, bits of frost stuck in her hair. "OK, I only managed to stick my head in the freezer for 20 minutes before I started suffocating. Any suggestions on how we can cool off?"

"I'm too dehydrated to think," Will complained. "This is probably the hottest day of the summer."

"I know right," Bill said. He turned to a figure sitting on the sofa. It was Stan, and he seemed unfazed by the heat. "I *wonder* what despicable person allowed this."

Stan gave him a sideways glance. "Heh, are you talking to me?"

"Yes!" Bill snapped. "You control the sun! What is with this weather?"

Stan shrugged. "Being a sun deity, sometimes I see how much I can get away with being the biggest jerk possible, just for the heck of it."

"Prime example: Australia," Dipper said.

"You're way too chaotic," Mabel told her uncle.

"Only when I'm off my *special* medicine," Stan replied.

Just then, an advertisement popped on the TV, and as though luck struck them, it was about a new pool opening.

"A pool? This is great!" Mabel beamed, standing up.

"We should go now, before it gets full," Dipper pointed out.

Stan leaned back in the sofa. "Have fun, kids. I'll look after the shack while you're gone."

"Don't set anything on fire, old man," Bill said, before following the rest of the group out.

"Like I was going to," Stan muttered, softly. "Probably."

⁂

Later, the group arrived at the pool, wearing swimsuits. The area was packed with people, but fortunately, it wasn't too full.

"Ah, the pool," Mabel said, blissfully. "A sparkling oasis of summer enchantment."

"Nothing beats going in a tub with strangers," Bill remarked. "It's like the public bus, but wet."

"Try to have some fun," Will told him. "And don't try to drown Dipper."

"I think it'll be the other way around, Will," Dipper chuckled.

"Haha, very funny," Bill deadpanned. "If you'll excuse me, I'll be swimming, pretending you guys don't exist." Then, he walked off.

"Pfft, his loss," Mabel claimed. "Because the rest of us are gonna have fun--Wait a minute, who's that?"

She pointed to the edge of the pool, where a young man with tanned skin, long hair, and stubble on his top lip was relaxing in the sun. Wendy looked at him, and she made a look of recognition.

"Yeah, he's quite a loner," Wendy told Mabel. "Some say he never

leaves the pool."

"And his skin never gets pruny?" Will questioned, slightly amazed.

Meanwhile, Mabel was gazing at the stranger. "Is it hot out here, or is it just that guy?" She giggled.

"It's the hottest day of the summer," Dipper told her. "Also, can you go one minute without having a random crush?"

"Are you kidding? Look at his little mustache hairs!" Mabel beamed. "There's no way I can resist his charms."

"Maybe, you should ask him out?" Will asked.

The female brunette sighed. "I've been out of the game for half a century! How am I suppose to impress him?"

"I'm sure you'll figure something out," The blue haired boy reassured.

Mabel looked at him thoughtfully, then smiled. "Hey, you can help me! Like some kind of wingman."

Will tilted his head. "Um, I guess," He said. "What do I have to do?"

Mabel wrapped an arm around him, and stirred him away. "I'll explain everything."

Eventually, the two left, and Dipper exhaled softly. "I guess, it's just you and me, Wendy--"

But, when he turned, she was gone.

"Oh, come on."

⁂

At one side of the pool, Mabel and Will sat on the edge, while observing the long haired guy that was a short distance away.

"So, the plan is that I pretend to drown, and you come save me," Will revised.

"Yep, and Handsome Guy will be so impress, he'll have to date me," Mabel smiled.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," Will said. "Let's first get his attention."

He took a deep breath, before sinking into the pool. He paddled to the center, and looked at Mabel. She gave him a thumbs up, and he returned it.

He cleared his throat, before rapidly splashing. "Help! I can't swim!" Will shouted. "Someone help!"

The long haired man blinked, looking in his direction. It looked like the plan was set in motion. Will kept screaming, and Mabel stood up with a smile.

"Don't worry, I'll save you!" She yelled, then prepared to dive.

"CANNONBALL!"

Will's eyes widened, when a random citizen fell on top of him, erupting a big splash in his place.

"Will!" Mabel shouted, distressed.

Will floated to the surface, unconscious, while the man who had fallen on him, which revealed to be Officer Blubs, looked at him in surprise, as though he hadn't noticed him.

"Aw man, that's the third time already," Blubs sighed.

Quickly as possibly, Mabel slipped into the water, and swam towards Will. She held him out of the water, checking him for any injuries.

"Will, can you hear me?" She pleaded.

"Over here!"

Mabel turned, seeing the guy from before waving in her direction. She quickly paddled towards him, and he patted a floaty raft.

"Lay him right here," He told her, and she obliged.

The young man examined Will carefully, and after a while, he seemed satisfied. "Good, he seems to be breathing normally," He said, in a thick accent. "But, he should definitely be out of the water for a while."

"Thanks," Mabel said.

The stranger looked up at her, with a smile. "My name is Mermando, may I ask the name of you and your friend here?"

Mabel blinked at him, blushing. "My...uh.."

"Her name is Mabel," Will said, peeling his eyes open. "And I'm Will...Ow."

"Will, I'm so glad you're okay!" Mabel beamed.

"I'll leave you be, then," Mermando said, starting to swim off. "Keep care of your friend, Mabel."

"Wait!" Mabel said, grabbing his arm. "Maybe we can hang out later? And grab some snacks outside the pool--"

"Sorry, but I cannot," Mermando sighed, a look of sorrow in his eyes. "I must go."

Mabel watched with a frown, as the young man left. Will looked at her in concern.

"Are you alright, Mabel?'

"I'm upset," Mabel admitted, then she smiled softly. "But intrigued."

⁂

Bill was getting out of the pool, after a few minutes of swimming. He supposed it was about time he acknowledged the existence of his friends, as long as they didn't do anything annoying. He went to go search for them, but only managed to find one.

It was Dipper, and the Guardian was currently buying a bottle of water from a vending machine. Bill forced himself not to stare, since Dipper was only wearing a pair of swim trunks. A shirtless Dipper was something he'll never get use to.

Suddenly, Dipper turned towards him, and a smile formed on his face. "Bill, you came just in time," He said. "You mind helping me with something?"

"If you're gonna ask me to rub sunscreen on your back, I swear to--"

"Relax," Dipper told him, tiredly. "I only want you to pour some of this water over the back of my neck." He tossed the bottle to him.

Bill caught it expertly, and stared it. "The pool does exist, you know?"

Dipper shrugged. "I find it more refreshing this way."

"Why can't you do it yourself?"

"I can't reach."

"Really, even with your noodle arms?" Bill teased.

The Guardian rolled his eyes, clearly annoyed by the blond's remarks. "This is literally the easiest thing in the world, can you just do it for me?"

"Alright," Bill remarked. "But bend down a little, you're way taller than me."

Dipper nodded, and did what Bill suggested. The blond walked up to the crouched Guardian. Dipper's head was bowed, leaving his neck exposed. Bill did his part, and pulled cap off the bottle, before turning it over the brunette's neck. The crystal clear water tickled down Dipper's back, and the Guardian tensed before his body relaxed. The brunette released a soft sigh, which made Bill's stomach tingle slightly.

Bill stood there awkwardly, finding himself focusing on the lines of water crawling down Dipper's shoulder blades. He stared at the wet

marks left on Pine Tree's skin, and he felt very parched. Feeling the situation could only worsen if he dragged it on, he quickly emptied the bottle, before dropping it onto Dipper's head.

"Ow!" Dipper snapped, rubbing his head.

"Cooled down, yet?" Bill remarked.

Dipper stood up straight, and glared at him. "Yes, but you don't have to be such a jerk about it!"

"It's nice to see you two get along."

Both turned towards the voice, and were taken aback by surprise. Wendy was standing behind a fence, with a sign *Pool Jail* on it.

"Hey," She said.

"Red, we've only been here for 5 minutes, how are you already arrested?" Bill asked.

"By stealing snacks, I guess."

"When are they gonna let you out?" Dipper asked, concerned.

Wendy shrugged. "Beats me. But, don't worry, I already displayed my dominance by punching the biggest guy here."

"You mean that chubby kid brawling on the floor behind you?" Bill questioned.

"Yep," The redhead said. "I already have a ton of pool convicts on my side, so expect a jailbreak soon with water balloons."

"There's no need for that," Dipper told her. "We'll just have a talk with the pool manager, and have everything sorted."

"That might be impossible," Wendy said. "Mr Poolcheck is a beast."

"I'm sure he's a reasonable guy," Dipper insisted.

Wendy arched a brow, then pointed behind them. They turned, and saw a muscular man with a deep tan, a red shirt and white shorts.

The man who could only be *Mr Poolcheck,* was currently doing pushups with his index fingers. He abruptly turned to them, and Dipper gasped.

"Oh, great," Bill sighed.

The Deep End-Part Two

After Mabel helped Will recover, they went along a new plan to figure out what Mermando was all about. Will was reluctant to say the least, since he had a relented ache inside his head. He tried healing himself, and for a moment, it worked, but not for long. Was it possible that his powers were growing weaker, was it because he hadn't been practicing often?

"Will."

Will blinked, realizing Mabel was speaking to him. "Yeah?"

"I have a perfect plan to approach Mermando," Mabel smiled.

"What is it?"

"First, I purchase a sub sandwich from the snack bar," Mabel said. "Then, I give him the sandwich in exchange for one date with me."

Will tilted his head. "And, you're sure this will work?"

"Nobody can refuse a sub!" She declared.

So, the Guardian and Will ordered one sub sandwich, before looking for the young man from earlier. They eventually saw him leaning against another corner of the pool, and Mabel immediately approached him, with Will not far behind.

"Hey again!" Mabel beamed.

Mermando turned to her, smiling in recognition. "Hola, Mabel. Hola, Will."

"I love your accent!" She exclaimed. "Is that Australian?"

"It's Spanish, Mabel," Will told her.

Mabel ignored him, and continued to step forward. "Anyway, look

what I got you--AH!" At that moment, she stumbled on a crack in the concrete floor, the sandwich launching out of her hands.

"I got it!" Will said, and reached out to catch it.

He managed to in the end, but also resulted in smashing into the water. Will held his breath at the last possible second, his vision blurry. Still, he almost gasped, when he saw a glitter in front of him, that seemed to be connected to Mermando. They almost looked like...*scales*!?

Terrified, Will quickly swam upwards, breaking the surface. He gasped in a lungful of air, still holding onto the now soggy sandwich. Mabel knelt down, and regarded him with worry.

"Will, are you--"

"I saw something!" Will squeaked. "Scales! Mermando had scales!"

Mermando stiffened, while Mabel only looked confused. "Will, you know swallowing pool water is bad for your head. All that chlorine messes you up."

"But, I'm telling the truth," The boy insisted, then spun towards Mermando. "What are you hiding?"

The young man hesitated for a long while, and his brow scrunched up in frustration. "I have a confession to make..."

The two friends looked at him intently, waiting for Mermando's next response. The next thing they knew, the young man pushed away the floaty raft that was covering his legs, revealing that he had a fish tail.

"I am a merman," Mermando said, finally.

Will released the sandwich in shock, letting it's contents float around him. "Oh..."

"That's a relief!" Mabel said. "I thought you had a girlfriend."

"So, you're a merman?" Will said, still in disbelief by the whole

thing. "How did you end up here?"

Mermando sighed heavily. "I remember swimming with my dolphin friends, then suddenly, I was enslaved by this fishing net! I was headed to Zero Gravity Town, but then I tried to escape, but fell down a drainage pipe and ended up here..."

"Holy Axolotl," Mabel breathed.

"And now that you know what I am...you must seriously be weirded out."

"No way!" Mabel told him. "Trust me, you're the least weirdest thing I seen this summer! How about, we three hang out and get to know each other until the pool closes?"

Mermando smiled warmly at her. "Thank you, Mabel."

The female Guardian blushed in return. "No problem, Mermando."

"I'll get a replace sandwich in the meantime," Will said, swaying his arms through the floating pickles around him.

⁂

Meanwhile, Dipper and Bill were confronting Mr Poolcheck. Dipper did most of the talking, since he knew Bill would mess it up somehow.

"And we promise she won't do it again," The brunette finished. "So, can you let Wendy out early?"

Mr Poolcheck narrowed his eyes. "How about this, instead? Since there is a lack of lifeguards around, you'll be taking on the roles from now on, and then I'll release your friend."

Bill glared. "Hold up, you wrinkly tangerine, that's not--"

"Bill!" Dipper snapped, then turned to Poolcheck with a forced smile. "Lifeguards? That can't be too hard."

"You may think that, but are you really prepared for the dangers the

pool has for you?" Poolcheck demanded.

"Uh, sure," Dipper answered, awkwardly. "I think we can handle it."

"Can you handle this!?" He screamed, before easily removing his hand from his wrist.

Both Bill and Dipper screamed in surprise, but eventually realized it was only a prosthetic.

"I lost my hand to a pool filter!" Poolcheck snapped, before screwing it back onto his wrist. "The pool might seem nice, but she'll turn on you in an instant. So, it's important that you respect her rules! You got that?"

"Yes," Dipper said, hesitantly.

"Good," Poolcheck replied. "Welcome to the deep end, son."

Dipper tilted his head. "Thank--"

He was cut off, when Poolcheck aggressively hugged him. "Ack!" Dipper choked. "Bill, a little help here?"

"Nah," Bill replied.

Poolcheck finally released the Guardian, giving them both a serious look. "The pool is nearly closing, you two will be working first thing tomorrow. Good luck, guppies."

Then, he walked off without another word, leaving the two alone.

"Red owes us big time for this," Bill said.

"Agreed," Dipper said.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the pool, Mabel and Will were bidding Mermando farewell, as soon as people started leaving the area.

"Can I hopefully see you tonight?" Mermando asked, mostly looking at Mabel.

"Definitely!" She smiled. "See you later, Mermando!"

The two walked off, as the merman dived into underwater. Will regarded Mabel with a frown.

"Isn't the pool closed after hours?" Will pointed out.

"Kinda," Mabel said, sheepishly. "But, maybe I can visit Mermando just this once."

"OK, but be careful," He told her.

Mabel dismissed this with a wave of her hand. "No worries, I'm the most careful person there is." She said this, before slipping on the wet concrete and falling into the pool.

She rose to the surface, her soaked hair covering her eyes. Will was stifling his laughter nearby, and Mabel warned. "Not. One. Word."

⁂

Later that night, back in the shack, the Cipher twins were preparing for bed. While Will got dressed in his pajamas, Bill was telling him about his day.

"So basically, Dipper and I are forced to be lifeguards in exchange for setting Wendy free. And our boss is a complete psychopath."

"It can't be that bad," Will told him. "I mean, I heard lifeguards get free snack privileges."

"Yeah," Bill agreed.

"And plus, you get to spend more time with Dipper."

"Yeah--I mean, like I care!" Bill spluttered.

Will rolled his eyes at his brother's childishness, pulling on his pajama shirt, before climbing into bed. "At least your day was much easier than mine."

"Oh yeah, I heard Mabel made you her wingman," Bill snickered.

"So, how did it go?"

"I nearly drowned twice, and a sandwich died today," Will explained. "But, other than that, I think Mabel really hit it off with that guy."

"Weird, I thought Mabel had a thing for Pacifica."

Will blinked. "What? No way, I would've noticed that."

"You don't notice a lot of things, Will."

"Jerk."

Bill shrugged nonchalantly, then yawned and laid his head down on his pillow. "OK, time to recharge," He said, putting off the light.

As the blond immediately drifted to sleep, Will was still wide awake. He was worried about Mabel, but decided to push that fear down. Will prayed his friend wouldn't be caught, and forced his eyes closed.

While the twins slept, across the town, the pool had only two residents. Mabel and Mermando were leaning against the edge, while looking through a scrapbook Mabel brought along.

"And here's me doing leg warmups," Mabel started. "And here's me kicking Dipper in his legs. He couldn't move his legs after that! Can you imagine? Not having legs?"

"I feel like you're doing this on purpose," Mermando pointed out.

"Oops, sorry," Mabel said, skipping to the next page. "And here's me taking a group photo with my family."

Mermando suddenly heaved a deep sigh, and turned away. Mabel regarded him in concern.

"What's wrong, Mermando?"

"I too, had a family once," He explained. "I miss them so much."

"Have you tried leaving the pool?"

"Many times, all were fruitless attempts," The merman said, then smiled sadly. "But, I am glad that I'm here, with you."

He leaned against the edge, then gazed up at the star-studded sky. Mabel could only watch him in awe, and mustered up the courage to move closer.

This is it, your first kiss, She told herself. *Just go for it.*

She puckered her lips, and closed her eyes.

"What are you doing with your lips?"

Mabel stopped what she was doing, turning red. "Nothing! I was eating some sour candy, and that's why my lips were like that."

"Can I have some candy?" Mermando asked.

Mabel paused, before saying. "No."

The Deep End-Final

Another day at the pool, Dipper and Bill were in the middle of lifeguarding duty. However, only one of them decided to be professional, as Bill kept goofing off one way or another. Current example, involved the blond filling water balloons.

"Bill, please take this seriously," Dipper told him.

"I'm enjoying the simpler things in life, Pine Tree," Bill remarked. "Just because we're lifeguards, doesn't mean we should do nothing for hours."

After saying this, Bill took aim at a random citizen, and before Dipper could stop him, the blond threw the water balloon. It ended up hitting Officer Blubs in the back of the head.

"AH! WHY IS WATER AGAINST ME?"

Bill burst out laughing, while Dipper shook his head at him. "Can you be anymore immature?"

Bill tossed another water balloon up and down in his palm. "My answer for that question is--" Then, he threw a balloon right at Dipper.

Dipper yelped, when it broke apart against him, and drenched him in water. "Bill!"

"What? It'd looked like you needed cooling off," Bill chuckled.

The Guardian shot him a glare, then went to go grab a towel. While doing that, a familiar face approached them. It was Mr Poolcheck.

"I have mission for you two!" He announced. "Some maniac broke into the pool last night, and I want you to do a stakeout. If any of the supplies are stolen, there will be consequences."

"We'll do our best," Dipper promised.

Poolcheck nodded in approval, before turning away. Bill then made a mischievous look, and then tossed a water balloon at the back of the man's head. It smashed and poured water all over him, then Poolcheck spun around furiously.

"Who threw that!?"

"It was him," Bill lied, pointing to a random person.

Poolcheck deeply inhaled, then released a war cry, before charging at the said person. In return, the resident screamed in fear and ran off, while Poolcheck persuaded them around the pool.

"Get 'em, get 'em," Tyler cheered, from a nearby a bench.

Dipper shot Bill a mean look, and he shrugged. "I'm sure that guy will be fine...probably."

Meanwhile, Mabel and Will were once again reunited with their merman friend. As of now, they were tossing a beach ball to one another.

"Watch what, Mermando!" Mabel laughed, holding the ball over her head. "I'm about to bring the heat!"

She threw it in his direction, but it ended up hitting him in the face, Mermando didn't seem to notice.

"Are you alright, man?" Will asked, and the merman uttered a sad dolphin sound.

Mabel frowned. "It's your family, isn't it? You're missing them."

Mermando nodded, and the female Guardian made a determined face.

"That does it!" She burst out. "I care about you too much, to see you like this! You have to see your family."

"But, Mabel, I already tried," Mermando stuttered.

"Don't worry, we'll help you," Will chimed in, smiling.

Mermando looked extremely moved by the two. "I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"No need," Mabel reassured. "Tonight, we're breaking you out of here!"

So, with that, they spent the whole day, conducting a plan to free the merman from the pool.

⁂

After hours, Dipper and Bill were still inside the pool area. Dipper was pacing around, darting his eyes to the sides occasionally. Then there was Bill, who looked bored out of his mind, turning his flashlight on and off repeatedly.

"Please stop with the flashlight," Dipper told him.

The Guardian squinted, when Bill aimed the beam of light into his face. "I would, if it weren't the only thing keeping me busy."

"How about doing your job?" Dipper told him, spitefully. "And stop shining that thing in my face!"

Bill rolled his eyes, but put away the flashlight. He stepped closer to Dipper. The Guardian stiffened, when the blond came too close, but tried to keep his composure.

"There's no one here, Pine Tree," The blond said, softly. "We can have some fun."

Dipper's eyes widened, but he couldn't stop himself from asking. "What kind of fun?"

Bill smirked, which made the brunette's blood boil. Dipper recognized that smirk, and he hated it with a passion. Most specifically, he hated the things that smirk made him feel.

Bill was still silent, and before Dipper could speak, the blond planted a hand on the center of his chest. The Guardian didn't have any time to process, as Bill gave him a shove, and Dipper ended up falling backwards.

Dipper was surrounded by a cold shock, as he fell into the pool. He immediately rose to the surface, gasping in some air. Once the water that had clogged his ears cleared, he heard Bill laughing hysterically.

"You really are a demon!" Dipper yelled, furiously.

Bill calmed down a bit, grinning. "Relax, we're both wearing lifeguard outfits, so your *precious* uniform is spared."

"You still pushed me!" The brunette snapped.

Bill looked down at him with a challenging look. "Yes, and what are you gonna do about it?"

Dipper paused, then smiled slyly. As fast as lightning, he grabbed Bill's ankle, and pulled him forward. Bill didn't have the strength to fight back, and splashed in beside Dipper.

As Bill coughed up bits of water, Dipper laughed and laughed. Afterwards, Bill regained the strength to punch the brunette in the arm.

"What the hell!?"

"You started it," Dipper pointed out.

"Yeah, but I didn't expect you to retaliate," Bill replied. "I think I'm becoming a bad influence on you."

"You always were," The brunette chuckled. "One time, you convinced me to draw on Grunkle Stan's face while he was asleep, and then--" He paused, because he noticed the intense stare in Bill's eyes. "What's wrong?"

"That's the first time you spoke so calmly about my past life," Bill noted. "Usually, you'd be hesitant to talk about that."

Dipper looked at him for a long while, before bowing his head. "I think I gotten quite used to you, Bill," He said, hesitantly. "Every day, it's like I'm back home, seeing his face..."

Bill frowned, then asked softly. "Do you ever miss him? My past life?"

"To an extent...maybe," Dipper admitted, then looked the blond in the eyes. "But, obviously, you're almost an exact copy of him. It's like he never left."

"I can't tell if that's a good thing, or a bad thing," Bill chuckled, nervously.

Dipper gave him a soft smile, then it faded. "We should get out," He said.

"C'mon, you finally loosened up," Bill complained.

"We were paid to guard this place, not swim."

"Mr Poolcheck didn't exactly tell us the pool was off limits," Bill said, cheekily. "We'll still be watching the place, while in here."

The blond paddled closer to the brunette, and tugged on Dipper's soaked white vest. The Guardian rolled his eyes. Bill really was a bad influence.

"Alright, but we can't be long."

"Of course, Pine Tree."

So, they spent a while in the pool. Dipper was ashamed to admit that he had a little fun. Sure, Bill was annoying as ever, but this was possibly the longest time they socialized with each other. At one point, Bill splashed some water on the Guardian, and in return, Dipper happily dunked his head underwater. When Bill came up again, he basically pinned Dipper against the edge of the pool, while the Guardian laughed at the angry blond.

Just when Bill was choosing between scolding him or punching him, he grew distracted. Something in the way the water glided down Dipper's hair, and how the moon casted a silver hue on his porcelain skin, was extremely mesmerizing. Bill drew closer, it never came to his awareness, how the space between their lips decreased...until Dipper turned away.

Bill regarded him, noticing that the brunette grew silent, and looking downwards.

"Bill, I think something is in the water," Dipper breathed.

Bill blinked, following his gaze. It was hard to tell in the dark, but he managed to see a shadow looming just below them. Immediately, they climbed out of the pool, and stared at the circling silhouette.

"What is that thing?" Bill gasped.

He turned to Dipper, only to turn away in embarrassment. It only occurred to him now, that he had almost kissed the Guardian. He had no idea what possessed him to do that, and he hoped that Dipper hadn't noticed.

"I don't know," Dipper answered him. "Maybe, if we--"

He was interrupted, when they heard a heavy *thud* behind them, followed by a loud grunt. They turned, on the same time when the door to the storage closet swung open, and a figure fell out. They were shocked, to see that it was Will.

"What are you doing here?" Bill demanded.

Will sat up, holding onto a cooler, and regarding them anxiously. "Uh, would you believe me if I said that I was trapped in there all day?"

"Maybe," Bill admitted.

"Bill," Dipper chastised, then went to look at Will. "Were you about to steal that cooler?"

"N-no!" Will stuttered, unconvincingly.

Bill stared at him. "Stealing private property?" He gasped, then grinned. "I'm finally starting to rub off on you!"

"Don't encourage this," Dipper remarked, then addressed the younger twin. "Will, I'm afraid I have to turn you in for this."

Will breathed deeply. "In that case--Now, Mabel!"

The two didn't have the time to react, when a shower of glitter powder fluttered over their head. Bill and Dipper inhaled it unintentionally, and immediately collapsed onto the ground. Behind them, was Mabel holding an empty packet, looking down at their sleeping forms.

"I knew stealing this fairy dust would come in handy!" Mabel cheered.

"Wait, you stole that?" Will questioned.

"Yep, and I'm probably on the fairy queen's hit list, but it was worth it," She declared, then beckoned him towards the pool.

Will carried the cooler over to the water, and immediately after, Mermando poked his head up.

"Mabel! Will!" He smiled. "You came."

"Of course, we did," Mabel said. "Now, let's get you out of here!"

After filling the cooler with water, they helped Mermando inside the container. By the time Dipper and Bill started stirring, Mabel forced the gate open, and the two carried the cooler to the cart parked outside.

Dipper peeled his eyes open, then gasped upon seeing Mabel and Will placing the cooler in the rear of the cart. "Stop!"

Mabel immediately moved to the driver's seat. After Will sat beside her, and secured the cooler, she stepped on the gas pedal.

The vehicle sped through the path away from the pool. Will clenched desperately onto his seat, as the cart shook up and down on the bumpy road.

"Woohoo!" Mabel cheered, turning the steering wheel like a maniac. "Don't worry, Mermando, you're going home!"

Will leaned his head out the passenger's seat, hoping to calm his

nerves. However, he got hit in the face with a water balloon instead.

"Ah!" He squeaked, in surprise.

Gaining on them, in the cart that belonged to the pool, was Dipper and Bill. Bill was launching balloons at them with a pool skimmer, while Dipper was driving.

"Pull over in the name of pool law!" Dipper yelled in a megaphone.

"Pool law is dumb!" Mabel yelled back, then stepped harder on the gas pedal.

The cooler almost fell out, but Will caught it at the last second. Unfortunately, this caused most of the water to pour out. Will's eyes widened, as he heard gasping inside the cooler.

"Hold on, Mermando!" He told him. "We're almost to the lake!"

The two carts sped through the forest, Mabel dodging the other's attacks. Eventually, they broke through trees, arriving at a lake. Yet, Mabel couldn't hit the brakes in time, and ended swerving drastically, resulting in the whole cart flipping over. Mabel and Will crawled out.

"Are you okay?" Mabel asked Will, checking him for wounds.

Will gave her a reassuring look. "I'm fine, what about Mermando?"

Mabel was just about to turn to the cooler, when Dipper and Bill approached them.

"Mabel, what are you doing?" Dipper snapped. "What's inside that cooler that's worth this much trouble?"

Mabel sighed, standing up. "I should've told you this earlier, but..." She opened the cooler, causing Mermando to roll out.

"Hola," Mermando said, awkwardly.

"I should've expected this," Bill said.

"Guys, this is Mermando the merman. He's a merman," Will said.

"Nice to meet you," Mermando said, politely. "Also, I think I am dying." Then he went into a fit of gasping and retching, while his face slowly turned blue.

"Oh my gosh, Mermando!" Mabel screamed, kneeling beside him. "Someone give him CPR! Or *reverse* CPR? I don't know!"

Will stared, then looked around urgently. His eyes caught on a water bottle inside the pool cart, and he made a dash towards it. Bill looked at him, as his brother grabbed the bottle.

"Will, what are you planning to do?"

"Something that I'm going to regret!" Will remarked.

He quickly rushed to Mermando's side, and opened the bottle. He squirted the water inside his mouth, and started resuscitating Mermando through mouth-to-mouth.

"I hate this!" Will gasped, between refilling his mouth. "I hate this!"

Quickly, Bill took out his phone he'd been storing in the pool cart, and took a picture of the two, while their lips were locked. "Haha, blackmail material."

Finally, the natural colour returned to Mermando's face, and he shot up. He smiled at Will, as the boy wiped his mouth. "Thank you for saving me...but why didn't you just roll me into the lake?"

Will facepalmed.

A moment later, Mabel and Dipper carried the merman to lake, and tossed him in. Mermando peered his head up, and tried to make a dolphin sound, but ended up coughing instead.

"My voice!" He said, in dismay. "It's weak from coughing. How will my family hear my call from the mighty depths of the ocean?"

Bill came up, and handed him the megaphone. "Here."

"But that belongs to the pool, you could get fired," Will said.

"This seems more important," Dipper insisted.

Mermando gratefully took the megaphone, and went to smile at Mabel, as she knelt before him on the dock.

"Be safe, Mermando," She said.

"Thank you for everything, Mabel," Mermando gushed. "I never met someone like you."

"Same here," Mabel smiled, sadly. "But, I guess this is it."

"Not quite," He smirked. "This is!"

Then he launched up, and kissed Mabel on the mouth. It took a few heartbeats, before she returned the gesture. Eventually, Mermando pulled back, giving her one last smile, before sinking into the water.

After he left, Mabel could barely contain her joy. "That was my first kiss! Yes!"

"It was kinda Will's first kiss, too," Bill snickered.

Will shuddered. "Don't remind me."

⁂

"Missing pool supplies, dents in the pool mobile, and a missing megaphone!" Poolcheck screamed, that morning. "Who is responsible for this!?"

Dipper and Bill stood in equal silence. Eventually, Dipper replied. "It was us, sir. We gone too deep..."

"Hand over the whistles, guppies!" Poolcheck roared, and they obeyed.

After they handed it over, Poolcheck promptly ate them without any trouble. The two stared for a while, before cautiously backing away. After they were at a safe distance, Bill and Dipper walked

beside each other.

"That was terrifying," Dipper chuckled.

Bill nodded in agreement. Then, he grew silent, recalling what had happened earlier. "Pine Tree, about what happened in the pool--"

"Guys!"

They turned, seeing Mabel and Will rushing towards them. Mabel was holding a bunch of green bottles in her arms, and she was beaming.

"Mermando is back with his family, and decided to message me through letters!" She squealed. "I have a romantic pen pal! The teen movies were true!"

"I'm happy for you, Mabel," Dipper smiled.

Mabel practically skipped away, with Dipper following her. "I'll have to talk to you later, Bill," He said. "Thanks for all the fun."

Bill looked grimly as they both left, then Will noticed his facial expression. "Are you okay?" He asked.

"You were in that closet the whole time," Bill suspected. "Did you...see anything?"

"The only thing I saw were creepy pool floaters, that will most likely haunt my dreams."

"There's such a thing as sharing too much, Will," Bill said.

"Sorry," Will replied, then added. "But, I did hear you two. It sounded like you and Dipper were getting along."

Bill nodded, deciding to stay quiet. He couldn't get that moment out of his head. It had to be the environment. The moonlight. The silence. And the fact they had been alone together. Anyone would've got caught up in the mood. It wasn't like Bill had wanted to kiss Pine Tree, if it had been anyone else he would've done the same thing.

It certainly surprised him, that he almost kissed Dipper of all people. With his annoying sense of justice, his weird clothes, his cute dorky smile...

Did he have a crush on Dipper?

No! That was impossible. Pink dusted Bill's cheeks, as he thought back to how gorgeous the Guardian looked in the moonlight, then thought back to the times Dipper looked good in every moment of the day. He recalled the times seeing the Guardian sad, something he deemed as a heart wrenching sight. Then Dipper's smile...that horrible, horrible smile shouldn't be allowed to make the blond's heart speed up so fast.

I don't have a crush on him!, Bill screamed in his mind. *Right?*

Carpet Diem-Part One

It was nearly the middle of the night, but the Cipher twins were still up. They had managed to construct a mini golf course in their room, created by an assortment of junk.

"Aha!" Bill exclaimed, hitting a glass eyeball into a cup. "Another point for the master of Attic Stuff Mini Golf!"

Will shook his head at him, a golf club gripped in his hand. "Are you sure? It seemed out of bounds."

Bill jabbed him lightly in the stomach with his golf club. "You're out of bounds!"

"Hey!" Will protested, jabbing him back.

The two continued jabbing each other playfully, until Will looked down at his watch.

"I think we should continue our game later," He said, putting his golf club down.

Bill frowned. "What? But, we just started."

"Sorry, but Mabel asked if I'd hang out with her and her friends."

"You're really going out this late at night?"

Will's eyes drifted to the side. "Actually..."

Bill narrowed his eyes. "Will, what are you thinking?"

"I meant to tell you earlier," He said, sheepishly. "But, Mabel and her friends...are coming to us."

Bill's eyes widened in horror. "Oh no, don't tell me you're having a--"

Then, Mabel burst in, with Candy beside her.

"SLEEPOVER!" They squealed.

"Why, god, why!?" Bill cried, falling to his knees.

Will was about to comfort him, when there was a large bang from the door. He turned, seeing Grenda had got stuck in the doorframe.

"A little help?" She asked.

⁂

Bill was laying on his bed, and covering his ears with his pillow, while Will, Mabel, and her Raven Warriors sat in the center, and conversed.

"Mabel, You kissed a merman?" Grenda gasped. "Lucky!"

"Yep," Mabel smiled. "Will kissed him first, though."

"Double lucky!" Candy beamed.

Will chuckled awkwardly. "Yeah, but I don't like to talk about it..."

"After this, someone smear makeup on my face!" Grenda shouted, holding up beauty products.

"Too much makeup might damage your skin," Will pointed out. "Plus, I think you look pretty without it."

"I love this kid!" Grenda laughed, gripping him in a headlock. "He makes feel good about myself."

"Thank you...also, I can't breathe," Will rasped.

Grenda released him, and he gasped loudly. Nearby, Bill seemed to have enough, and groaned loudly, gaining their attention.

"You guys are screaming at frequencies only dogs can hear!" He snapped, getting up from his bed. "I'm going to sleep in the living room."

"Are you sure, Bill?" Will asked him.

"Yeah, I was just about to take out the karaoke machine!" Mabel beamed.

Bill looked at her, then turned to Will with a serious look. "Yep, I'm sure."

Then, he took his pillow and blanket, and left the room. He slammed the door closed, while Mabel prepared her karaoke machine. He made his way downstairs, feeling drowsy with sleep.

Guess I'm sleeping on the sofa. Was his current plan, until he made it into the living room, and saw someone already occupying it.

Bill furrowed his brow, when he saw Gompers curled up asleep on the sofa. He stomped over to the animal, and glared down at it.

"Move, you little pest!" Bill snapped.

Gompers opened his eyes, and looked up at him. Bill felt a chill up his spine, when those glowing eyes stared at him blankly.

"Nice try, this intimidation tactic of yours is not going to work on me," Bill remarked.

The goat continued to stare, unblinkingly. Bill stood awkwardly, as it's dead gaze burned through him.

Dang it ...

⁂

And that was how Bill ended up outside.

"Damn that goat," Bill muttered, laying in a sleeping bag.

The blond looked up at the sky, the stars twinkled in the distance. This wasn't so bad. Sure, it was a bit cold, and the ground was hard, but at least it was quiet. With that, he laid back, and closed his eyes.

However, it wasn't long until he opened them, when hearing a low growl. He screamed, when facing a grey wolf baring it's fangs at him.

Bill tried desperately to shoo it away, while it snapped at him. He heard music from upstairs, and looked up to see Will and the others having a karaoke party. He comprehended his thoughts, then looked back at the wolf.

Bill inhaled deeply, then held up his arms. "Finish me."

In return, the wolf sniffed at him, before immediately turning away and running off.

"Come on!" Bill protested.

"Bill, were you about to sacrifice yourself to that wolf?"

Bill turned around, seeing Wendy standing behind him. "As you can see, I'm not in a good mood," He grumbled. "Will decided to have a sleepover, and I don't know where else to sleep."

"You can sleep at my place," Wendy suggested. "Granted, my place is just a random tree, and there's a possibility you might get attacked by squirrels, mosquitoes, and sociopathic owls."

"That sounds horrible," Bill pointed out, then sighed. "Where do I sign up?"

⁂

The next morning, Will woke up in a bed filled with black feathers. Candy and Grenda must have been malting. He dusted the feathers off him, before getting up.

"Morning, Will!" Mabel greeted.

Will turned to her, suppressing a laugh. The brunette's hair was messed up, and the words *Party Gurl* was written on her forehead in red lipstick.

"I think we had a little too much fun last night," Will said.

After he said that, Candy fell down from the ceiling. Will and Mabel stared at her, as she slowly rose up.

"How did I get up there?" She questioned.

Grenda opened the closet door nearby, her face covered in red lipstick smudges. "I don't know what I was kissing in there, but I have no regrets."

"This was fun, Will," Mabel said, wiping her face clean with her arm. "Can we try it again some other night?"

Will was about to answer, when the door slammed open. Bill walked in. His clothes were stained with dirt, and there were a bunch of twigs stuck in his hair.

"Mabel, may I have a word with my brother, alone?" Bill asked, calmly.

Mabel looked between the brothers awkwardly, before saying. "Uh, okay, I'll just send my friends back home in the meantime," She said. "Bye, Will." Then left, followed by Candy and Grenda.

Bill slammed the door behind them, then went to glare at Will. The blue haired boy eyed him in concern. "What happened to you?"

"Will, last night, an owl tried to eat my tongue."

"Oh my gosh, are you okay!?" Will fretted.

"No, I'm not!" Bill shot back, then gestured to the rest of the room. "This is impossible to live with! There's feathers everywhere, and our golf course is completely trashed!"

"Grenda sure likes to break things," Will said. "And, I thought you'd be happy that I'm finally making friends on my own."

"I'd be happier if it didn't interfere with my sleep schedule!" Bill shouted. "We need to lay down some ground rules. First off, no sleepovers with Mabel."

"Well, since this is also my room, I should enforce some rules too,"

Will remarked. "Like how you shouldn't increase the brightness on your phone screen in the middle of the night."

"I have poor eyesight!" Bill protested.

"Because you've been staring at a bright screen at night!" Will shot back.

"What about your weird habit of spraying lavender over the room?"

"I was told it was good luck," Will said.

"It's a hazard on my sinuses!" Bill spite.

"At least, I wash my clothes once in a while," The blue haired boy said, kicking at Bill's discarded shirt on the floor.

"Washing clothes takes time, and I'm a busy guy."

"That doesn't make--"

"Blah blah blah!" Bill taunted.

"You say *blah* one more time--"

"Blah!"

"That's it!" Will snapped. "If you really feel that way, maybe we shouldn't share a room anymore!"

Bill stared, then said softly. "Maybe, you're right..."

"Then it's settled," The blue haired boy decided, bitterly. "Though, I don't know how we're gonna make this arrangement possible."

All of a sudden, there was a crash downstairs. The twins jolted in surprise, then Wendy's voice called them.

"Hey guys! I found something weird!"

The brothers immediately walked out of the room, and down the stairs to see what the redhead was on about. Eventually, they found her standing in the hall, looking at a doorway that they never seen

before.

"Red, what is that?" Bill asked.

Wendy shrugged. "How should I know? I found this mystery door after lifting a bookshelf."

"Why were you lifting our bookshelf?" Will questioned.

"Because I can," She deadpanned.

Bill squinted at the door, then reached for the handle. "Let's see if this opens," He said, before turning it.

Immediately, the door creaked open, revealing a pitch black room. Hesitantly, Bill reached inside and felt around. After his hand touched what could only be a switch, he flipped it, and light poured into the room.

It was a pretty basic looking space, with an exception of a long sofa, a desk, and a huge carpet in the center. The three stepped inside, eyeing the area with fascination. Will's foot suddenly caught on something, and he looked down to see a small black umbrella.

Curious, he reached down to pick it up, when a brown shape sped past and swiped it. Will yelped, then relaxed once he saw it was only Gompers. The goat clutched the umbrella in his jaws, before bolting out of the room.

"Gompers, you scared me!" Will complained at the animal.

"Now you know how I feel," Bill deadpanned, while looking around.

The blond's eyes then caught on something, it was a key hanging on the wall. He quickly grabbed it. "Problem solved, I'll just move in here."

Will frowned. "What? No fair, we saw this room at the same time."

"Hey, what's going on here?"

The three turned around, seeing Mabel standing in the doorway. A

moment later, Stan appeared beside her.

"Yeah, what's going on?" Stan repeated his niece's question.

"Fez, when did you get here?" Bill demanded.

Stan shrugged. "I never left."

"Can someone please answer me?" Mabel chimed in.

"We found this room," Wendy said. "And these two can't decide who's gonna get it."

"Oh, it's decided," Bill said, harshly. "I'm pretty sure, I'm the one getting this room."

"Fat chance!" Will shot back.

"Jeez, all this trouble for a room with an ugly carpet?" Stan chuckled. He looked around, his eyes caught on a pair of glasses that rested on a shelf. He picked it up, and looked at it blankly.

Meanwhile, Mabel suggested. "Maybe, someone else should choose which one of you gets the room?"

"OK then, what about you?" Will asked.

"No way, she'll just pick you!" Bill protested.

Will glared at him. "Well, we're not picking Dipper to be the judge, since you two are best buddies."

Bill turned pink, and looked like he wanted to argue, but no words came out of his mouth.

"Wendy, what about you?" Mabel suggested.

Wendy shook her head. "I don't want any part of this. It's bad enough, I have to break up fights between my friends when there's a last pizza slice." She sighed. "Last time, Thompson was almost hospitalized."

"What about me, huh?" Stan said, tucking the glasses he found in

his suit. "I could choose for you."

"I don't know..." Bill admitted, suspiciously.

"C'mon, I'm great at this," Stan smiled. "Plus, seeing children fight is oddly entertaining."

Bill didn't have time to respond, when Wendy grabbed the key from him, and tossed it to the Day Guardian. "Here, Mr Pines."

Stan caught it, then grinned. "If you want the room so bad, let's see if you can earn it," He told the brothers, before leaving the room.

"And I'll be the one to earn it," Bill said to Will, then began to walk away.

But, just when he almost stepped out, a figure blocked his path. It was Dipper.

"I just saw Stan laughing maniacally down the hall," Dipper said. "Care to explain what's going on?"

Bill stared up at him, and his face quickly grew red.

Dipper's face softened, then he extended his hand towards Bill. "Are you okay--"

"I-I'm fine!" Bill squeaked, backing away. "I...er..." He fled the room.

Dipper frowned, then turned to the others, who shared his confusion. "Can any of you explain that?"

Will sighed. "Trust me, I can barely understand him sometimes."

"Weird, I thought twins were telepathic with each other," Wendy said.

Dipper shook his head. "That's only a myth."

"Oh really?" Mabel smiled, mischievously. "I bet I can guess the food you're craving right now."

The male brunette rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I like to see you try--"

"Mac n' cheese!"

"HOW--"

Carpet Diem-Part Two

"Here's what we're gonna do," Stan started. "Whoever sucks up the most, gets the room."

Will frowned. "Mr Pines, we're not gonna suck-up to you."

"Yeah, we are," Bill said.

"Ten suck-up points for Bill!" Stan grinned.

"Uh--I mean, yeah we are!" Will laughed, nervously.

"Trying too hard. Minus 15 suck-up points," Stan said.

"What?" Will complained.

"Great decision, Fez," Bill smiled.

"Trying way too hard, plus 50 suck-up points!" Stan beamed.

Bill grinned, while Will's expression soured.

"Now, who wants to mow the front lawn?" Stan suggested. "Plus, it'll be in seething 105 degree heat, because I'm a jerk."

Will sighed.

⁂

For the rest of the day, the Cipher brothers did backbreaking chores. It was very exhausting, and near afternoon, they were finally allowed a break. Later, Will entered the room, and breathed heavily.

"All these chores will be worth it, once I get this room," Will reassured himself, flopping onto the sofa. "I mean, shag carpeting? Come on!"

He took off his shoes, and began shuffling his feet on the carpet. Will leaned against the sofa, but then sprang up when a voice was heard from the entrance.

"Don't get too comfortable, bro," Bill smirked, leaning against the door. "I just made Fez a sandwich shaped like his own face. This room is as good as mine. What do you say?" He held out his hand.

Will narrowed his eyes, then stood up and walked up to him. "I say that I'll win this room somehow, then we won't have to share anything ever again!"

He raised his hand and slapped Bill's hand away. At that moment, Will's eyes widened when seeing a current of blue electricity surging up his wrist, and a glow blinded them. They were dazed, but eventually recovered. Will blinked his eyes, then his heart almost leaped out of his chest, at what he saw.

Bill groaned, then squinted at him. "Will, why are you wearing my clothes, and my...face!?" He gasped, feeling his face. "Am I in your body!?"

"Am I in *your* body!?" Will cried

Both screamed, and ran around the room in panicked state. Bill threw up in the nearby bathroom, and Will was screaming at a mirror. This continued for a few minutes, before the two calmed down, looking at themselves in the mirror.

"Great, more of this town's weirdness," Bill grumbled, tugging at Will's sweater.

"You gotta stop using all those cheap hair products," Will complained, playing with Bill's golden locks. "I can practically feel your scalp shriveling."

"You're so scrawny and awkward," Bill cringed. "Seriously, you need to work out once in a while."

Will ignored him, as he caught sight of something on the floor. He spotted electricity surging across the carpet. Will bent down, and reached for it's tag, then turned it over.

"*Experiment 78*," He read. "*Electron Carpet.* Atoms swap electrons, so this carpet must build up a static charge powerful enough to swap minds! It was the static electricity, maybe we can use it to switch back!"

"That's a relief," Bill breathed. "Knowing me, I would definitely try to sabotage you."

"And if I were you, which I *am,*" Will said, thoughtfully. "I'll sabotage myself, and all the points will go to Will!"

Bill stared. "Wait, what--"

"I'm sorry, Bill!" Will yelled, running out of the room. "But, I'm the one getting that room!"

"You little twerp!" The blond shouted. "Who gave you permission to use your brain?"

"You're making it too easy to betray you, Bill!" Will yelled back, from outside the room.

Will ran out, and Bill followed him. The blue haired boy quickly arrived in the kitchen, where Stan had just finished eating the sandwich.

"Man, those cannibals I met in that one dimension were onto something," Stan smiled. "I *do* taste delicious."

"Mr Pines!" Will blurted out.

"What's up, Blondie?" Stan asked. "Want to earn more suck-up points?"

"I just wanted to say..." He started. "You're a big wrinkly jerk!" For a second, Will stopped himself from adding *sorry* to that last sentence.

Stan blinked. "What?"

Bill came into the kitchen, panting. "Hey! Old man, you smell like a T-rex's great granduncle that baked in the sun too long!"

"What?" Stan said, still confused.

"Will has gone bananas!" Bill laughed, manically.

"OK, I'm leaving," The Guardian said, before standing up from the table and walking away.

"Wait! Ain't you gonna dock *my* points?" Will yelled.

"*I* should lose points! I deserve it!" Bill shouted. "Fez-- I mean, Mr Pines! Ugh." He ran after him.

"Bill, don't you dare," Will said, following right after.

The two stepped out, only to be blocked by a figure. Mabel smiled at them brightly.

"Will!" Mabel beamed at Bill.

Bill blinked, then nodded quickly. "Yep, that's me. What do you want, Shoo--Mabel?"

"Well, I was hoping we can hang out today," She smiled, excitingly.

"Actually--"

Bill was interrupted, when the Guardian lifted him off his feet in a hug. "Great! Let's go," She cheered, before running upstairs while carrying him.

"Wait, wait, wait!" Bill yelped.

"Have fun, *Will,*" Will smiled at him.

"You little--" Bill's threat was cut short, when Mabel walked inside the attic and shut the door behind her.

Will breathed in relief. Now, that his brother was out of the way, he could definitely win this thing. Where did Mr Pines run off to?

The blue haired boy entered the hallway, and started calling Stan's name. A few minutes passed, and Will still couldn't find the old Guardian. He paused, and took the time to think. Will didn't notice

that a shadow was looming over him, until a pair of strong hands were placed on his shoulders.

Will suppressed a scream, and whirled around. He relaxed, when seeing Dipper standing there.

Dipper rubbed his arm, looking a bit uncomfortable. "Bill, I was hoping to talk to you...alone."

"Uh, I was kinda in the middle of something," Will replied, nervously. "Maybe, later--"

"This is important," The Guardian said, seriously. "Back in the pool...I noticed that you tried to kiss me."

Will's eyes widened. "WHAT?"

Dipper looked shocked by his outburst, and Will probably shouted louder than intended. Will cleared his throat, and spoke again.

"Are you completely sure?" Will pressed.

Dipper turned red. "Yes! Are you trying to make fun of me?"

Will shook his head quickly. "No, I'm not!"

Him and his brother may be arguing right now, but Will would never ruin Bill's friendship with Dipper. If he could even call it *friendship?* Maybe a complicated friendship at best, at least to Will.

Dipper cooled down a bit, but his cheeks still bore a blush. "I'm sorry for yelling, Bill," He apologized. "Can you please tell me, what were you thinking when you decided to do that?"

Will was frozen in place. His mind was a whirlpool of panicking thoughts. How was he suppose to answer that? Only Bill knew what he had been feeling that night. Or, did he? From what Will could gather, Bill wasn't that good when it came to emotional issues, the blond was mostly a steel wall barracking his private thoughts.

With no answer, Dipper sighed heavily. "I think I know what's happening..."

Good, because I certainly don't, Will thought.

Dipper stepped closer, a solemn expression on his face. "It's starting all over again," He breathed, softly. "First, you act all nice and then I fall for you, and then..." He clenched his hands into fists.

Will still remained silent, seeing Dipper's lip quivering. Was the Guardian close to tears? Was Will supposed to comfort him? Though, the action would've been out of character for Bill.

However, Dipper seemed to control himself, and he looked at Will with an emotionless stare. "Whatever feelings I had for you in the past, will stay in the past," He said, quite harshly. "I'm not ready to get my heart broken a second time, which is why we'll forget that night ever happened."

As Dipper started to turn and walk away, the wheels in Will's head started turning. The way Dipper was talking about Bill, almost seemed...

No way, Will thought, in disbelief.

Before Will could call to Dipper, the Guardian left without another word, and the boy was left in utter confusion on how to take this.

Carpet Diem-Final

"Mabel, I really have somewhere to be," Bill insisted.

Mabel was sitting across from him, not seeming to take a hint. "C'mon, let's talk about the newest romance novels. I'm interested in one series in particular, *Wolfman Bare Chest.*" She held up the book.

Bill tried to shuffle away. "I'm just gonna--"

Mabel wrapped an arm around him. "No way out of it!" She smiled, then opened the book. "*Chapter One: my name is Gerald, I'm a werewolf, the creature of the night. But I'm also the creature of passion.*"

Bill internally groaned, wanting the earth to swallow him whole. If he managed to survive this, he was definitely going to murder Will.

Suddenly, an idea dawned on him. "Hey, you know, I think we should include Bill on this," He suggested.

Mabel's face brightened. "You're right, I'll go get him!" Then, she hopped off the bed they were sitting on, and rushed out.

Bill breathed in relief, before standing up as well. He approached the staircase, making sure Mabel wasn't close by, before making a dash into the living room. He still had time to win this. And as though luck struck him, he found Stan Pines sitting at a table.

Bill walked closer to him, the old man was currently polishing the glasses he found. Once the blond neared, he noticed the gloomy look on Stan's face.

"Hey, old fart," Bill said, catching the Guardian's attention.

"Hey there, Will," Stan chuckled. "Just in time, I wanted to talk to you about something. Sit down, please."

Bill hesitated, confused by this. Was Stan going to give Will the key after all? In that case, Bill would have to try harder to sabotage

him. So, determinedly, he sat next to Stan.

Stan looked at him for a while, then directed his gaze to the spectacles in his hands. "Seeing you and your brother fight, it kinda reminded me of my relationship with Ford," He said, sadly. "Ruling a realm side by side, can lead to arguments between us on what was good for our land."

Bill regarded him in confusion. What did this have to do with the key?

"Mostly, being the intelligent brother, Ford would run down the decisions," Stan continued. "But, there was one circumstance, where I chose to let in a group of outsiders. The *Ciphers.*"

Bill stared at him, feeling his throat grow dry as he asked the question. "Did you ever...regret your decision?"

Stan heaved a sigh. "No."

"Why?" Bill asked, genuinely confused. "Didn't... Bill destroy your home? Why aren't you mad?"

"Bill may have destroyed our home," Stan started. "But, he was also our friend and felt like a part of our family. In the past, I would never suspected Bill would turn on us. Granted, he wasn't exactly always happy there. Ford was...the least accepting of Demons living in our realm, and that usually got under Bill's skin most of the time."

As far as Bill learnt, Will was his only family. So, it was almost impossible to believe that he had such a strong bond with other people in the past. Dipper mentioned he used to be close friends with the Pines, but he never thought he'd be that close to be considered *family* by others. The thought made him warm, and sad at the same time.

Why was I such a monster?, Bill thought, miserably.

"I was almost overjoyed when I saw Bill again," Stan admitted. "I thought this was a chance to start over, but of course, others didn't share my point of view. I was afraid that Dipper would kill Bill on

the spot, but the two seem to be getting along now."

Bill frowned. "Will he ever forgive me...?"

Stan looked at him strangely, and Bill quickly corrected himself upon realizing what he said. "Bill! Will he ever forgive Bill?"

Stan shrugged, finally placing down the glasses. "It's hard to say. You can't force someone to forgive you, that only makes things worse. Hopefully, Dipper will see that sometimes, people make bad decisions: Bill, Ford, even me, those choices will haunt them more than it haunts him."

The Cipher nodded, processing this. Frankly, Stan was the last person he expected to start a conversation like this. The Guardian was usually a crook, so this came as a surprise.

"Why are you telling me this?" He asked, finally.

"Will, I can see power radiating off you," Stan said, seriously. "You're regaining your magic, aren't you?"

Bill froze, feeling his veins turn to ice. "What--"

"I may be a crook, but I'm also one of the most powerful Guardians there is," Stan said, his voice seemed to hold more authority. "Since your powers are returning, Bill won't be that far behind. Once he regains his full power, I want you to--"

"Do what? Kill him?" Bill snapped, standing up from the table.

"Kid, let me finish--"

"No," Bill breathed, backing away like a caged animal. "I've heard it a thousand times. Everyone wants me--*Bill* dead! Why is that the only solution for you guys?"

There it went. The steel wall he tried so hard to barrack his emotions, finally broken open. In one way or another, Bill felt like a curse, dragging everyone he cared about down. Dipper and Mabel, Wendy...and Will. He hated it! Why had he been such a monster back then? Bill hated his past self! He hated being his recantation!

He hated himself!

Bill's whole shook, trying to contain the tears forming by the corner of his eyes. *I really hate myself.*

"Will," Stan said, in a gentle voice. "Let me finish, knucklehead. Once Bill regains his power, I want you to continue seeing him as your brother."

Bill blinked. "Huh?"

"Bill would be expecting everyone to hate him, once he has demonic magic," The old man pointed out. "I want you to be there for him, he needs at least one person who doesn't see the worst in him."

Bill quickly wiped his eyes, feeling a little embarrassed. "Sure, I can do that," He said, quickly.

"Bill probably feels like he's alone in this," Stan said. "Prove to him, that he's wrong."

Bill nodded, not knowing what else to say at the moment.

"Well, that was something," Stan chuckled. "Since you decided to listen to me this long, I think you deserve this." Then, he handed Bill the key.

Bill stared down at it. "Are you sure?"

"Yep, go crazy with it, or whatever," The old man said.

Bill hesitated, before preparing to walk away. Then, Stan stopped him.

"Don't worry, Will," He told him. "Your secret is safe with me."

"Thank you," Bill smiled, before walking off.

⁂

For a while, Will forgotten about the rivalry he had with Bill, and was trying to figure out what the fudge just happened!

Bill almost kissed Dipper. Dipper used to be in love with Bill. And Will unfortunately happened to stumble into the middle of this mess!

What should he do? Should he tell Bill what Dipper said? But, if Bill was serious about the kiss, would his feelings get hurt if Will told him? Will didn't want to hurt his brother's feelings! But, he had to consider Dipper's feelings too. Dipper didn't seemed to appreciate Bill's advances, given the rejection. So, it was only fair that Will did tell Bill, so that Bill wouldn't be led on. However, what if--

I'M HOPELESS!, His mind screamed.

Will would have to remain silent for now, until he figured this entire thing out. Now, he had to relax, and focus at the task at hand.

"There you are!"

Before Will could react, he was lifted off his feet. He turned to see Mabel. "What are you--"

"Time for fun!" Mabel cheered, lifting him onto her shoulders.

Suddenly reminded of their time on *Scuttlebutt Island,* Will held onto dear life, as Mabel ran down the hall. At one point, they passed Dipper.

"Help!" Will screamed, before Mabel zipped past.

He saw Dipper turn to him, before Mabel made a turn down the hall. Thankfully, she made it to a complete stop in front of the door to the room, and placed him on the ground. Will gave her a look of confusion, as she opened the door.

"OK, I brought him," Mabel smiled.

Will tensed, when seeing Bill standing in the center of the carpet, Gompers was laying on the sofa nearby. His brother looked dejected, and then held out his hand, revealing the key.

"You win," Bill sighed. "The room is yours."

"You're not gonna fight me for it?" Will questioned, approaching him.

Bill shrugged. "At this point, I don't think it's worth it."

Will looked at him, then at the key. He should feel triumph about now, but all he felt was emptiness. "I have a confession to make," He said. "I never wanted us to have separate rooms."

Bill's gaze darted sideways. "Me either," He murmured, softly.

"Wait, what was that?" Will asked.

"I never wanted to move out," Bill repeated. "I was just upset that you kept hanging out with Mabel and her friends. We always had each other, but now that you're moving on...I feel left behind."

Will frowned. "Oh man, I'm so sorry," He said. "I didn't realize you felt that way. I'll agree to stop having sleepovers... that is, if you want me to come back to the attic?"

"I guess, it wouldn't be the same without your constant whining," Bill teased.

Will nudged him playfully. "Don't forget your smelly laundry."

Bill chuckled. "Jeez, why couldn't we talk things out earlier? It's way more easier than switching bodies."

"Aww, you guys made up," Mabel cooed, then her eyes widened. "Wait...did you say *switching bodies?*"

"Yeah, they did."

The three turned towards the voice, facing Gompers, who was now standing on the sofa. They were shocked not only because the goat had spoke, but because it sounded familiar.

"Red?" Bill gasped.

"Yep," Wendy sighed, waving Gompers's hoof at them. "I decided to check this place out, and the goat followed me. And then all of a

sudden, that weird carpet electrocuted us and then we switched bodies."

"Then, where's Gompers?" Will asked.

"I dunno," She replied. "Probably somewhere chewing some cans or staring at people, doing goat things or whatever."

Mabel looked down at the carpet in amazement. "A carpet did that?"

"Only if you build up static," Bill said, then noticed Mabel shuffling her feet. "Wait, Shooting Star, don't--"

"Zip zap," Mabel smiled, electricity formed around her finger. She poked Bill's nose, but she ended up electrocuting everyone in the room.

Afterwards, they recovered from the shock, and stared down at themselves.

"I have achieved boyhood!" Mabel declared, now in Bill's body.

"That's it, you're officially on another hit list, Shooting Star!" Bill snapped, now in Mabel's body.

"Does anyone else have a slight craving for cans and other material goods?" Will questioned, in Gompers's body.

"Man, you gotta work out more, Will," Wendy said, pinching Will's biceps.

"Everyone, pay attention," Bill said. "At the count of three, we shuffle our feet on the carpet and change back."

The others obeyed, and huddled together, while building up electricity. Bill began to count. "1...2...3!"

However, on the same time he reached the last number, Dipper entered out of nowhere. "What's going on here--"

He was cut short, when electricity flooded the room once more. By

the time it was over, everyone's clothes were smoking a little.

"Hey, I'm back in my own body!" Will cheered.

"Can't say the same," Wendy deadpanned, in Mabel's body.

"I'm so fluffy!" Mabel squealed, prancing around the room in Gompers's body.

Bill looked down in horror at himself. "No, no, no..."

"Why?" Dipper groaned, sharing Bill's dismay.

The two had switched bodies.

"This is a nightmare!" Bill yelled. "Your uniform is so itchy and uncomfortable!"

Dipper looked sick, as he frantically felt Bill's midsection. "I can't believe this!" He complained. "I'm in your body...and your body has a surprisingly hard stomach, like *wow*."

"Stop harassing me, pervert!" Bill snapped, a crimson blush formed in his face.

"Baa! Baa!" Mabel shouted. "Am I doing it right? BAA!"

⁂

Later, after everyone was back to normal. Including Wendy and Gompers, after finding the goat trying to eat a table while in the redhead's body. Afterwards, everyone gathered around the kitchen table, and the Cipher brothers explained everything.

"Wait," Dipper said, blushing madly. "You guys were in each other's bodies?"

"Pretty much," Bill said.

Dipper looked like he wanted to puke, and Will quickly gave him a look of reassurance, that said *your secret is safe with me.* Dipper seemed to relax, but only by a little bit.

"OK, since that's over," Wendy started. "I'll throw away that carpet. But, who's getting that room?"

"We decided Fez should get it," Bill sighed. "Only because, we can't get rid of him!"

"Yes!" Stan cheered.

"Don't act proud!" Bill snapped at him.

Mabel smiled. "I'm glad we could work this out, and plus, I was a goat just now. I narrow that down to a life accomplishment."

"You have no life, then," Bill deadpanned.

The group chatted some more, before night arrived, and the Pine twins left, along with Wendy. Stan was the only one who remained, and got comfortable in his new room. Meanwhile, Bill and Will were preparing for bed.

Will thought back to earlier, and then mustered up the courage to speak. "Bill, if there's anything bothering you...you know you can always tell me."

Bill froze in the middle of putting his jacket off. Will decided not to mention the conversation with Dipper, all that mattered now, was how his brother was feeling.

"To be honest," Bill said, slowly turning towards him. "There is something bothering me."

Will looked at him intently. Was Bill finally opening up?

"What is it?" He asked.

Bill bit his lips nervously, before saying. "If I was an evil overlord bent on destroying everything...would you still think of me as your brother?"

Will stared. Honestly, he had been expecting to be left unanswered. "Bill, even if you were a pineapple, I'd still think of you as my brother."

"Weird analogy," Bill noted, then smiled softly. "Thanks..."

Will nodded, and before he could stop himself, he asked. "So, what do you think about Dipper?"

Bill turned away. "He's an annoying nerd."

The blue haired boy would've took this as Bill's natural snark, if not for one thing. The blush outlining the blond's ears, told Will everything he needed to know about Bill's view on the Guardian.

Will smiled to himself, then laid down on his bed. "Goodnight, Bill," He said, before closing his eyes.

Bill looked over at him, before he finished dressing. The blond pulled back his covers, and rested his head on his pillow. However, he paused, when he heard soft crinkling underneath him.

Bill shot up, and lifted the pillow. Under it, was a wrinkled piece of paper. It was covered in black scribbles, forming some kind of triangular shape. It almost looked like a blueprint...and Bill had seen it before.

Quickly, he reached for the journal, and cracked it open. He skimmed the pages, before making an abrupt halt at one section. The page in his journal, was extremely similar to the one on paper.

What was going on? Who left this here?

Bill held up the paper, and for some reason, turned it over. His breath caught in his throat, when he read the big letters in red marker:

BEWARE OF BROTHER .

Boyz Crazy-Part One

Beware Of Brother ...

Those words repeated themselves in Bill's head over and over, as he laid on his bed and stared up at the ceiling. He had hid the mysterious paper underneath his mattress, and was pondering whether to let Will know of it's existence. He supposed he had to tell Will soon enough, he just needed time to process it first.

Beware Of Brother ...

Those words made no sense. Which brother?

Could it be Kill? Bill already knew to be weary of him, this warning would only state the obvious. Perhaps, it was addressing his eldest brother? What was his name? *Tim?...Ted?...Tad!*

Bill's brow furrowed. He recalled that Dipper mentioned Tad was a force to be reckon with, the blond hated to have another powerful enemy. Also, why would this Tad person appear after what Bill assumed to be centuries of him missing in action?

For now, Tad was the only logical option. If not, that only left Will...

That can't be right, Bill thought.

Will was the pinnacle of innocence. Even if (a very big *if)* the younger twin intended to hurt Bill, it would be impossible, since Will would be easy to stop.

Though, Bill began to notice that his brother was growing stronger as this summer went on. Will managed to survive many obstacles, and he was almost unrecognizable to Bill when it came to facing danger. Bill supposed, that if Will was planning to hurt him, maybe stopping him wouldn't be as easy as he thought--

What was he thinking!?

Will was his brother. The two were glued to the hip since their birth. The blue haired boy would never hurt him!

Bill heaved a sigh, growing a headache. This also left the mystery of who wrote this message, as while drawing the detailed blueprint. Could it be the Pine twins? Or maybe Stan? Did either of them wanted Bill to follow these blueprints? If so, why would they do it anonymously? And what was this contraption they wanted him to build?

Seriously, do I look like an engineer?, Bill thought, bitterly.

"Hey, Bill?"

His mangled thoughts were put to a halt, and he turned towards Will, who had just finished getting dressed, along with a name tag pinned on his sweater.

"Stan might dock your pay, if you're late for work again," Will pointed out.

Bill rolled his eyes. "You say that, like he pays us."

Will chuckled in return. "Yeah, I suppose so," He admitted. Slowly, his face morphed into worry. "You've been looking at the ceiling for a while now...is something on your mind?"

Should he tell him now?

Bill decided not to. Mostly, because he didn't have the sanity or the nerve to show Will the paper. He'll make sure to do it later, though.

"Nothing in particular," Bill answered, trying to sound casual.

Will smiled, but his eyes were still clogged with worry. "Remember, if there's something on your mind, you can always tell me."

The way his face held genuine concern and care, convinced Bill that Will was definitely not the brother the paper was referring to. So, like before, Tad was the only one to fit the role...wherever the hell he was.

"You should get dressed," Will suggested, heading for the exit. "I'll see you downstairs."

Bill only nodded, not even looking his brother's way, as he heard Will climb downstairs. The blond reached down, grabbing the corner of paper that stuck out from under his mattress, and pulled the whole thing out. He lifted it to his face, and stared at the complicated blueprint once more.

He clutched the corners of the paper, causing it to crinkle under his grip.

Whoever wrote this , I don't like you .

⁂

A while later, the *Mystery Shack* was open, and the twins took their places. Will was counting money behind the counter, while Bill was helping a customer, who happened to be Tyler.

"Which one do you think will suit me better?" Tyler asked, holding up two similar looking shirts with wild cats on them. "Panther shirt? Or puma shirt?"

Bill looked between the two thoughtfully. "I dunno, they both look so good. How about you purchase them both?"

"And then I can stitch them together. Great idea!" Tyler beamed.

"Uh, sure. And while you're at it, you can buy some of these rare crystals," Bill said, pointing to a bowl displayed on a table nearby.

Tyler peered at the contents. "That looks a lot like broken glass."

"Well, that might seem like it, but that's because they're *really* fragile crystals," The blond said, coolly. "If you break some against your floor, that's good luck. More so, if you step on them barefoot."

"Ooh! How much?"

"50 dollars," Bill replied, with a smirk.

Tyler dug in his wallet, and pulled out a wad of cash. "All I got is 60 dollars at the moment, you can give me change in return--"

"60 dollars works," Bill said, swiping the money from him. "Thank you for shopping at the Mystery Shack."

After that, Tyler cheerfully took his products and exited the store. Bill leaned against the counter, handing the money to Will.

"Make sure to give half of it to us," The blond said. "Don't want Fez to hog it all."

"It's kinda weird that an intergalactic deity would need money," Will pointed out, while sorting the cash.

"The guy has committed tax fraud in several dimensions, he's a little screwed up in the head," Bill remarked.

So far, it seemed like it would be another normal day of work. Until, the front door swung open, and caught the attention of the twins. Grenda and Candy stepped in, and they were carrying Mabel, who was staring blankly.

"Oh my gosh, what's happening here?" Will gasped.

"Quickly!" Grenda shouted, urgently. "We have a code *Upsidedown Smile!* Code *Upsidedown Smile!* This is not a drill!"

"There are over a million words in the dictionary, and none of them can describe my confusion right now," Bill said.

Will quickly went up to Mabel, who looked very depressed at the moment. "Mabel, what's wrong?"

"It's Mermando..." She whimpered. "He's getting married!"

Mabel suddenly handed him a piece of paper, and Will looked down at in puzzlement. "Is that a manatee?"

"I know! And she's beautiful!" Mabel cried. "Just when I thought I had a chance with him, my dreams of romance are crushed once again!"

"She needs to hug something cute, stat!" Candy declared. "Will, find Gompers! If not, then come closer so Mabel can crush you in her embrace."

Will immediately backed away. "I have a better idea," He said, quickly. "I was meaning to tell you earlier, but I found this concert that you guys might like."

"Concert?" Mabel questioned, standing up on her two feet. "Who's playing?"

"Hold on," He said, reaching into his pocket. Will pulled out his phone, and after tapping on the screen, showed them a picture of a group of identical blond young men. "They're called *Sev'ral Timez*. They're supposed to be performing at the town's *Civic Center* and *Buffet*. Plus, they're selling tickets upfront."

Mabel's face morphed into an awestruck expression. "Sev'ral Timez is playing here?" She breathed, then squealed loudly. "They're only my favorite band in the mortal realm!"

"I know right?" Grenda agreed, excitingly. "My favorite is Deep Chris!"

"He's the phat one," Candy giggled.

"You know those kinds of boy bands are fake, right?" Bill remarked. "They were probably cooked up in a laboratory or something."

"Make fun all you want, but nothing is going to ruin this," Mabel smiled.

"So, does this make you forget about the situation with Mermando?" Will asked, hopefully.

"More than ever! Thank you," She told him, gratefully. "Are you coming with us?"

Will shook his head. "I don't really like big crowds, you guys can have fun without me."

"Well, you can at least help us get ready," Mabel grinned.

Then, she grabbed his arm and dragged him away, followed by Candy and Grenda. Bill watched them leave, with a furrowed brow.

"Sure, just leave me to work by myself," Bill grumbled, to himself.

Maybe, I can close early, He thought. *Stan isn't here to supervise, anyway.*

The blond was about to move towards the door, when it swung open again. This time, Dipper and Wendy walked in. The redhead wore a sour expression, while the brunette regarded her worryingly.

"What's with the face, Red?" Bill asked her.

"Robbie," She groaned, leaning against the counter.

Bill tilted his head. "Uh oh, trouble in paradise?"

"The problem is, is that he's been really distant with me," Wendy complained. "He keeps sneaking off to do Axolotl knows what, and doesn't even bother to hang out with me. I know he's a busy guy, but shouldn't we at least have a moment alone together, since we're dating?"

"I keep telling you, he's a trash person," Bill insisted. "If he doesn't treat you right, you should break it off with him."

"I have to agree with Bill," Dipper said, gingerly.

Wendy frowned. "I know Robbie isn't the friendly type, but you guys don't know him like I do," She said. "But...I suppose--"

"Hey, Wendy!"

Bill rolled his eyes. "Speak of Mr Fingerless Gloves."

The three turned, and saw the Cupid standing before them. As though Dipper and Bill were invisible to the eye, Robbie pushed past them, and gazed adoringly at Wendy.

"Wendy, I was thinking the two of us could go to Lookout Point tonight," Robbie suggested.

Wendy narrowed her eyes at him. "Are you kidding me?"

"Huh?"

"It's been weeks, since we actually went on a proper date, and every time I asked you for some quality time, you blew me off! Now, you suddenly noticed that I existed. Seriously, what's up with you, lately?"

"Bill, maybe we should leave," Dipper said.

"Why, this is the most entertained I've ever been," Bill countered.

Though, it seemed that Dipper wasn't giving him a choice, as he dragged the blond towards the storage closet. He tossed Bill inside, before stepping in himself. Bill was about to scold the brunette, when he realized Dipper was still eavesdropping on the conversation. Bill joined him, trying to ignore the Guardian's body heat, while resisting the urge to get closer.

Robbie stuttered when he talked. "I didn't mean to ignore you, I swear," He insisted. "I've been...dealing with a lot, lately. But, I'm here now!"

Wendy heaved a deep sigh. "Robbie, this isn't the first time you made empty promises. I think...I think we should break up."

Bill looked over Dipper, and the brunette looked ecstatic. An ache made it's way into the blond's chest, and he forced himself to listen more to the two outside.

"OK, listen before you do anything crazy," Robbie said, then dug in his pocket. "I have something for you."

Bill and Dipper peered out of the room a little, and saw the Cupid pulling out a CD with a creepy looking case. Robbie also took out a player, and puts said CD inside it.

"I wrote a song for you," Robbie told Wendy, innocently.

Wendy still looked upset, but her expression slowly turned into curiosity. Robbie cleared his throat, then began to sing when the

music emitted from the player.

"*When I think about you, I feel feelings so deep. I'm tossing and turning, and you know I'm losing sleep."*

"Oh, barf," Bill gagged, and Dipper hushed him.

Robbie didn't seemed to hear them, and continued singing the last verse. "*And you know I'm going crazy, when I look into your eyes. Just listen to this song, and you'll be hypnotai-ai-ai-zed!"*

As the song finished, Wendy's eyes grew wide, like she was in a trance. Right after, the redhead rubbed her eyes, and her face held a kind smile.

"Maybe, I was being to hasty," She said. "I'll give you another chance."

"That's good to hear, babe," Robbie said, leaning and hugging her around the shoulders. "How about we go sightseeing around your favorite part of the forest?"

"Sounds good," Wendy agreed.

Then, the two left the shack, while affectionately glancing at one another. Meanwhile, Dipper and Bill came out of the closet, dumbstruck.

"What just happened?" Bill questioned. "That song was terrible, and suddenly Wendy is all lovey dovey with him because of it? I knew her standards are low when she dated Robbie in the first place, but come on!"

Dipper nodded in agreement, then turned to the counter. Robbie had seemed to left his player and CD behind by mistake. Dipper walked forward, and picked it up.

He stared at it suspiciously. "Whatever happened, I'm going to figure it out."

Boyz Crazy-Part Two

Later that night, Mabel met up with Candy and Grenda at the *Civic Center* and *Buffet,* where an overwhelming crowd began to form outside. The Guardian was in casual wear this time, while her Raven Warriors wore spelled jackets to hide their wings.

"This is it," Mabel started, grinning at them. "Are you ready for the greatest night of our lives."

The two cheered, and Grenda declared. "I don't care if I get arrested, I'm going to climb up that stage and hug every last one of those boys!"

"C'mon, our destiny awaits," The brunette grinned.

After waiting in a colossal queue, the three finally reached the box office. However...

"Sorry, the show is sold out," The ticket seller said, before closing the shutters on them.

The three gasped in distraught, and looked around to see *Sold Out* signs being hung everywhere, and they were the only ones left in the parking lot.

"This night is ruined!" Grenda cried.

Candy fell to her knees. "I welcome you, death..."

Mabel looked between the two sadly. Slowly her face turned into determination.

"Don't worry, guys," She told them. "I said we're going to have the best night ever, and I meant it. And no *Keep Out* sign will keep us out!"

⁂

Back in the shack Bill and Dipper were in the kitchen, trying to figure out Robbie's CD. However, it mostly assisted of them staring at the cast for a while.

"This is going nowhere," Bill said. "Maybe, there's nothing strange about it."

Dipper frowned stubbornly. "I know there is."

Bill looked at him for a while, then sighed. "Pine Tree, do you think it's time to...maybe, *move on*."

The brunette regarded him blankly. "What are you implying?"

Bill bit his bottom lip, feeling his face grow warm. "I'm talking about your crush on Red. She doesn't seem to feel the same way, and you'll only get yourself hurt if you continue chasing after her."

Dipper bowed his head, trailing his finger over the cast in his hands. "Thanks for the concern, but I know what I'm doing," He insisted. "I know my chances with her are slim. Still...that shouldn't stop me from trying."

Bill was afraid he would say that. It took a while for him to come to terms with his feelings for Pine Tree, but now, he couldn't deny them if he tried. Frankly, Bill wasn't quite used to the array of emotions flowing through him when he was near Dipper. From warm fluffiness, to nausea in the stomach, to complete and utter frustration. It overwhelmed him, and Bill found it very annoying. The only possible solution to this problem, would be to wait until this crush of his fades away. Proven difficult, considering Bill hung out with Dipper every second of his life.

"Hey, knuckleheads."

Both turned, seeing Stan step inside the kitchen, holding a stack of canned meat. Bill regarded him in confusion.

"What are you doing?"

"Storing canned meat for the apocalypse, what does it look like?" He remarked. The Day Guardian moved towards a shelf, and starting

putting the cans inside one by one. "So, what are you two doing? Making out?"

Dipper flushed. "Actually, we're trying to figure out something," He said, defiantly. "This might sound crazy, but I think Robbie is brainwashing Wendy with music."

Stan frowned. "I've seen this before."

"Wait, really?" Bill questioned, in surprise.

He nodded. "One time when I visited the mortal realm, I came across this gorgeous girl in my favorite 50's themed, 1970's diner, the *Juke Joint.* Her name was Carla McCorkle, Carla *Hotpants* McCorkle. We would've really hit it off, if not for Thistle Downe, a new age treehugger playing this transcendental hippie music. And, before I knew it, Carla ends up dating that guy, and her hot pants turned to bellbottoms before I even knew what was happening."

"What was the point of that story?" Bill asked.

"It's me saying that I want in on this," Stan smiled. "Right after I eat some of this canned brown meat. It's apocolicious!"

⁂

After the concert was about to close, Mabel and her friends managed to sneak backstage. The Guardian managed to unlock it with some hair clips, and the three hurried inside. They then came across an entry, that could only lead to the band's dressing room.

"This is it," Mabel said, almost buzzing with excitement. "We're about to meet the cutest boys alive."

With that said, she opened the door, and the three stepped in. They kept quiet, attempting to suppress their giggles of excitement. They turned, expecting to see a dressing room, instead...they got something else.

The three stood in shock, as they stared around the area. The walls were grey from age, and lining against one side, were a row of large tubes filled with green liquid. What made it even more disturbing,

was that the silhouettes of human forms could be seen inside them. And even more shocking, in the center of the room, was a giant hamster cage, and the entirety of Sev'ral Timez were crawling around inside it.

"Woah, look at the size of those hamster tubes," Grenda gasped.

Mabel shook her head in disbelief. "What is going on here--"

The door swung open behind them, and the three jolted before hiding away behind a wall. A man came inside the room, with a round belly pressing against rich looking clothes, a bald head, and one gold tooth. He strutted towards the hamster cage, where the boy band were lining up obediently.

"Terrible show!" The man scolded. "You barely sold out the arena! And Deep Chris, do you call that a pout?"

Deep Chris's pout deepened, and he released a low whimper.

"Every one of you should be ashamed of yourselves!" The man carried on, harshly. "Remember, you can all be replaced by your brothers."

He gestured to the tubes, and grinned at one of them. "Dance for me, child!"

Immediately, the silhouette inside the tube, began to do a number of dances, before stopping. All Mabel and her friends could do, was watch in shock.

The man laughed, before leaving the room. As soon as the door slammed shut, Mabel stepped out of their hiding place, followed by Candy and Grenda. Instantly, the boys in the cage regarded them with alerted looks. One of them, Deep Chris, made a defensive expression.

"Who goes there? Prepare to be danced at," He warned, then started dancing towards the edge of the cage, while Mabel stared wide eyed.

Creggy G suddenly crouched in front of Deep Chris, blocking him

from Mabel. "Hold up! She's a lady, don't disrespect her, bro. Don't disrespect."

"My bad," Deep Chris said, sheepishly.

Mabel squealed excitingly. "You don't know how hard it was for us to meet you guys! Also, who was that scary chub-chub man?"

"Mr Bratsman's our producer, yo," Deep Chris replied.

"He genetically engineered us to be the perfect boy band," Creggy G added.

"But he keeps us in cages, that junk is straight brutal!" Chubby Z complained.

"That is straight brutal, Chubby Z," Mabel agreed.

Chubby Z nodded. "Our one dream is to escape into the *real* world. Yo, I heard about these things called *trees,* and I always wanted to kiss one."

"But we can't disobey Bratsman, he says he loves us!" Greggy C said.

"If he loved you, he would've set you free," Mabel countered.

The boy band took this in and murmured in agreement. Mabel stepped forward determinedly.

"Let's go right now! My friends and I can help you escape."

"WERE MASTERS OF STEALTH!" Grenda yelled.

"You really do that for us, beef?" Chubby Z smiled.

"Absolutely," Mabel said, then regarded him confusion. "Also, did you just call me *beef*?"

Boyz Crazy-Part Three

Meanwhile, back in the shack, Stan had brought in an old record player. He placed it on the table, in front of Dipper and Bill.

"You see, music has subliminal mind control hidden in it all the time," Stan explained. "If you want to hear the messages, you got to slow down the record."

Dipper looked down at the record player. "Stan, thanks for the help, but--"

"Don't mention it, now hand me that LP," Stan said, before grabbing the CD from his nephew.

Stan then put in the record player, however, once he turned it on, it only scratched the CD, discharging little sparks of electricity.

"Oh right," Stan realized. "I'm in the wrong generation."

He turned off the record player, on the same time when the front door opened. Mabel, Candy, and Grenda stepped inside, dragging in a large sports bag.

"Hey there, Shooting Star," Bill greeted. "What's in the bag?"

Sweat beaded down Mabel's brow. "Er...Money! Money we stole!"

"We are criminals, we will cut you!" Candy added.

Stan and Dipper looked at them questioningly, while Bill had a neutral expression. "Still sounds less boring than what I'm doing now," He said. "Can I join?"

"Sorry, no witnesses!" Mabel said, quickly. "C'mon girls, let's go away from here now!"

So, the three climbed upstairs, dragging the bag with them. For a moment, Bill thought he heard muffled noises coming from inside

the package, but he dismissed it as his own imagination. Meanwhile upstairs, the three had finally reached the attic. They opened the door, to see Will sitting on his bed.

Will looked up at them with a smile. "Hey guys, how was the concert?"

"Uh, it was great," Mabel started, awkwardly. "We even brought back some souvenirs."

"Ooh, what did you get?" Will asked, curiously. "A keychain? A autographed poster?"

"It's better if we show you," Mabel said, then nodded towards her friends.

Candy and Grenda nodded back, and unzipped the bag. They turned it over, and the members of Sev'ral Timez fell out onto the floor.

"Waddup'," Deep Chris said.

Will stared for a couple of seconds, before screaming loudly. Mabel quickly moved forward, and placed a hand over his mouth.

"Sshhh, it's alright," Mabel reassured.

Will pried her hand off. "You kidnapped the band?!"

"We had to!" She insisted. "They're really clones genetically engineered, and were forced to live in a hamster cage by their producer."

"I didn't understand half of what you just said," Will noted.

"She's telling the truth, dawg," Chubby Z told him. "Mabel saved us from Mr Bratsman, so we could finally be free."

"Speaking of which, when do we get to go outside?" Deep Chris asked. "I wanna cavort like a woodland creature!"

"Guys, it's way too early for that," Mabel noted. "We don't know if Mr Bratsman is still looking for you, it's better if we keep you here

until we make sure it's safe."

"Wait a minute, Mabel," Will said, quickly. "Are you serious?"

"It'll only be a short while," She promised. "Please, can they stay here?"

"Bill will be furious if he finds out, and I promised not to lie to him."

"It's only this one time," Mabel insisted. "Please! Can you do this thing for me?"

Will's gaze darted between her and the boy band. His brow creased in thought, then he said in defeat. "OK, they can stay. But you have to promise not to get too attached...Mabel, what are you doing?"

Mabel and Sev'ral Timez were braiding their hair, in a train like position. "All aboard the braid train. Braid! Braid!" She beamed.

Will looked at her worriedly.

"What?" Mabel asked.

Will was about to speak, when Bill's voice came from behind the door.

"Hey Will, I'm coming in," He said. "You better not be doing anything weird."

"Hide!" Mabel told the boy band.

In a panic frenzy, the band leaped under Bill's bed. Will quickly covered their feet with a blanket, just when the blond came in.

As though the Guardian and her friends were invisible, Bill approached Will. "Hey, I was meaning to talk to you about something," He said, seriously.

Will leaned against the bed, hoping to hide the obvious bump in the mattress. "Can we talk later?"

Bill frowned, and Will was suddenly worried. The blond looked

rather agitated.

"Is there something wrong?" Will asked.

Bill nodded quickly. "Yeah, I just have to show you something."

And to Will's horror, Bill tried to reach for his mattress. Immediately, the blue haired boy blocked him. The blond blinked.

"What are you doing?"

"Stretching," Will lied.

Bill regarded him in confusion, and Mabel quickly intervened. "Yeah, we were just in the middle of a yoga exercise, wanna join?" She smiled.

"What I want, is to speak to Will alone," Bill remarked.

"That won't be happening," Candy said. "You can still do some exercises with us."

"And I'll coach ya, I even have the sergeant voice for it" Grenda beamed, then cleared her throat. "*Drop and give me 50, maggot!*"

Bill looked at her for a while, before turning around. "OK, I'm leaving," He said, reaching the door. "I'll talk to you later, Will."

After he left, Will heaved a sigh of relief, and immediately felt guilty. Meanwhile, Mabel was helping Sev'ral Timez out from under the bed.

"Thanks, Mabel," Greggy C said, gratefully.

"Sorry about the inconvenience, guys," Mabel said.

"No worries, I even found some food under there," Creggy G said, holding up a piece of lint.

"That's lint," Will told him.

"I dunno what that is, but it sounds delicious," He replied, then stuffed the lint into his mouth, before immediately gagging.

⁂

The next morning, Bill was sitting by the living room table, a steaming cup of coffee beside him. Dipper was there with him, pacing around, with a record in his hands.

"OK, I finally converted this CD into a record," Dipper said.

Bill yawned. "I couldn't care less."

He was about to sip his coffee, when Stan walked into the room. The Day Guardian was carrying in his record player.

"Here you go," Stan smiled, placing the object on the table.

"Thanks, Grunkle Stan," Dipper said. "Now, we can finally slow it down and see if my theory is correct."

"Yes!" The Day Guardian said, before snatching Bill's cup of coffee.

"Hey!" Bill snapped.

"Sorry kid, I'm confiscating your coffee for spit-take purposes," Stan explained, before staking a sip from the beverage.

"Prepare yourselves," Dipper said. He put the record in the player, and slowed down the song. Yet, after a few seconds of listening, nothing stood out.

"Hmm," Stan said, swallowing the drink. "That's not spit-take worthy! What gives?"

"I told you, Pine Tree, there's nothing wrong with it," Bill told him.

Dipper bowed his head, crestfallen. "Ugh, I can't believe I wasted time on this. Wendy probably just likes the song...she just likes Robbie."

Bill glanced at him, having the urge to comfort him, but too afraid to. He was thinking about what to say, when two figures stepped into the living room. It was Wendy and Robbie.

"Hey guys," Wendy smiled, a strange gleam in her eyes. "I think I forgot my axe here...Oh, there it is!" She walked forward, and reached under the table, pulling out her weapon.

"Where are you heading?" Bill asked.

"We're going to Lookout Point, again," Robbie answered, giving him a cold look. "Not that it's any of your business."

"Are you ready to go?" Wendy asked him.

"Of course," The Cupid said.

With that, the redheaded Guardian left the living room, while Robbie stayed behind for a few seconds. "Catch you on the *rewind*, dorks," He sneered at the three, before leaving.

"I'll rewind your face!" Stan shouted.

Dipper blinked, and Bill looked at him curiously. "Pine Tree?"

"That's it," Dipper breathed. "Rewind!"

Quickly, the male brunette pressed a finger on the record, and played it backwards. A distorted voice emitted from it.

"*You are now under my control. Your mind is mine."*

Stan spat coffee all over the table. "Now, that's spit-take worthy!"

Bill's eyes widened. "So, it really was mind control. We have to warn Red!"

Dipper nodded, standing up from the table, wearing a headstrong face. "And we have to do it as soon as possible."

⁂

Will was watching TV, feeling exhausted. Mabel and her friends, had spent a majority of the time hanging out with the boy band. Will was happy for them, but it was getting pretty tiring trying to hide them in every space in the shack he could find. Luckily, Bill

and Dipper left abruptly, so Will could allow himself a break.

"Hey, Will."

He turned, seeing Grenda and Candy climbing downstairs. Will waved at them. "Hey guys, where's Mabel?"

"She's probably babysitting the boys again," Candy said.

Will furrowed his brow. "I hope she's not getting attached."

"Maybe, a little," Grenda admitted. "But at the same time, her latest crush just got married to a sea cow, so it's kinda expected."

"As long, as she'll be able to let them go in the end," Will said.

A moment later, Mabel entered with a bright smile on her face. "I finally got them to sleep. Poor Leggy P, tried to eat the tape dispenser."

"Again?" Will sighed.

Just then, a news report popped on TV, and the four turned their attention to the screen. It showed Shandra, the reporter.

"*The music industry is shaken today, as boy band king, Ergman Bratsman is arrested for not attending jury duty multiple times."*

The screen showed, Bratsman being pinned against a police car by two officers.

"*This is unfair!"* He shouted. "*I didn't know jury duty applied to rich people, also!"*

"*Tell that to the judge,"* Officer Blubs remarked, putting handcuffs on him.

The screen cut back to Shandra. "*He is now in county jail, awaiting trial.*"

"This means the boys are free!" Grenda beamed.

Mabel laughed nervously. "Yeah..."

"We have to tell them," Candy said, excitingly.

The two ran upstairs, with Will following them. They almost reached the attic, when Mabel sprinted past them, and stood in their way.

"Not so fast!" She snapped.

The three paused, and stared at her. "Mabel, what are you doing?" Will asked.

"Yeah, their producer is gone," Grenda pointed out. "We have to tell the boys."

"Let's not get too hasty," Mabel insisted. "How about we *don't* tell the boys, and they can stay here with me--I mean, *us.*"

"They can't stay here forever, Mabel," Will told her.

"But, I love them!"

"If you loved them, you'd set them free," Candy countered.

"Never! I can't lose another boy in my life," The Guardian said, desperately.

Candy narrowed her eyes, and charged forward. "Candy Attack!"

She collided with her friend, and they ended crashing into the door, causing it to spring open. They fell to the floor, startling the boy band.

"Guys, Mr Bratsman is arrested!" Will told them. "You're free!"

"Hurry up, and get out of here!" Candy said, struggling to pin Mabel down.

"Is this true, Mabel dawg?" Deep Chris asked.

"No, they're lying!" Mabel shouted. "Mr Bratsman is still out there! You have to stay here, probably forever!"

"Don't listen to her!" Will insisted.

"Mabel would never lie to us," Chubby Z said, defiantly. "She puts pizza in our food pallets. She's a'ight"

"She is not *a'ight*, Chubby Z!" Grenda snapped.

Mabel pushed Candy off, and stood in front of the boy band. "Sev'ral Timez!"

"Yes, Mabel girl?" They said.

"Remove these three from the premises," She said, pointing to the Raven Warriors and the boy.

Immediately, Sev'ral Timez stalked closer to the three, humming and snapping their fingers, and forcing them backwards.

"Oh no, they're aggressively dancing at us!" Candy gasped.

"This is somehow terrifying!" Will said.

"Mabel's gone mad with power! Don't listen to her!" Grenda yelled, before they were shoved outside, and the door slammed shut in front of their faces. Grenda shouted from the other side. "Call me, Deep Chris!"

Mabel breathed in relief. "Thanks for that. Now, let's get aboard the braid train."

"Things just got pretty intense, Mabel girl," Chubby Z pointed out. "Maybe, we should chill for a--"

"I said, let's get aboard the braid train!" Mabel snapped. The boy band looked at each other, worried.

⁂

Meanwhile, Bill and Dipper had finally arrived at Lookout Point. The place was empty, and the two looked around furiously.

"Where are they?" Dipper fretted, clutching a recorder tape.

Bill looked both ways, and finally spotted two figures in the center.

"There!"

Quickly, he ran towards them, with Dipper in tow. Robbie and Wendy looked out into the distance, and didn't even turn around when Dipper and Bill paused before them.

"Red, we have to tell you something!" Bill gasped.

Dipper held up the recorder. "Robbie mindcontrolled you! Here's proof."

Wendy remained unresponsive, and the two looked at her in confusion.

"Red, didn't you hear us?" Bill snapped, then reached forward and turned her around. "Seriously, what--"

He stopped short, as he looked into Wendy's eyes. They were no longer the calming green he was familiar with, but were glowing yellow orbs. Bill turned to Robbie, and realized his eyes were the same.

Dipper stared in horror. "What's happening here...?"

"*Yes, our Masters will be most pleased,*" Robbie hissed, his voice robotic. "*Once we retrieve their brother...and a Guardian's corpse.*"

"What is wrong with you two?" Dipper demanded. "Snap out of it!"

"*I'm sorry, guys,"* Wendy said, in a voice that didn't belong to her. "*What Jill says, goes."*

Bill's eyes widened. "Jill...Oh no."

Before the two could comprehend this madness, the two Guardians before them, took out their weapons, and charged.

Boyz Crazy-Final

Mabel was sitting on the bed, when Sev'ral Timez approached her.

"Mabel," Chubby Z started. "You got to hear this, it's a song we wrote to say *thank you.*"

Mabel smiled. "Oh, boy! Songs are like hugs that mouths give to ears."

The boy band stood back, before starting the song:

"*Mabel girl, we dream of being free! (so free). But now we know, that that can never be! You know what friends are all about! You kicked those dirty liars out!"*

Mabel's smile wavered nervously. "Starting to feel guilty here..."

"*Break it down, now!"* Deep Chris sang, before the rest of band joined in. "*Who's the girl, who's so a'ight? Tucks us into bed at night! Holds the fan up while we sing! Keeps us entertained with string! My shirt was wrinkled, til' she pressed it! Chews our food, so we can digest it! He was evil, cold and reckless, YOU GAVE ME THIS CANDY NECKLACE!*" The boy band held up their candy necklaces, with smiles on their faces.

Mabel sat there, now teary eyed.

"*Mabel, girl, we know you looove us so~"* Sev'ral Timez sang.

"And that's why I have to let you go," Mabel sighed.

⁂

Dipper was thrown to the ground.

There were multiple rips in his clothing, and he used his sword to help himself to his feet. Meanwhile, Bill was watching from behind a tree, where Dipper ordered him to stay.

Bill almost stepped out. "Pine Tree--"

"Stay where you are!" Dipper shouted.

There was a loud *snap,* and an arrow grazed past his cheek. Dipper cried out, when blood leaked from the opened cut. Robbie launched at him with surprising agility, and Dipper swung his sword at him. His weapon pulsed with light, and sent a whip of blue fire into Robbie's face.

The Cupid fell back, clutching his face, which was emitting smoke. When he removed his hands, his flesh was unscathed, but his collar was torn, revealing half of his mouth. Robbie recovered quickly, and took out another arrow, and shot it in Dipper's direction.

Bill felt his heart drop, when it grazed past the brunette's shoulder. Dipper released his sword, and clutched his wound, blood already soaking his uniform. The blond was about to run to his aid, when another form stepped in front of him.

"*Come with me peacefully, then you won't get hurt,*" Wendy said, in an empty voice.

Bill shook his head. "Red, stop this!"

The redheaded Guardian didn't listen, and tried to make a grab for him. Bill tried to dodge, but at the last swipe, she grabbed his wrists.

"Sorry about this, but you leave me no choice!" Bill yelled, then kicked her in the midsection.

Wendy groaned, and fell back. Bill watched as she heaved and bent over, and tried to figure out whether to run or see if she was okay.

Then, something happened, Wendy's eyes flickered from green to gold, and when she spoke, it was her own voice again. "*Bill...the CD...you have to..."*

Bill stared. "Do what?"

Wendy didn't answer, she growled under her breath like a wild

animal. She rose again, her eyes a blazing gold. Bill didn't hesitate, and started climbing the tree. Wendy shook the trunk furiously, and Bill felt queasy, as he perched on the tallest branch. He really hated heights.

Bill thought about what Wendy said. The CD must be something important then. Maybe, it was the source of Jill's mind control? He had to destroy it, then! But, he didn't have it with him.

Fez!, Bill remembered.

Quickly, he fished in his pocket, and pulled out his phone. As he did that, the tree suddenly rattled. He looked down, to see Wendy swinging her axe against the trunk, almost tearing through it. Panicking, Bill dialed in the shack's landline number, and his heart paced as he waited.

Pick up ! Pick up ! Pick up !

Beep! "*Hello, it's Stan*!"

"Fez, listen to me!" Bill said, urgently. "I need you to find the record and destroy it!"

" Huh ... what ?"

Bill cried out, when the tree began to tilt dangerously to the side. He accidentally slid off the branch, but managed to grab hold of it at the last second, his legs dangling in Wendy's reach.

"Just do it!" Bill shouted into the phone. "There's no time to explain!"

"*Okay, I left it in my record player...now where is it? Is it in the living room...Nope...not under the table either....Maybe in the kitchen? Hmm, nothing in the fridge, except for this leftover pudding."* Stan eating could be heard on the other side of the line. "*Mmm, good pudding. Good pudding."*

Bill almost cursed at him, but then he yelped, when Wendy grabbed his ankle. The blond gripped the branch tighter, as the redhead tried to drag him down. Meanwhile, Bill could see that Dipper was

becoming tired and could barely move, and Robbie was aiming his last arrow at the brunette's heart.

"STAN!" Bill screamed.

"Found it!" Stan said, triumphantly. "*And I'm melting it as we speak...Oops, I spilled some on the floor...you might need a new floor."* Then, the Day Guardian hung up.

There was a gasp below him, and Bill looked down, relieved to see Wendy's natural green eyes again. Wendy gave him a grateful smile, and helped him down. They turned to Dipper and Robbie, and the Cupid was helping the brunette stand on his two feet.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but thank you," Robbie told Dipper.

All Dipper could do was breathe heavily, blood dripping from his cheek and shoulder. Bill didn't think, and ran up to the brunette. Dipper almost gasped, when the blond wrapped his arms around him.

Dipper stood there for a second, before patting Bill gently on the head. "Don't worry, I'll be okay," He reassured.

Realizing what he was doing, Bill backed away. "Sorry..."

Dipper regarded him with concern, then turned his attention on Wendy when she spoke. "Robbie, I had no idea you were mindcontrolled this whole time."

"It's alright, babe," Robbie breathed, affectionately.

Wendy gave him a warm look. "I'm glad, you're back to normal."

Robbie's eyes brightened, but that didn't last long. He glanced in Dipper's direction, the brunette's gaze was rimmed with sadness. Robbie turned back to the redhead.

"Wendy, I have something to tell you."

Wendy looked at him questioningly. "What is it?"

"I want to break up."

There was a moment of shock, with no one saying anything. Robbie slid Dipper off his shoulder, before handing him to Bill to take care of.

Finally, Wendy responded. "Are you serious?"

Robbie nodded. "I'm sorry, but I have to do this," He said, for moment, glancing in Dipper's direction. "Goodbye, Wendy."

Then, with that, the Cupid walked away as though nothing happened. Wendy was dumbstruck, before she bowed her head.

"What was that?" Bill whispered to Dipper.

Dipper seemed to be the only one who wasn't confused. "Robbie is the Cupid of Broken Hearts. Whenever there is a broken heart, he has to fix it...no matter the cost."

Bill frowned in realization. "So, he sensed a broken heart in you. He broke up with Wendy...just so you can have her."

Dipper nodded. "I guess Robbie decided to be the bigger man tonight."

Bill looked at him for a while, before turning to Wendy. His chest ached at the sight of his crestfallen friend. No matter how hard it was, he had to be the bigger man too.

"Go to her," Bill said.

Dipper bit his lip nervously. "I don't--"

"This is possibly the only chance you have," Bill pointed out, giving him an encouraging smile. "Go to her. I'll walk back to the shack on my own."

Dipper hesitated, before sliding off him and slowly approaching Wendy. Bill looked on, trying to feel happy about this. This was good. If Dipper went out with Wendy, she'll be happy and the blond wouldn't have to worry about a silly crush. This was good...it had to

be.

Bill turned around, and walked away, feeling his stomach drop by the second. Meanwhile, Dipper settled beside Wendy, looking at her in concern.

"Are you okay?"

Wendy sighed heavily. "I think...I will be."

"Alright," Dipper said, gingerly.

There was a long pause between them, then Wendy said. "Are you going to confess your love to me?"

Dipper's eyes widened. "I, uh...you knew?"

Wendy nodded, with a soft smile. "Yes....and, I'm sorry, Dipper, but I only see you as a friend."

Dipper bowed his head. Frankly, he expected to feel much worse from the rejection. But, he only felt a slight ache, not enough to crush him.

"It's alright, Wendy," Dipper reassured.

Wendy looked at him curiously. "Are you sure you had genuine feelings for me? This is similar to when you dated Kill. You force yourself to have feelings for others, to cover up the feelings you have for *him?*"

"I suppose," Dipper admitted, blushing.

"Do you still like him?"

The male Guardian's brow furrowed. "I *can't* like him, Wendy. If I allow myself to, then I'll only get hurt again..."

The redhead gazed at him thoughtfully. "Why are you so convinced that Bill will betray us again?"

Dipper remained silent, because the truth was, he had no answer.

"I'm just afraid," He said, his voice shaky. "Afraid of feeling hopeless...like when Bill threw Ford into that portal. Why did he do it, did he hate me that much?"

Dipper felt tears forming in the rims of his eyes, and he quickly wiped them. He felt a warm hand resting on his shoulder, and he turned to Wendy.

"Give him a second chance," Wendy insisted. "It won't turn out like that, I promise."

Dipper looked at her, doubt filled him. "OK...I hope so."

The two stared into the night, a comfortable silence around them. Despite being a little hurt, Dipper couldn't have asked for a better friend like Wendy.

Meanwhile, a distance away from Lookout Point, Bill was walking down the path heading to the shack. As he processed what had just occurred, a shadow loomed over him.

"Mind if I walk with you?"

Bill turned, to see Robbie beside him. "May I asked, how blind are you to not see the broken heart right in front of you?"

Robbie chuckled softly. "So you admit it, you have a thing for soldier boy?"

Bill didn't answer, and Robbie nudged him playfully. "You could've stopped me, though," The Cupid said. "You could've taken him for yourself."

"Trust me, I wish I was that selfish," Bill remarked. "Sympathy sucks."

"Yep," Robbie agreed, a look of sadness in his eyes.

Bill regarded him curiously. "So, is that why you gave Red up? You felt sorry for Pine Tree?"

"It's my damn job," The Cupid said, defiantly. "I have to make a best

possible outcome for love."

Bill laughed sadly. "Yeah, I'm sure Red and Pine Tree will make a great couple."

"Wow, you really are stupid."

Bill gave him a sharp look. "What?"

Robbie rolled his eyes. "You thought I was setting Dipper up with Wendy? No, I was only giving him a dose of reality, to show him what he *really* wanted."

Bill squinted at him. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Robbie quickened his pace. "Remember, I don't give a crap about you or Dipper, this is just my job."

Bill was about to press him for information, when he heard a call behind him. He turned, seeing Dipper catching up to him.

"Hey, Bill" Dipper smiled.

Bill smiled back, then glanced at Robbie, only to see that the Cupid was gone.

"Bill, are you okay?"

The blond turned back to him. "Yeah...how did it go with Red?"

Dipper made a sad smile. "I was friendzoned..."

Bill stared, and kinda felt bad for feeling a burst of happiness. "Oh, sorry about that."

"It's fine," Dipper reassured. "Can I...walk with you?"

Bill smiled warmly. "Sure."

⁂

The sky had hues of orange, as the sun began to rise. Candy, Grenda, and Will gathered around the shack.

"OK, let's save those boys," Will said. "And hopefully, get my room back."

The two Raven Warriors nodded. Will was about to open the front door, when Mabel stepped out. She wore a regretful expression.

"Guys, I'm so sorry," Mabel said. "A catchy song made me realize you were right, can you ever forgive me?"

The three hesitated, before smiling. "Of course," Will said.

Mabel smiled in relief, and they went into a group hug. A moment later, Sev'ral Timez stepped out.

"What's going on, Mabel girl?" Chubby Z asked.

"You said you had something to show us?" Leggy P pointed out.

Mabel turned to them, then gestured outside. "Yep, this!"

Chubby Z squinted at the rising sun. "Yo, dawg, who is this big round, bright, fool?"

"That's the sun, Chubby Z," Mabel explained.

"This fool is making my eyes hurt straight painful! I'm gonna stare this fool down," He said, before staring intensely at the sun until his eyes watered. "Arrgh!"

"Yo, hold up, what's this green mess?" Deep Chris asked, pointing to the grass.

"That's nature, you guys are free now," Mabel told them.

Deep Chris tilted his head. "Fa-ree?"

"Free! It's means you can leave!" Mabel cried. "Go, get out of here!"

The boy band hesitantly moved forward. Once they were nearly into the woods, they looked back at the Guardian.

Mabel teared up. "Go, before I change my mind!"

They smiled gratefully at her, before disappearing into the woods.

Will patted Mabel's arm gently. "You did the right thing."

"Thanks," She sniffed.

There was a pause, then Candy said. "They won't last a week."

⁂

"And that's how Mabel liberated an entire teen pop boy band."

"What the actual hell, Will?"

Will shrugged, laying on his bed. "Yeah, I still don't get it either," He sighed. "So, it seems you also had fun, breaking Robbie and Wendy from Jill's mind control."

Bill sighed, sitting on his bed. "I think you and I lost the meaning *fun* as soon as we got here."

Will chuckled. Then stopped, as he remembered something. "Earlier, you had something important to tell me?"

Bill hesitated, before reaching down. Will watched intently, as he pulled out a piece of paper from underneath his mattress. "What's that?"

"I think it's a warning," Bill answered, carefully.

He spent a while explaining how he gotten the paper, and his suspicions surrounding it. Will was left in shock.

"Who sent this?"

"I don't know," Bill said, turning the paper over. "And, for some reason, they drew this blueprint."

"Maybe this *Tad* guy is returning, and this machine can stop him?" Will suggested. "Maybe, it can also stop Jill and Kill."

Bill breathed heavily. "I'm not sure, I'll just have to show Shooting Star and Pine Tree, maybe they can help."

"If you think so," Will said.

Bill glanced at him, then made an amused smile. "You know, for a minute, I thought the letter was warning me about you."

Will blinked. "Really?"

"Yeah," He chuckled. "But, don't worry, I know you'd never hurt me."

The blue haired boy smiled warmly at him. "Of course...though, it's kinda funny that you were scared of me for a second."

"Hey! I wasn't scared, I was cautious," Bill snapped.

Will grinned. "OK, tough guy," He said, then laid down on his bed. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Will," Bill said, before turning off the light.

The blond laid down, and closed his eyes.

"*Bill..."*

Bill furrowed his brow.

" Bill , can you hear me ?"

The blond groaned, the voice in his head becoming louder.

" Beware of Will , okay ?"

Bill trembled.

"*He will end you."*

His breathing paced.

"HE WILL END YOU."

Bill's eyes shot open and launched up, panting heavily. His chest ached from his throbbing heartbeat. Slowly, he turned to his brother, who was sleeping soundly. For the first time in his life, Bill

only felt one emotion towards Will at this moment:

Fear.

⁂

"GODDAMMIT!"

Crash !

Kill rolled his eyes. Jill was on a rampage, throwing mugs everywhere.

"Calm down, sis."

"Calm down!?" Jill snapped. "My mind control is *broken!* And we almost had Bill in our clutches!"

"I'm gonna miss Cupid, though," Kill sighed. "He wasn't that bad looking, it's been long since we had an attractive slave."

Jill threw a mug at the back of his head, and it smashed into pieces against his skull.

"Jill, use your *words!"* Kill shouted.

Jill glared. "I have *two* words: You idiot!"

The two argued loudly, and Gideon stood nearby. Eventually, he had enough.

"Be quiet!" He yelled. "I may have a solution to our problems."

Immediately, Jill's mood changed. She beamed at the white haired boy, and embraced him.

"I knew you would think of something, my smart boy," She purred.

Gideon flushed, then squirmed out of her grip. "Like I was saying," He started, holding up *Journal #2.* "I think we should try to retrieve the rest of the journals."

"Good thinking, because whoever has all three can unlock ultimate

power," Kill smirked.

"Exactly," Gideon grinned. "So, how about we enter *Plan B?*"

Kill and Jill glanced at each other, then nodded in agreement.

Jurrassic Buck-Part One

In middle of the night, the air was crisp and warm from a summer's day. In a clearing, a group of creatures were resting. There was a bird with purple feathers, perched on a branch, and snoozing silently. There was a buck laying on the lush grass, with a blond wolf curled up beside him. Finally, there was a large bear, who was resting against a tree. However, there was a force threatening the peaceful environment, as a huge shadow swept past, rustling the trees.

The bear's eyes shot open, and he looked up fearfully, before changing shape.

Thompson approached his friends, and spoke in an urgent voice. "Guys! Something just flew past!"

His friends woke up with a jolt. They then transformed, and groaned in annoyance.

"Thompson, what the heck?" Nate complained, sitting up, while Lee still laid beside him.

"Yeah, it's like the middle of the night," Tambry agreed, after easily jumping off from the branch.

"I'm telling you, I heard something," Thompson said, fearfully. "Maybe, it's a monster? we should tell Wendy."

Nate rubbed the bridge of his nose, seeming to have enough. "Thompson! We are not going to disturb Wendy, because you think there's a monster. It's probably nothing--"

An inhuman shriek pierced the air, and the same shadow from before flew overhead. The group stared up at the monstrous shape blocking the moon, before it disappeared.

There was pause, then Thompson asked. "So, we're telling Wendy?"

"Yep," His friends agreed, simultaneously.

⁂

Will was worried.

Specifically, he was worried about Bill. The blond had been acting strange lately.

For one thing, Bill was acting fidgety, even by Will's levels. When the blue haired boy attempted to get close to his brother, Bill would flinch away like Will was on fire. It was also noted, that Bill had dark rings around his eyes from a lack of sleep. What Will found most concerning, was that Bill was more quiet than usual. The blue haired boy was stumped about how he could help his brother, so one morning, he met up with Dipper and Mabel when they joined him in the kitchen.

"Jeez, I wonder what got Bill so worked up," Mabel wondered, after Will explained his dilemma.

Dipper's eyes lit up with concern, then he asked. "Has anything happened lately, that might've caused him to act like this?"

Will hesitated. Bill has yet to tell the Pine twins about the paper, and Will wasn't sure whether he should tell them or not. Recalling the paper, Will was then reminded of Bill admitting that he had been suspicious of him. Was Bill still cautious of him, was that why he was acting so weird? But, didn't the blond confirm that he knew Will would never hurt him, why would he change his mind now?

"Will?"

Will blinked, then quickly said. "No...not any that I can think of."

Dipper looked at him thoughtfully, but thankfully didn't ask anymore questions. Still, his brow creased with worry.

The blue haired boy knew he had to tell the Guardians sooner or later, this was pretty important information. Would Bill be angry at him, if he decided to tell them? No matter how Will looked at it, the letter was given to Bill, and it was his secret to tell. But, what if the

blond decided to keep his mouth shut? Will would just have to be patient with his brother, and if Bill continued to avoid telling their friends the truth, Will would have to do it for him.

With that decided, Will paid attention, as Mabel suggested. "It's obvious, that Bill is only stressed out," She pointed out. "What he needs, is a dose of enlightenment. What is Bill's favorite thing to do when he's upset?"

"Sticking his arms in fork drawers," Will replied.

Dipper regarded him confusion. "Why--"

"Don't ask."

"How about something...that's not totally sociopathic," Mabel said, gingerly. "Like sightseeing, or listening to music, or--"

"*Baa!*"

The three turned to the sound, and saw Gompers walk in, while nudging forward a food bowl with his nose.

"Oh! Sorry Gompers, I completely forgot to feed you," Will said, then hurried towards one of cabinets.

Mabel rubbed her chin thoughtfully, as Will took out a box of kibble, and poured some of the contents into Gompers's bowl. Then suddenly, she gasped.

"I got it!" She exclaimed. "Some studies show that quality time with pets lower stress levels. Bill needs to spend some time with Gompers here."

Will looked uncertain, while Gompers ate. "I don't know, Gompers only seems to make Bill anxious."

"Then, this might help them bond a little," Mabel countered. "Also, it can't hurt to try."

Will was thinking this plan through, when the said blond walked into the kitchen. Bill looked at the Guardians in confusion.

"When did you guys get here--"

Mabel quickly picked up Gompers, and tossed him towards Bill. "GOAT!"

Gompers bleated in distress, and Bill screamed, when the creature hit him square in the chest. Bill fell onto his back, with Gompers laying on his torso.

"Shooting Star! Why did you throw an animal at me!?" Bill shouted, pushing Gompers off.

Mabel turned to Will with a grin, like she just proved a point. "See? He's already beginning to act like himself again."

Will sighed.

Meanwhile, Dipper walked forward, and extended a hand to the blond. Bill hesitated, then reached out and gripped the Guardian's hand, before the brunette helped him up. Bill spent a couple of seconds, looking shyly at their intertwined hands, before pulling back.

Dipper looked at him in concern. "Bill, your brother has been telling us about your behavior lately. Is there anything you want to tell us about?"

Will felt a twist in his gut, when Bill avoided his gaze. He began to notice how often the blond would ignore him, and it scared him. Maybe, the problem originated from Will after all?

"Nothing's happening, Pine Tree," Bill responded, tiredly.

Dipper looked unconvinced. "You look exhausted, have you been sleeping at all?"

"I agree with Dipper, you look like a vampire," Mabel said, then added. "And not the hot kind, by the way."

Bill scratched the top of his head in irritation, and moved towards the fridge and opened it. "I'm fine," He said, taking out an apple.

Dipper furrowed his brow in frustration. Will knew the Guardian was about to snap, so he quickly moved towards Bill.

"We're only worried, Bill," Will said.

When the blond didn't turn to him, Will gently placed a hand on his shoulder. That might've been a mistake. Out of nowhere, Bill dropped his apple and his whole body spasmed under his touch, and the blond whirled around. Will gasped, when Bill grabbed his wrist, and faced him with wide frantic eyes.

There was a pause, as everyone stared at the blond. Will winced, when Bill's grip tightened around his wrist.

"Bill...you're hurting me."

Like that, Bill's eyes widened in realization, he quickly released his brother. Will could only gaze at him in worry, as a flash of shame covered the blond's face.

"I'm sorry," Bill said, softly.

Before Will could say anything more, another person entered the kitchen. It was Wendy, and she had a familiar look on her face. It was her unmistakable *guess who's gonna be bait!* face.

"Guys, I just got a message from my friends," The redhead said. "Turns out, there's this flying monster around their part of the woods. I'll need your help to catch it. What do you say?"

The four silently agreed to forget what just occurred here, and Mabel put on her bright smile. "Of course, Wendy!"

"Sure," Dipper said, absentmindedly, as he glanced over at Bill.

Wendy nodded, then turned to the Cipher twins. "How about you two? And I promise you're not bait this time, we're just gonna scout around the forest."

Will looked over at Bill. The blond had turned a shade paler, and he definitely looked exhausted. True, Bill would need a bit of sunlight, but was monster-hunting really the way to do it? Bill

looked tired enough just by walking into the kitchen. With this concern, Will decided what he had to do next.

"I'll go, Bill can stay here," He said.

Bill blinked, like he heard incorrectly. "Huh?"

"It'll do you some good to get some rest," Will pointed out. "And hey, while I'm gone, you can take care of Gompers."

Bill tossed a look at the goat, who was sniffing the apple that he had dropped. "Why do you hate me so?"

"Stop complaining," Will chastised. "And don't let him outside, okay?"

Bill rolled his eyes. "He's an animal, he deserves to be outside."

Mabel gasped, like Bill just said the most offensive thing ever. "Don't ever say that! Back when I had Waddles, the one time he went outside was when I accidentally left the inter-dimensional doggy door open, and then I never saw him again."

"Why did you say that, like it was a normal sentence?" Bill questioned.

Mabel huffed. "My point is, don't repeat my mistake," She said, then turned to her brother. "Right, Dipper?"

Dipper laughed nervously. "Right..."

"So, while Bill is goat-sitting, we'll be catching ourselves a monster," Wendy smiled, then started to walk out of the kitchen. "C'mon!"

Dipper and Mabel followed her out, while Will looked at his brother. He knew he made the right decision. All Bill needed right now was a distraction from all the craziness. The blond needed some space away from people...especially Will.

Will frowned. Even though it pained him, he needed to think about his brother's health, and him being near seemed to worsen Bill's mood. If distancing himself from the blond, somehow fixed the

problem, so be it.

He sighed, and turned away. He hoped that Gompers served as a effective distraction.

"OK goat, give me back my apple," Bill snapped, then there was the sound of Gompers hissing and the blond screaming.

Will turned around, to see Bill rolling across the floor, trying to pry Gompers off his face.

"KILL IT! KILL IT WITH FIRE!"" Bill screamed at the top of his lungs.

Will sighed, before turning and walking out.

Jurrassic Buck-Part Two

Later that day, the Mystery Shack was open for business, and Bill was occupied with sweeping the floor. Nearby, Stan was showing a bunch tourists around, before stopping at their final exhibit, which was covered by a sheet.

"We're reaching our last exhibit," Stan said, clutching the sheet. "I present to you, a unicorn made of corn! The Corn..ni-corn? I dunno, I'm tired."

The Day Guardian removed the sheet, and the result were a collection of gasps. The exhibit was now just a bunch of broken wires, and pieces of corn.

"What happened!?" Stan exclaimed.

Crunch !

The Guardian whirled around, to see Gompers surrounded by half eaten corns, and he was currently chewing on one now. Behind Stan, the tourists muttered angrily.

"This is a ripoff!" A woman scoffed. "Kids, we're leaving."

Her kids dropped their merchandise, and followed their mother out. It didn't take long, before the rest of the group left too. Stan stared in dismay, then turned sharply towards Bill.

"What the hay, Blondie?" Stan snapped. "This goat of yours ruined my homemade scams! Can't you take him outside?"

Bill shrugged, and put down the broom. "Trust me, I wish I can. But, I promised Will I wouldn't."

Stan rolled his eyes. "C'mon, 5 minutes without this goat is all I ask."

"Will insisted there are predators outside."

"That's just the natural order," Stan dismissed. "It's not our fault the goat is potentially delicious."

Bill narrowed his eyes at him, and Stan sighed.

"Look, he'll only be a foot away from the shack, and we'll put him on a leash so he doesn't wonder off."

The blond rubbed the back his neck, then turned to Gompers thoughtfully. The goat looked up from the corn, and stared intensely at Bill. The blond shivered, then turned back to Stan.

"OK, let's do it."

⁂

Wendy, the Pine twins, and Will were halfway through the woods. They eventually paused before a bunch of trees, which were suspiciously covered in sap.

"This is where my friends last saw that thing," Wendy explained, gesturing to their surroundings. "Though, there seems to be no traces of it left behind."

"Maybe, it's invisible," Mabel beamed. "I say we pull out the glitter attack."

"You mean the attack that almost blinded me?" Dipper remarked.

"That's what you get for touching my leftovers, bro-bro."

"There's such a thing called a *name tag,*" The male brunette argued.

"Quiet down, kids," Wendy sighed, then said. "I say we split up into teams, and search for any clues. Mabel can go with me, and Will can go with Dipper."

They nodded, and broke off into their selected pairs. While Mabel and Wendy looked somewhere else, Dipper and Will reached a spot under the trees. Will suddenly tripped over a jutted root in the ground, and planted a hand on a tree for support. However, when he tried to pull his hand back, it wouldn't budge. Will was

distressed, to see he was stuck in a lump of sap growing on the trunk of the tree. He began to panic, but then Dipper came to his rescue.

"Hold still," Dipper instructed, unsheathing his sword.

Will felt a surge of fear, but closed his eyes, and did what the Guardian said. Dipper swiftly carved through the hardened sap with his blade, before it crumbled, releasing Will's hand. The boy opened his eyes, and sighed in relief at his freed hand.

"Thanks, Dipper."

The Guardian sheathed his weapon, and gave the other a curt nod. Then, a thoughtful look crossed Dipper's face.

"It's a surprise that you decided to come without Bill."

Will twiddled his fingers nervously. "Bill needed a rest, and you know me, I live for this kind of stuff. The outdoors, the ground...the prospect of being eaten by a monster. Ha, *fun*."

Dipper looked at him blankly, then sighed. "Will, I know you're doing this to avoid your brother, mind telling me why?"

Will frowned, finding no use in lying. "I feel like Bill is becoming afraid of me," He admitted.

"Why?" Dipper asked.

Now, would be the appropriate time to bring up the letter, but then Will remembered this was Dipper he was talking to. It was almost impossible to predict how the Guardian will react. Will knew he shouldn't, but he feared that if he told Dipper the truth, the brunette would turn on him. Not willing to take that risk, he decided to keep his mouth shut for now, until he had both Pine twins to talk to.

"I don't know," Will said. "But it isn't just me, Bill has been fidgety around everything lately. So far, the only option I have is to leave him alone, and hopefully he'll relax."

Dipper bit his lip. "You think that all of the craziness is beginning to

take a toll on him?"

"Probably," Will said, worried. "He's been doing fine so far, but yet again, he's still human."

Dipper made a conflicted look, like he was wondering whether or not to believe that statement.

"Bill and I may have our differences," The Guardian said, hesitantly. "But, I think we truly bonded throughout this summer. Even though I'm convinced that he'll turn back into the golden devil that destroyed my home...for the time being, he's still my friend, and I'm concerned for his health."

Will stared at him, honestly not expecting him to admit something like that. He inspected Dipper closely, noticing the faint blush on the Guardian's cheeks. A millions thoughts went through his head, and then he asked:

"You really care about him, don't you?"

"I suppose so," Dipper answered, lightly.

Will paused, before asking. "As much as you cared about him...*back then*?"

Dipper stared, then made a guarded expression. "I don't want to talk about this, Will."

"Well...I do!" Will remarked. The Guardian shot him a glare, and the boy shrank a little. "Please?"

Dipper shook his head. "Forget about what I said to you. I didn't even know you two switched bodies."

"But, you wanted to say those things to Bill, right?"

"I did," He replied, sharply. "But, now I realize I was being too emotional. Bill doesn't need to know about the feelings I had for him back then, because they are long gone."

Will frowned. "Look, I understand that you don't want to get your

heart broken again. But, if you have even the smallest feelings for Bill now, are you really content on ignoring them like you did in the past?"

Dipper remained silent, and for a while, they stood there looking at each other. It was soon put to a halt, when they heard a call from Mabel.

"Guys, we found something!"

Quickly, the two followed her voice, deciding to forget their conversation for now. When they arrived before the two women, they were faced with a surprising sight. The trees overheard, had broken branches, and the earth below was littered with what looked like dry flakes. Wendy had one of the flakes in her hand, and inspected it.

"These are scales," Wendy explained, dropping it to the floor. "Something must've shed them."

"Could it be a giant iguana with wings?" Mabel asked. "Oh! Maybe, it can breathe fire?"

"It sounds like you're describing a dragon, Mabel," Will pointed out.

"It's not a dragon," Dipper said. "Trust me, I've encountered a lot of them, and they don't nest in the forest."

"Speaking of nest, maybe I'll find one in the trees," Wendy said. "Stay here, until I come back."

The redhead moved towards one of the trees, and quickly climbed it. The rest of the group watched, as Wendy finally reached the top, and looked around.

"I'm really confused about what exactly is this thing," Dipper said, crinkling his nose at the shriveled scales on the ground.

"Whatever it is, we can totally take it on," Mabel smiled, bumping her brother's shoulder.

Will smiled at her, but then stopped midway. He caught the sounds

of soft rustling in the distance. Will looked up, but only saw canopied branches.

Snap !

Will jolted on the spot, and two shadows loomed over him. He looked over, to see Dipper and Mabel standing protectively at his sides, appearing to have heard the sound too. They stood in the unbearably silence, and scanned around with frantic eyes. Eventually, they relaxed a bit, when no danger revealed itself.

"I guess it was nothing," Mabel said.

Will sighed in relief, but might have done it too soon. Because a second later, a shriek arrowed through his ears, and a huge dark shape launched out from the trees. Before anyone could comprehend this, it swooped overhead, and Will felt his torso being clutched by a iron grip, and he was abruptly lifted into the air.

Will heard Dipper and Mabel's distant screams, as he was dragged through the air by the monster. The deafening flaps of wings filled his ear, and he turned his head to get a better look at his captor. He caught flashes of dark scales, and a glowing yellow eye. Will felt queasy, and his heart raced, as cold fear pumped into his veins. He thought he'd surely die, but then there was a flash of metal, and the monster shrieked, when an axe slashed at it's hide. It instinctively dropped Will, and the boy plummeted to the ground at high speed. Will tucked himself into a ball, as dropped to the earth. He rolled across the ground, before hitting a tree stump.

Will groaned, feeling an agonizing pain in his ribcage. He shakily pressed a hand on the center of his chest, and used some healing magic. The pain immediately lessened. He wasn't completely healed, but at least it was bearable for him to sit up. As he did, he noticed Wendy's axe embedded into the earth, stained with blood.

"Will!"

Will turned, seeing Wendy running towards him, with the other two Guardians in tow. The redhead pulled her axe out from the ground, then she knelt down to inspect Will.

"Are you okay?" She asked, in a hurry.

"I'm fine," Will told her. Then, he looked up wearily, but saw no signs of the beast. "What was that thing?"

Wendy's green eyes shined determinedly. "I don't know, but I'm gonna find out."

⁂

Stan and Bill were in the middle of fastening a leash on Gompers, that they planned to tie to a stake in the ground.

"You sure this will hold?" Bill questioned, looking down at the stake.

"Of course," Stan reassured, tying the end of Gompers's leash to the piece of wood. "There you go, now this goat won't be bothering us anymore."

The Day Guardian clapped Bill on the back, nudging him in the direction of the shack. "Come on, let's get back to work."

"Sure," Bill said. "But, we should remember to check on him once in a while."

"You're worrying too much," Stan pointed out. "Trust me, the goat will be just fine."

Bill was about to reply, when there was an deafening shriek behind them, followed by Gompers bleating in distress. Both whirled around, and were shocked to see Gompers wasn't where they left him. There was another shriek, and they looked up, appalled to see a large shadow carrying away the goat, before it disappeared.

They stood there, not saying a word to each other, then four figures stepped out from the woods. Will and the others were returning.

"Guys, you won't believe what we saw!" Will gasped, but then he noticed their horrified expressions. "What's wrong?"

Bill cleared his throat. "Good news, you're getting a puppy!"

Will tilted his head. "What?"

"Kid, I'm gonna say this as gently as possible," Stan started. "Your goat was carried away by a monster."

Bill shot him a glare, and Will stared.

"WHAT?" Will gasped, then turned to Bill. "How did this happen!? You didn't put him outside, did you?"

Bill quickly shook his head. "No! I-I can explain."

"I'll explain exactly what happened," Stan said.

"Yeah, listen to him," Bill said, quickly.

Everyone looked at Stan intently, as he spoke. "There Bill was, naturing Gompers like his own child, when BOOM! That monster crawled into the house, and snatched the goat away! And then Bill was like: *Not so fast, cretin!* And started punching it in the face, like WHAM! But then it flew off before he could finish it."

Bill looked at him like he was bonkers, and Mabel rubbed her chin thoughtfully.

"That story sounds oddly suspicious, but I'm gonna believe it anyway because it involves punches," She said.

Will placed a hand on his brother's shoulder. "Thanks for trying to save him," He said.

Bill laughed nervously. "Yeah...just trying to be a good brother."

"We shouldn't lose hope," Wendy chimed in. "The monster didn't eat Gompers on the spot, so it's probably carrying him back to it's nest. We're gonna track it down, save Gompers, and catch that monster!"

The others nodded in agreement, and the redhead turned towards the woods.

"We should hurry, though. There's no telling when that beast will be having it's *snack*."

Jurrassic Buck-Part Three

"*Oh ho ho! It's off monster hunting we go*!" Mabel sang.

"Shooting Star, it's been half an hour, give it a break already!" Bill snapped.

The group were walking through the forest. Wendy and the Pine twins used their tracking skills, and they eventually arrived at a spot, where an abandoned church stood. The group slowly entered, scanning the wrecked area, before they noticed the huge pit in the back of the room.

They approached it, and looked down wearily. Wendy turned her gaze to the edge, where a couple of dry scales and brown fur littered near her feet.

"It carried Gompers down there," Wendy insisted, gesturing to the hole. "I'm sure of it."

Dipper nodded, beckoned everyone closer to him. "I'll transport us down, so everyone stand close to me."

Everyone obliged, but Bill hesitated. Will rolled his eyes, and pulled his brother closer. The blond's eyes widened, when he was yanked forward, and his head ended up bumping against Dipper's chest. Bill flared bright red, and Will stifled a laugh.

Dipper closed his eyes, and then a light encased them. There was a soft humming sound, and when the brightness ceased, the group looked at their surroundings. They were trapped in what looked like a mine, with wild vegetation growing around, and geysers sprouting from the earth.

"Woah, this place looks so cool," Mabel awed.

Bill nodded in agreement, then he heard soft panting. He turned to the male brunette, who was catching his breath. "You okay, Pine

Tree?"

"I'm fine," He insisted. "It's just...harder to use my magic these days."

With nothing else to say on the matter, Dipper looked down the tunnel, and pulled out his sword. It immediately emitted a glow, and he moved forward.

"Come on, we don't have time to waste," He said, to the group.

With that, they immediately followed him into the tunnel. It was pretty dark, with only Dipper's sword, and the flame Stan ignited in his palm to guide them. They abruptly stopped, when Dipper's light revealed a sharped tooth creature standing before them.

Everyone screamed in surprise, but then they discovered that the beast was trapped in some amber coloured substance.

"It's sap," Will breathed.

Dipper looked closely at the imprisoned creature, and his eyes lit up in recognition. "Guys, this is a T-rex. What is it doing here?"

"You should ask them the same question," Stan said, suddenly.

The group turned, and saw the Day Guardian had increased the brightness of his flame. It was then revealed, that they were surrounded by sap encased dinosaurs. They marvelled at the sight, both with amazement and fear.

"Wait, is this how they survived all these years?" Dipper breathed. He shined his light on one of the sap molds, which had a giant hole in it. "The monster that took Gompers was probably a dinosaur that escaped!"

"Holy Axolotl, forget the cornicorn , this will drive the tourists wild," Stan grinned. "I can bring them down here, and turn it into some kind of theme park. *Jurassic...Sap Hole.*"

"Let's not celebrate, yet," Dipper told him, bluntly. "Who knows what's down here. We should keep moving."

Everyone agreed, and moved forward. They passed many trapped dinosaurs, each more intimidating than the rest.

Will frowned. "I really hope Gompers is okay."

Bill nodded, uncharacteristically quiet. Will regarded him in concern, and tried to move closer, but the blond flinched away from him. That hurt more than Will liked to admit.

After a deep breath, Will forced a smile. "No need to be nervous--"

"I'm not," Bill replied, sharply.

Will sighed. "Sorry..."

There was silence between them once more. Meanwhile, Stan was looking around greedily, like he had dollar signs in his eyes.

"This place could be a gold mine! I'll put velvety type ropes here, a ticket booth here. Ha!" The Day Guardian grinned in Bill's direction. "Blondie, we should have left that goat outside sooner!"

Will stopped in his tracks, and turned to the old man. "What?"

"Fez!" Bill snapped.

"My bad," Stan said, gingerly.

Will spun towards his brother. "I thought the dinosaur came inside the shack."

Bill rubbed the back of his neck. "About that..."

"You lied to me!"

"Hold on, Fez lied, not me," Bill said, defensively.

"But you decided not to tell the truth!" Will yelled. "And thanks to you, Gompers could be dead!"

"I didn't ask to take care of that goat!" The blond remarked. "Seriously, what was up with that?"

"I thought you needed a distraction, because you been acting weird lately," His brother said.

Bill crossed his arms stubbornly. "What do you mean? I wasn't acting weird."

Will gritted his teeth, and shouted. "Yes, you are! All of a sudden, you're acting like I'm some kind of monster. What the hell, we're supposed to be brothers!"

The blue haired boy surged forward, and Bill backed away. Quickly, Wendy tried to get in between them.

"Guys, please just chill," Wendy insisted.

"No, Wendy," Will protested, glaring at the blond. "I want to know what his deal is. Seriously, don't you trust me anymore, Bill?"

There was a long unbearable silence, and Bill refused to meet his brother's gaze. Then, he spoke in a soft voice. "No...I don't think I can. I'm sorry."

Will stared, turning a shade paler. The fact that Bill admitted it, sent a pain in his chest, and not just from the bruised ribs. Will trembled, his eyes rimmed with tears.

Mabel quickly intervened. "C'mon, let's not fight, we're supposed to be finding Gompers. And Will, it was only a mistake on Bill's part, like when I left the doggy door open."

Dipper bit his lip, then blurted. "Mabel, there's something you need to know."

"What is it, Dipping Sauce?" She asked.

Stan regarded his nephew suspiciously. "Kid, what are you doing?"

"Telling her the truth," Dipper said. He looked at Mabel, and said hesitantly. "You didn't leave the doggy door open...Stan and I did."

Mabel's eyes widened. "What...?"

"We forgot to close it after we took Waddles for a walk," Dipper said. "We didn't mean--"

"You lost my pig!" Mabel shouted, enraged. "And you let me blame myself all these years!? What is wrong with you!?"

Stan moved forward. "Kid, just listen--"

"No, I'm never talking to you two again!" Mabel snapped, turning away from them.

"Mabel, we're sorry," Dipper insisted.

"Oh? Is someone talking to me, because I can't hear them!" She spat, refusing to look at him.

"Guys, maybe we should lower our voices, so the dinosaur won't hear us?" Wendy pointed out, but she was ignored.

Stan and Dipper were trying fruitlessly to gain Mabel's attention, while Will argued with Bill.

"So, that's it?" Will snapped, eyes glossed with tears. "You're just gonna forget all we went through, because of some stupid letter?"

Bill shook his head. "Will, it's not like that--"

"Then, what is it like!?" Will shouted. "For once, I wish you would just communicate with me!"

Bill was unresponsive, his eyes darting to his feet.

Meanwhile, Wendy watched as her friends fought. She racked her brain, trying to figure out a way to make them snap out of it, when a shadow covered her whole. The redhead slowly turned, and her eyes widened.

"Hey idiots...I found the monster."

Immediately, they stopped what they were doing, and followed her gaze. There was a drop in the astrosphere, as they faced a giant pterodactyl looming over them like a living nightmare.

"Everyone, stay perfectly still and keep quiet," Wendy told them, in a hush voice.

"Speak louder, I can't hear you!" Stan remarked, loudly.

The pterodactyl shrieked, revealing rows of sharp teeth. The group tensed with fear, and Stan blinked.

"Oops," Stan said, then lit both his hands on fire. "Oh well, time to roast this dino like--"

The dinosaur gurgled, like something was trapped in it's throat. Then out of nowhere, it coughed up a ball of sap at the Day Guardian. Stan cried out, when the substance covered his hands whole, and they were bind together.

"What in the hot Belgium waffles!?" Stan yelled.

While he tried to break free, Dipper and Wendy surged forward with their weapons raised. However, the pterodactyl coughed up more sap, which directly hit their weapons. The two stared and backed up, as their weaponry was trapped in a large pile of sap.

"How is it doing this!?" Dipper shouted.

Wendy didn't reply, too shocked. As she was distracted, a giant beak clamped around her torso, and she was lifted into the air. The group stared in horror, as Wendy was midway down the dinosaur's throat.

"I totally blame you guys for this!" She yelled at them, before she was swallowed whole.

After the monster devoured their friend, they didn't waste another moment. Dipper quickly pulled everyone near him, and used his powers. The pterodactyl roared, when a flash of light seared into it's eyes. A moment later, the group transported to the other side of the tunnel, where they faced a train track going over a large gorge.

Dipper almost fainted, and Bill quickly let the Guardian lean on him for support. The group sank to the ground behind a boulder, before the pterodactyl flew out of the tunnel and into the air.

Stan looked down at his hands, which emitted a soft glow through the sap. "Come on, melt already!" He urged, then sighed. "Is everyone okay? Mabel?"

Mabel huffed, and turned away.

"Mabel, you can hate us later," Dipper said. "Right now, we need to work as a team."

"That's gonna be pretty hard," Will remarked, glaring at Bill. "Because for a team, we'd need *trust,* and we seem to be lacking in that compartment."

Bill looked like he wanted to protest, but instead, he kept quiet.

"*BAA!*"

Will perked up, and turned around. At the end of the train track, they finally noticed a large nest. And peaking out from the nest, was Gompers the goat.

"Gompers!" Will cried, then without hesitation, he ran out onto the train tracks.

"Will, wait!" Bill told him, running after him.

The rest of the group were trailing behind. The train tracks rattled, as Will ran across on it. Then, finally, he reached the nest.

"Gompers!"

The goat looked up at him, then ran up to him, and jumped into the boy's arms. Will embraced the animal tightly.

"It's okay, you're safe now," He reassured.

Dipper, Mabel, and Stan entered the nest. They stared in fear, as they noticed the singular giant egg, and the human bones littered nearby.

Dipper quickly came up, and grabbed Will by the back of his sweater. "OK, you got your goat, now let's go," He said, then turned

to the train tracks. "Bill, we're heading back!"

Bill stood in place, his legs shook violently. The blond glanced downwards, looking nauseous. "Just give me a minute..."

Then, there was a shriek.

Dipper looked up, and his heart raced, when he spotted the pterodactyl circling over. It roared, which struck fear in Gompers. The goat squirmed out of Will's arms, and ran across the track.

"Gompers, wait!"

Bill stared, as the goat ran towards him at top speed. And just when the pterodactyl swooped down and was about to grab the blond, the goat hit Bill square in the chest, and they both ended up falling off the track and plummeting into the gorge.

"Bill!" Dipper cried.

"We have to save them!" Will gasped.

Thud !

Soft growling was heard behind them, and they turned around. The pterodactyl stood there, jaw wide open.

"One question remains," Dipper started. "Who's gonna save *us?"*

Jurrassic Buck-Final

Bill opened his eyes, feeling a bit dazed.

Fighting the pain in his back, he sat up, and scanned his surroundings. He appeared to have landed in a lush forest, with oversized plants. Speaking of which, he then realized he was sitting near a giant mushroom, that must've broken his fall. Bill turned around, only to see Gompers sitting beside him.

"OK, now I'm convinced you're trying to kill me," Bill said, bitterly.

Gompers bleated, then went to sniff at the grass. Then all of a sudden, the pterodactyl flew by, it's shadow swooping over them. Bill tensed, when it shrieked viciously.

"The ugly thing must be hungry," Bill said, then turned to Gompers. "It's you or me, goat."

There was a pause, before Bill nudged Gompers into the open with his foot. The goat turned to him, looking at him blankly.

Bill crinkled his brow. "Don't look at me like that, if you weren't so darn creepy, then maybe you wouldn't have been stuck outside."

Gompers blinked.

"Yes, I know you're Will's pet, and he cares about you for some reason, but why did he have to dump you onto me of all people?" Bill ranted.

The blond's face softened. "I guess he didn't have a choice, since I refused to talk to him...But, don't I have a reason to? I mean, anyone would've done the same, right?"

Gompers sneezed.

Bill scratched his head thoughtfully. "OK, now that I think about it, most people would just talk about it," He said, then his face turned

to cold realization. "Oh my god, Will was right, I should've communicated with him when I had the chance."

He recalled earlier, and his stomach dropped, when he pictured Will's heartbroken expression. What had he done?

"I was afraid of him," Bill said, regretfully. "I was afraid of my own brother. What the hell is wrong with me? When the time came, I listened to some dumb voice rather than my best friend?"

Bill shook in the spot, guilt stabbed through him like a shower of knives. All this time, he thought Will was cowardly...but the real coward was Bill all along.

Bill abruptly felt a warmth against his chest. He looked down, and saw Gompers budding his head gently against him. The blond hesitated, before patting the animal on the head. For a moment, Gompers seemed less creepy in his eyes.

"I'm done being afraid," Bill promised, himself. "Done being afraid of you, Will, and that damn dinosaur."

He stood up, scooping the goat up in his arms. "We're getting out of here," The blond said.

Gompers tilted his head, Bill blinked in realization. He was talking to a goat, he really needed to get out of here, before he completely lost his marbles.

Bill was about to think of a plan, when there was a low rumbling behind him. He slowly turned, when the earth shook, as something began to approach them.

"Gompers," Bill started. "I don't think we're alone down here."

"Baa!" The goat replied.

⁂

Back in the nest, each of the group were trapped in solidified sap. They struggled to get out, but so far, they were stuck in place. And tensions rose, as the giant egg before them began to form cracks on

it's surface.

After failing to break free, Dipper turned to his uncle, who was trying to melt through their sticky prison. "Grunkle Stan, can't you increase the heat of your flame?"

The old man turned to him. "Kid, with us being so close, I might fry you guys alive."

"OK, let's not do that," Will said.

Crack !

The group turned, when the white shell of the egg, finally crumbled. When it broke, it revealed a huge pterodactyl chick in it's place. The baby blinked it's eyes at them.

"Aww, it's kinda cute," Mabel cooed.

But then, the dinosaur's eyes sharpened, and it shrieked loudly. The group flinched, as it neared them, with a gapping mouth.

"Mr Pines, hurry!" Will shouted.

"I'm trying!" Stan shouted back.

Will's eyes widened, when the chick was minutes away from biting his head off. He braced himself, but then there was a burst of light, as Stan freed one of his hands, and blasted fire at the pterodactyl's face. It squeaked in fear, and backed away. With as much time that he had left, Stan melted his way out of the sap, and quickly worked on the others. Eventually, they all managed to slip out.

"Quick, we need to leave before the mother comes back," Stan said, urgently.

"We can't leave without the others," Mabel insisted.

There was a banshee scream behind them, and they turned to see the pterodactyl baby charging at them. They narrowly dodged it's massive beak, by escaping onto the tracks. They stepped a safe distance away from the nest, with Will almost tripping into the

abyss, but Dipper grabbed his arm at the last second.

"I would teleport you guys out of here, but I'm already out of energy as it is," Dipper said, his point emphasized by his pale complexion.

Will frowned, feeling helpless. "Then, what are we--?"

He stopped, when a shadow swooped over them. They looked up, only to see the adult pterodactyl circling over. It spotted them, and immediately went into attack mode. The group ran with their heads covered by their arms, as it tried to make a grab at them. Stan did his best to warn it off, by setting his hands on fire, but that only served as a minor delay for the dinosaur. Fortunately, the group was almost nearing the exit. Stan, Dipper, and Mabel ran onto the ledge, and Will wasn't far behind, when all of a sudden, his foot was stuck in place.

He turned around, and stared in dismay, as he discovered his foot was encased in sap. He really hated this stuff! The others noticed his dilemma, and rushed in to help, but they were interrupted by a roar. Will looked up, and all he could see were two wide wings, and golden eyes staring into his soul. The monster's talons were about to reach and grab him, when another shadow swooped over, and snatched the dinosaur up.

Will's eyes widened, in disbelief. Despite his days living in the weirdest town ever, nothing prepared him for this moment. He was completely dumbstruck by the scene before him. Because what he saw, was a beast grasping his jaws over the dinosaur like it was a chew toy. And most importantly, it was a giant pig...with *wings.*

The pig was at least twice as big as the pterodactyl, with a round body, beady black eyes, pink skin, and dark pink spots. It had enormous white feathery wings, sprouting out from it's sides. Will's hair flattened, as a gust of wind blew against him every time the pig flapped his wings.

Behind him, Mabel exclaimed. "WADDLES!"

Will snapped his head towards her. "That's Waddles!?"

Mabel nodded excitingly, and then her eyes widened in surprise. "Is that Bill?"

As soon as she said that, Will turned back to the pig. Only now, did he notice the blond boy sitting on top of the animal, clutching a brown goat in his arms. Will felt so relieved in that moment, he thought he might burst into tears.

Waddles went into a lazy spiral, eventually landing onto the ledge with a heavy *thud.* Waddles dropped the unconscious dinosaur to the floor, and oinked loudly. Will quickly joined the others, as Bill climbed off the pig's wing. Immediately, the blue haired boy ran up and embraced his brother, not noticing that it caused Gompers to be squished slightly between them.

Once he released the other, Bill smiled at him. The blond lifted up the goat. "Here's your pet back...and, I want you to know, I was wrong to think so irrationally."

Will smiled sadly. "In a way, I get it. So, do you still trust me?"

"Of course, I do," Bill chuckled. "I mean, you could drive a sword through my chest, and I'd still think of you as family."

Will felt his heart swell, and felt the urge to hug him again, but he knew how uncomfortable Bill got with physical contact.

"Waddles!"

The brothers turned, to see Mabel's hugging one of the pig's front legs. She looked closed to tears.

"I'm so happy you're alive!" She cried, with joy.

"Mabel," Dipper started, gingerly. Stan was standing beside him. "We owe you an apology, we should've told you the truth."

Mabel looked at them for a while, then smiled softly. "Apology accepted," She said. "Though, you should really be apologizing to Waddles."

Stan rolled his eyes. "Are you serious--"

Dipper nudged him, to shut him up, and nodded to Mabel. "Of course."

The two reluctantly moved closer to pig, looking at him wearily.

"We're sorry, Waddles," Dipper said.

Waddles looked at them blankly, before giving them both a good lick. The two cringed when they were covered in saliva, and Mabel and Bill laughed hysterically.

"We should leave," Dipper said, attempting to wipe himself dry.

"Definitely," Will agreed. "Though, I can't help but feel that we're forgetting something."

The group turned, when a retching sound emitted from the pterodactyl. The Guardians stood in a defensive position, when the dinosaur started moving. The pterodactyl opened it's mouth, but only to puke out a large slime covered ball. However, when the ball unfolded and stood up, it was revealed to be Wendy.

"Thanks for your help, guys," She sniped, voice dripping with sarcasm.

"You okay, Red?" Bill asked.

Wendy gave him a nonchalant shrug, and stepped past him, making squelching sounds as she walked. "I will be, after I take a long bath, and a long nap."

Everyone seemed to agree with that plan, and followed the redhead out of the Jurassic sap hole behind them.

⁂

A while earlier, after freeing Wendy and Dipper's weapons from the sap, the group managed to escape the pit, with the help of Waddles's flight. Afterwards, Mabel returned her pig to her own realm, and the group headed their separate ways. Once again, Will and Bill talked alone in their bedroom.

"So, a disembodied voice warned you about me?" Will recapped, looking terrified by the mere prospect.

Bill nodded. "I guess I was so spooked by it, I couldn't think straight. I should've told you from the start."

"It's alright, Bill," Will reassured. "Now that you put it that way, I understand why you would keep this a secret."

Bill sighed heavily. "It's so weird...it's like the universe wants to put a wedge between us."

Will looked down at his feet, a thoughtful expression traced his face. "Do you recognize the voice, by any chance?"

The blond creased his brow. "I...I don't know, actually. I never heard that voice in my life...yet I also found it familiar. Does that make sense?"

Will didn't think it did, but he didn't want to confuse his brother any further. "We'll talk about this more in the morning, is that alright?"

Bill looked reluctant, but his exhaustion must have overpowered him, because he nodded in agreement. "Fine..."

The two laid in their beds. There was a pause, before Will asked. "We are gonna tell our friends about the letter...right?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Bill yawned, which filled Will with doubt.

Deciding to leave that worry for tomorrow, Will turned off the light. However, while the blond slept, Will continued to stare at the ceiling. Even though Bill acted like he was fine, Will feared for his brother's health...even his sanity. The blond was suddenly hearing voices from no one, there was little to be done about the situation...unless Will decided to take action now.

Quietly, he slipped off his bed, and picked up his phone from the bedside table. Will opened his contacts, and he silently hoped he wasn't making a mistake. He dialed the number.

He pressed it to his ear, hearing the faint beeping, before a voice answered.

" Hello ?"

"Hey," Will said, forcing a cheery tone. "I want to meet up with you. Sorry, it's late...I just have a lot of things to say right now."

⁂

The moon beamed overhead, and Will stood against the building that he was supposed to meet up with the caller. He clutched at his sweater, shivering in the cold.

"It's been so long, Will."

Will turned around. He saw soft white hair shining in the moonlight, and a pair of gentle blue eyes. It was like Gideon had reverted back to his old self, when Will had still considered him a friend.

Gideon smiled widely, approaching the boy. "You don't know how much I wanted to talk to you."

The white haired boy sounded happy by Will's arrival, and that made Will upset somehow. Maybe it was because, he couldn't tell if Gideon was genuinely happy to see him or if he was just faking it.

"Hey, Gideon," Will said, his voice jittery from the cold.

Gideon regarded him worryingly. "Are you only wearing that sweater? You might get a cold."

Will didn't reply, and his gaze darted to his feet. He looked up again, when he felt something drape over his shoulders. He realized, Gideon had removed his peacock patterned cape, so he could cover Will with it.

Will frowned. "You don't have to--"

"I insist," Gideon said, then removed his hands from the other's shoulders. "So, why did you tell me to come here?"

Will hesitated. Suspicious, he peered over the other boy's shoulder, and looked around.

"They're not here."

The blue haired boy looked Gideon in the eyes. "Are you sure?"

Gideon nodded. "They wouldn't have bothered to follow me, they're too busy arguing over stupid things."

Will furrowed his brow. "By any chance, did either of your...*friends* get into Bill's head by any chance?"

Gideon regarded him in confusion. "No, I don't think so."

Will tried to check his expression for any signs of deceit. So far, either Gideon was a great liar or he really was confused.

"OK, I guess that's a relief," Will said, choosing to believe Gideon for now.

"Why are you so worried about Bill, anyway?"

Will gave him a hard look. "Because, he's brother!" He snapped. "What about you, why do you trust monsters like Kill and Jill?"

Gideon huffed. "I don't particularly trust them. But, I'll do anything to prevent the destruction Bill will cause."

"How blind are you?" Will remarked. "Kill and Jill *want* that destruction to happen! They tried to kill me a dozen times! They're using you!"

Gideon stared, then shook his head. "No...that can't be right."

Will narrowed his eyes. "They're the ones that destroyed the home of the Guardians, and they're trying to return Bill to his original state."

"How do you know this?"

"Because those two are our siblings," He responded.

Gideon looked dumbstruck by the reveal, and seemed to slowly process this. Hesitantly, Will stepped closer to him, adopting a gentler tone.

"Please, it's not too late for you," Will pleaded. "I know you only want to help, but this isn't the way. Please...I want my friend back."

Gideon's eyes misted, then he shook his head, making a stern expression. "I...I don't believe you."

Will stared at him, then felt a surge of anger. "I'm telling the truth! Why won't you believe me--"

"I believe in my predictions!" Gideon shouted, then choked out in a desperate tone. "Why can't you understand that? I saw my town being ripped to shreds, I saw people dying in the streets, and it was all Bill's doing! If I do nothing, after seeing all of *that,* what kind of person would I be?"

Will looked at him. Even though he didn't understand Gideon's motives, he sympathized with him. If there was a possibility that Bill would turn evil, Will would've done everything he could to change the future...but not like this.

"You don't have to *kill,* to be a hero," Will told him. "I ask you again, please don't go down this path."

Gideon shook his head. "I'm sorry, I don't know what else to do."

The blue haired boy heaved a deep breath. Nonchalantly, Will took off Gideon's cape, and handed it back to the other boy. He then started to walk away.

"You had your chance," Will told him, looking over his shoulder at Gideon. "Just remember, from now on, Bill isn't the only Cipher you should be afraid of."

"Which Cipher is that, exactly?" Gideon asked. "Kill? Jill?"

Will glared at him. "Come near my brother again, and you'll find out."

He didn't wait for Gideon's response, and turned away. As he grew distance away from the building, he sighed.

Gideon, you are so similar to Mason, but at same time you're the opposite, Will thought. *You put yourself in harm's way for others, but you also cause more harm than good. You're so selfless...yet so selfish.*

Will hugged his arms around himself, as he trudged through the cold air. For once, he didn't feel afraid of the dark...he felt at peace.

***(A / N :** Just dropping in to tell you that we're almost reaching the end of Season One ! So you better be emotionally prepared .)*

Dreamscapers-Part One

Jill didn't like it when things didn't go her way.

In fact, she hated it.

She worked so hard to accomplish world domination, the least she deserved was her brother's arrogance getting in the way, and a cute yet stubborn psychic refusing to be cooperative.

The blonde girl stood over Gideon, as he slept against his desk, his journal laid beside him. Jill should set that book on fire, it was a painful reminder of the Night Guardian. The Demon's blood boiled at the thought of Stanford Pines, she was glad that he was gone for good.

She managed to control her urges, and shook the young seer. Gideon woke up with a jolt, and tossed an annoyed look at her, his eyes rimmed with dark circles.

"What is it, Jill?" He groaned.

Jill narrowed her eyes. "You suggested we go along with your plan, and yet you're napping?"

Gideon rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Look, I had a pretty rough night, so I didn't have much time to plan."

"Unbelievable," She scoffed. "I assume that you were too busy thinking about the Heart Guardian. What do you see in her? Yeah, she can make magic bubbles, so what? I once destroyed an entire planet, and some people find that hot, mind you."

"I do not wish to discuss this," Gideon said, beginning to look through his journal.

"Fine," Jill huffed, before asking a second later. "So, you do think she's cuter than me--"

"Jill!" Gideon snapped. "It's not that I think you're unattractive...it's just that you have anger issues."

"I don't have anger issues, you useless imp!" Jill shouted.

"Then, why are you yelling?" Gideon deadpanned.

"I'm not yelling, I'm talking in high volume!" She spat.

"That doesn't make any sense!"

"*You* don't make any sense!"

"Sorry to interrupt your couple's bickering, but I have something to show you two."

Both turned, and saw Kill entering the room. He was holding a piece of paper in his hand, and a smirk traced his face.

"Kill, Gideon and I are not a couple," Jill told him, then turned to the psychic hopefully. "Unless--"

"No," Gideon said, bluntly.

Jill huffed, and Kill chuckled. "Wise choice, little guy," The redhead said. "The last guy Jill dated, ended up being thrown into the sun."

Gideon stared at the blonde. "What?"

Jill shrugged. "He missed our date night..."

Kill placed a hand on Gideon's shoulder. "My sister's love troubles aside, here's my plan on our situation with Bill."

He moved forward, and placed the paper on the table's surface. Gideon and Jill looked at it, and saw a mixture of complicated symbols.

"What is this?" Gideon asked.

"It's in Triangulum, ancient Demon language," Jill explained. She squinted at the paper. "I recognize this spell...Kill, do you really expect us to do this?"

Kill nodded. "So far, it's the only thing that can help us."

"What are you talking about?" Gideon questioned.

The siblings turned to him, as though not noticing him at first. "You see, Snow White," Kill started. "There are different types of spells, but none is more advanced than the one that's written on this paper. With this spell, we have the power to enter anyone's mind."

"But, only one Demon managed to succeed," Jill pointed out. "If we try that spell, it might not work, especially since we're not at full power."

"We can at least try," Kill insisted. "C'mon, you know how long it took for me to get this? We can use this to get inside Bill's head."

"We still need permission to enter one's mind," Jill argued.

"We can force our way in, but we'll have a time limit," The redhead said. "Seriously, anything is better than nothing."

"I suppose so," The blonde agreed, grudgingly.

Gideon knitted his brow. "How does entering Bill's mind, help us get rid of him?"

Kill paused, looking like he was racking his brain for an answer. "Uh, well if we find any weaknesses in there, we might be able to overpower him."

The young psychic looked at the Red Demon thoughtfully. Jill thought she caught a hint of suspicion in his eyes.

"Seems about right" Gideon agreed, then picked up his journal. "If you'll excuse me, I'll be busy in my quarters. I'll meet you guys later, when we execute this plan of yours."

With that, the white haired boy left the room, leaving the two Demons alone.

After he was gone, Jill turned to his brother. "I think, he's on to us."

Kill shrugged. "We were bound to be found out sooner or later," He pointed out. "So, do we kill him yet?"

"Not yet," Jill told him. "I still have much in plan for him."

The Red Demon rolled his eyes. "At this rate, I feel like you're just keeping him around, so you can ogle at him."

"You're one to talk," Jill snapped. "You'll keep anyone alive, as long as you think they're hot. Like that runt in the red jacket--"

"He's not a runt," Kill said, seriously.

Jill arched a brow at him, then a smirk traced her lips. "Did I hit a nerve, dearest brother?"

Kill hesitated, then scoffed. "Hardly. I just think you should give the mortal some credit. He managed to defeat me, after all."

"Yeah, because that's so impressive," Jill remarked, sarcastically.

Kill glared at her, and opened his mouth to argue, but Jill cut him off.

"I'll consider your idea, Kill," She said. "Soon, we'll be one step closer to getting Bill back."

Forgetting his anger, Kill smiled slyly. "The future is ours. I can almost taste it."

⁂

"Chips! Chips! I have nacho cheese flavoured chips!" Mabel cheered, while carrying in a filled bowl.

The group were huddled in front of the TV. Wendy was sitting on the floor next to Will, while Bill sat at his usual spot on the sofa.

"Finally," The blond said, as the female Guardian placed the bowl on the arm of the sofa.

"So, does anyone have any suggestions on what to watch?" Will

asked.

"Lumberjack themed game shows," Wendy said.

"How about we watch something we'll all like, Wendy?" Mabel said. "Like this movie that came out on television, *Dream Boy High: Where love is on your permanent record.*"

"I say we watch anything but that," Bill said.

"Agreed," Will and Wendy said.

"This is the problem with democracy," Mabel grumbled.

Before the group could debate on what to watch, Dipper stepped into the room, looking pretty exhausted, more than usual.

"Hey guys," He said, while fighting back a yawn.

"Dipping Sauce, you pulled an all-nighter again?" Mabel sighed.

"One of us has to work," Dipper deadpanned. He approached the sofa, and nudged Bill gently. "Move over."

Bill rolled his eyes, but scooted to the side a little, so Dipper could squeeze in next to him. The blond shivered, when the Guardian's arm brushed past his shoulders, so Dipper could rest it on the other side.

"So, Pine Tree, what kind of nerdy studies kept you busy all night?" Bill asked, keeping his tone snarky.

"It's classified," Dipper told him. "Even if it weren't, I wouldn't tell you."

Bill huffed. "Glad to know that you trust me," He said, sarcastically.

Dipper chuckled, and Bill felt his body vibrate with the action. The blond blushed, as he realized how close they really were. Bill was reminded of the time, when he had cuddled with the Guardian on the sofa. Thinking of that moment, brought feelings of bliss, that he would've liked to experience again. At this moment, he resisted the

need to rest his head on Dipper's shoulder or lap, as he fought the urge to be closer to the Guardian.

"Bill, are you okay?"

Bill blinked, and realized that Mabel asked the question. "Yes," He replied, quickly.

Mabel tilted her head, curiously. "Okay, I just thought--"

"Hey, knuckleheads!" Stan exclaimed, as he stepped inside.

The group noticed, that the Day Guardian was holding a bunch of wooden signs under one arm.

"Fez, what is this?" Bill questioned.

"I'm about to open shop, but I need someone to hang up these signs in the woods," Stan said, holding up the welcoming signs. "Any volunteers?"

"I'll do it," Will suggested, casually.

Stan smiled. "Great, then--"

"Wait, wait, wait," Bill said, then turned sharply to his brother. "What do you mean, you'll do it?"

Will frowned. "It's really not a problem, Bill, I've been alone in the woods before."

Bill's gaze hardened. "Yeah, I'm pretty aware of that..."

Will internally sighed. He knew he'd regret telling Bill that he met up with Gideon. The blond deserved to know, but of course, this caused Bill to revert back to his overbearing personality.

"I'm completely capable of hanging up a few signs," Will countered.

"You can't even hang up a towel in the bathroom."

"It's not my fault! It keeps falling off that rusty hook."

"Relax, you two," Wendy said. "Bill, if you're that bothered by Will going alone, I'll go with him."

"Thanks, Red," Bill said.

Will felt like protesting, but figured it wasn't worth the fight.

"With that sorted, can you take this signs?" Stan said. "A fair warning, it's not that fancy smooth wood, so expect a lot of splinters..."

⁂

Later, Wendy and Will were strolling through woods. Wendy listened to Will as he ranted, while nailing the signs to trees.

"He's being too overprotective," Will carried on.

"Can you blame him?" Wendy pointed out. "It seems like every day, you two are in danger."

"Yeah, I can understand that," He replied. "But, I feel like it's gotten worse. He doesn't let me do *anything* for the past couple of days. I swear, he's almost close to locking me in our room."

Wendy rubbed the back of her neck. "I think you should talk to him, then."

"But he should know I'm not a weak kid anymore," Will protested. "I've been through just as much as him." He sighed. "Sometimes, I feel like he sees me as inferior to him."

"That's not true," The redhead told him. "You two are equally awesome, and Bill knows this. Trust me, talking to him will help."

Will considered what the redhead suggested. She was right, it wouldn't hurt to talk to Bill, but he feared that he'll only be returned with excuses on Bill's part.

"I'll talk to him," He sighed.

Wendy messed his hair playfully. "Good, now..." She grabbed the

signs from under his arm, and threw them into a bush, along with hers. "How about we have some fun?"

Will blinked. "Aren't we suppose to hang up signs?"

"We're taking a break," Wendy winked. "So, how about we head to the arcade?"

Will hesitated, then nodded in agreement. Wendy chuckled in return, and beckoned him to follow her, as she bolted off. Together, the two walked through the forest, in the direction heading towards the town.

Meanwhile, inside the shack, something else was happening. Bill, Mabel, and Dipper were in the middle of watching a show. At one point, Bill had fallen asleep. Dipper glanced down at him, then a small smile traced his lips. Slowly, he climbed off the sofa, and approached the staircase. Mabel noticed her brother, and turned to him curiously.

"Dipper, what are you doing?" She asked.

"If you follow me, I'll show you," Dipper told her, beginning to climb up the stairs.

Mabel blinked, before eventually following her brother. As she climbed the steps, she begin to notice Dipper's expression changing. His exhausted face turned to one of determination. Soon, the two reached the attic, and they let themselves in the room.

"What's going on with you?" Mabel questioned.

Dipper paused in front of Bill's bed, he took a deep breath, before turning to his sister. "Mabel, I finally found a spell to remove the bind from the journal."

Mabel's eyes widened. "Wait? Really?"

The male brunette nodded. "Yes, now we can finally retrieve what belongs to the Pines family."

Mabel twirled a strand of her thoughtfully. "This is great, Dipper,

but don't you think the journal is more protected with the Cipher twins? I mean, they already did a good job--"

"Mabel, hasn't it occurred to you, that we need to protect the journal from Bill?" Dipper pointed out.

"Yeah, but who's to say Bill will use it against us?" Mabel countered.

Dipper sighed. "I know we bonded with them through this summer, but we need to stay vigilant. The journal is best secured in our realm."

The female Guardian bit her lip, hesitantly.

"Mabel, I know you mean well, but this requires us using our heads...not our hearts."

Mabel released a deep breath. She hated it, when Dipper was right. "Okay, do it," She said, reluctantly.

Dipper nodded, then turned towards the bed. He reached out, and removed the pillow, revealing Journal #3. The six fingered symbol glinted, and reflected their faces back at them. Dipper took a deep breath, before hovering his hand over it. Nothing happened at first, then blue glowing mist snaked around his hand. The mist then drifted towards the book, and covered it whole. The journal emitted a heavy glow, and it increased in brightness, as Dipper repeated words under his breath. Soon, it was so bright, Mabel had to shield her eyes, then as soon as it began, it ceased.

Mabel looked again, to see Dipper holding the book. Her brother held a look of triumph.

"We finally have it," He smiled, opening it and flipping the pages eagerly. "After all these years, it's finally in our...Wait."

Mabel regarded him in worry. "What's wrong."

"I think Bill filled in the blank pages," Dipper said, then read out loud. "*I never expected to actually write in this thing. But hey, I need one way to express my contempt for the nightmarish hell that is my life. Though, admittedly, it's not all bad. Red is pretty cool, and I still have*

my brother with me. The Pine twins are a pain, though, especially Pine Tree."

Mabel chuckled. "Yep, that's definitely Bill."

Dipper rolled his eyes, and continued reading the next page. "*Long story short, I just escaped a possessed convenience store. Unsurprisingly, it was the least traumatic thing that happened to me this summer. The only thing weird about it, other than Will's drug-like dream sequence, was the fact that Pine Tree felt the need to tuck me in afterwards."*

Dipper flared red. *He knew!?*

"Wait, you tucked him in?" Mabel giggled.

Dipper ignored her. He almost didn't want to continue reading, but felt curiosity get the better of him. "*All I wanted was a normal day at the carnival. My brother and I ended up turning on What's His Name's time machine. We ended in a strange era, and met duplicates of the Pine twins, who happened to be that punk Gideon's ancestors.*"

"Hey, how come they didn't tell us about this?" Mabel protested. "Hmph! That's the last time I share fun stories with them. Continue, Dipper."

Dipper obliged. "*Anyway, I met this total crone that looked like Mabel. And, guess who else? Will's past life."*

He almost gasped. Bill met his brother's past life? Dipper prayed that this didn't have some kind of negative effect.

He kept reading, refusing to stop now. "*I soon met up with my Will and Mason Gleeful, but then we were targeted by these time travelers in dorky outfits. We ended winning in the end, but Mason was shot. He was nearly on death's door, until Will,* ***my*** *Will, brought him back to life.*"

The Pine twins stiffened, neither of them believed what they were reading.

"What?" Mabel breathed, it was all she could say at that moment.

Dipper's throat went dry, as he read the next section. "*Will has healing powers. I don't know how, and I don't know why. It must be because we met his past life in person, it must have triggered something in him. I convinced Will not to tell anyone, but he ended up disobeying me anyway, and asking Robbie for lessons. In the end, I persuaded him to keep quiet, and he seems to be listening now. I'll admit, he's getting stronger. Though, I can't tell if that's a good thing or a bad thing.*"

"Will has powers!?" Mabel exclaimed.

Dipper could barely respond, shaking slightly. Gingerly, he moved to the next page, and he should note that Bill's writing has become disturbingly messy, like he was trembling while writing it.

"*I just a got a note. It said: Beware. Of. Brother. I don't know where the note is from, or who sent it. But, I concluded that it might be contacted to my eldest brother, Tad.*"

"That's impossible," Dipper said, as if Bill was standing front of him. "Tad has been missing for decades, why would he suddenly return now? Also, why would he hide this from us!?"

"Calm down, bro-bro," Mabel said. "Just, read on."

Dipper furrowed his brow, and reluctantly turned the page. What he saw, sent a chill down his spine. The writing was barely recognizable, just a bunch of manic squiggles on paper. Dipper squinted, and almost managed to read it.

"*I don't know what's happening...I keep hearing this voice in my head. It's telling me not to trust anyone. And now, I see memories that don't belong to me. This is too much...I think I'm losing my mind. Please...what's happening to me?"*

There was dead silence, and both twins didn't utter a word to each other. Mabel took a deep breath, then turned to her brother.

"Dipper--"

There was a loud *thu*d, as Dipper dropped the journal to the floor. Mabel regarded him in worry, and just when she thought the situation couldn't escalate any further, there was the sound of a

metal blade being drawn.

Mabel's eyes widened, as Dipper unsheathed his sword. He was about to head out of the attic, then Mabel quickly blocked his path.

"Dipper, don't!" She pleaded. "Not again!"

"If Will regained his powers, Bill isn't far behind," Dipper told her, a dark look crossed his eyes. "We have to dispose of him, before he grows anymore powerful."

"Do you even hear yourself!?" Mabel shouted, enraged. "You are not killing Bill on the spot! That's crazy!"

"He lied to us!" Dipper shouted, back. "He could be reverting back to his old self, and we wouldn't even know!"

"You don't know if he lied!" Mabel snapped, then said in a softer tone. "Maybe, he wanted to tell us, but couldn't find the time. Instead of being crazy, how about we ask him?"

Dipper tightened his grip on his weapon. After a couple of seconds, he released a sigh. Mabel felt relief, as he finally sheathed his sword.

"Fine, let's get to the bottom of this," Dipper said, bitterly.

Her brother walked past her, and started climbing down the stairs. Mabel followed him, an internal panic whirling inside her.

Axolotl , give me strength .

⁂

"And, we're done!"

Jill looked proudly at the circle of symbols on the floor. It was required, for them to pull off this spell.

Kill tossed a look at a red circle, that happened to stretch around the ring of symbols. "Snow White, what's with this extra circle you added? I didn't see it in the instructions."

"It's a protection barrier," Gideon explained. "You know, in case the spell backfires."

"Understandable, I guess," Kill replied, with a shrug.

Jill clapped her hands to gain their attention. "Let's not waste anymore time. Now, let's recite the ancient spell."

They nodded. Together, all three of them chanted. "*Triangulum, entangulum. Vene foris dominus mentium. Vene foris videntis omnium!"*

Instantly, the ring of symbols lit up an ominous blue. The three watched calmly, as a portal opened up in the center. It made whirring sounds, and released flashing lights.

"It worked," Jill smirked, then turned to her brother. "Since it was your idea, Kill, I'll give you the honours of entering his mind."

Kill licked his lips, almost hungrily. "With pleasure."

He was about to step forward, when Gideon stopped him. "Wait."

Kill tossed him an annoyed look. "What's wrong, kid?"

Gideon regarded him blankly. "Are you sure you want to move?"

"Yeah, obviously."

"You might regret it," Gideon smiled, slyly.

Kill blinked, then turned around. He looked at the red line that was barely inches away from his ankles, and it sizzled lightly.

"I should've known," Kill sneered, glaring at the psychic. "This is no protection barrier...it's a Demon trap, if I move, Jill and I will immobilized."

"Precisely," Gideon confirmed.

Jill whirled towards him. "What the hell? You're supposed to be on our side!"

"I was, but an old friend brought it to my attention, that you two

are keeping things from me," Gideon remarked. "You're planning to use Bill to destroy this town, are you?"

Kill hissed. "Look who finally grew a braincell. What are you gonna do, destroy us?"

"Heavens no," Gideon said. "I'll need your energy to power up the portal. As for who will be entering Bill's mind, it will be me. I'll find whatever weakness I can, and exploit it. I'll see what I can do with you two afterwards."

Jill growled under her breath, then slowly, a smile spread across her face. "Very clever, Giddy. But, you're forgetting one thing..."

"Oh? And what is that?" Gideon remarked.

The blonde responded, by opening her mouth, and releasing a beautiful melody. Before Gideon could realize what was happening, his eyes blanked over, as the mind control overpowered him. Afterwards, Jill snapped her fingers, and said.

"Remove the trap."

Mindlessly, Gideon obeyed. He knelt down, and pressed a hand to the red circle. He uttered some words under his breath, before the ring dulled grey.

"Well done, sis," Kill smiled.

"I'll take care of the little guy," Jill said. "You do the work."

Kill nodded, and turned once more to the portal. He smiled with sociopathic intent, and stepped towards it.

Dreamscapers-Part Two

[image]

Warning: *At this point, I feel like I should address that there might be themes of child abuse and homophobia. I do not intend to offend or trigger anyone, all I ask is that you read with caution.*

"Bill!"

"Dipper, slow down, you might fall," Mabel chastised, as her brother practically sprinted down the stairs.

They finally reached the living room. Instead of seeing Bill sitting on the sofa, it was their uncle, Stan.

"Hey, kiddos," He smiled. "What's the rush?"

Dipper looked at him seriously. "Where's Bill?"

"In the kitchen. Why are you asking?"

"We found out he's been keeping secrets from us, and we need an explanation from him," He said, firmly.

Stan's eyes widened, but then turned blank, as he said. "Is that so? What kind of secrets?"

"For one thing, Will has powers!" Dipper exclaimed. "And apparently, Bill has been hearing voices in his head. And, he chose not to tell us."

"You don't know that," Mabel argued. "He could've forgotten to tell us. Which is why, we're going to ask him ourselves."

Stan scrunched his brow. "Let's say, Bill *did* mean to keep these things hidden from you, what would you do with him?"

"Grunkle Stan, you know the answer is obvious," Dipper told him,

ominously.

The old man nodded thoughtfully, then he stood up from the sofa. "In that case..." He started, before blocking his nephew's path. His golden eyes pulsed slightly. "You're not going anywhere near him."

Dipper stared up at him, his face riddled with disbelief. "What are you talking about? Didn't you just hear what I--"

"Kid, I always knew."

It was like time froze, and both Mabel and Dipper regarded him in shock. Finally, Dipper mustered up the will to speak.

"You *what?*"

"I knew about Will's powers," Stan admitted. "And I know Bill isn't far behind."

"You knew!" Dipper snapped, suddenly angry. "And you didn't say anything!?"

"Because it was not my place to say," The Day Guardian said, defiantly. "Just because Bill is regaining his powers, doesn't mean his past self is regaining control--"

"That's exactly what it means!" His nephew shouted. "If Bill gains back his powers, he'll be one step close to repeating what he did to our home!"

"I don't believe that," Stan said, firmly. "Why would Bill destroy everything he cares for?"

Dipper narrowed his eyes. "Oh, I see. Like Mabel, you are choosing to think with your emotions, rather than your head."

"And there's nothing wrong with that!" Mabel scolded. "It's good to think with your head, but we're only showing remorse to our friend. Instead of accusing Bill of treachery, we should *help* him through what he is going through."

"He is beyond help, you should realize that by now," Dipper said.

Mabel gritted her teeth, and shouted. "You are so insensitive! I thought you cared about Bill!"

"I *do* care, Mabel," He said, his voice cracking. "I care about him so much, it hurts! But...I also care about my family, too. I can't lose you guys like I did with Ford, I can't..."

Stan regarded him with sympathy, and a hint of guilt surfaced in his eyes. "I know you're hurt, kid. But, there are other ways..."

Dipper's expression darkened. "No. There isn't," He said, then glared in Stan's direction. "Get out of my way, before I make you."

Stan sighed heavily. "Kid, if you do that..." He lit his hands on fire. "I won't hold back on you."

Dipper's eyes flashed with anger. However, before a full on fight broke out between nephew and uncle, the front door to the shack opened. Wendy and Will stepped inside.

"Argh, sucks that the arcade closed when we arrived," Wendy complained. "Sorry about that, Will."

"It's fine," Will reassured. "Thanks for trying to make me feel better."

The two entered the living room, but then paused when they saw the Pines before them. Will directed his gaze to Stan's flaming hands, and he sighed.

"Mr Pines, I thought I told you not to commit arson inside. It may be fun in your universe, but it's basically a crime here."

The flames ignited from Stan's palms, immediately extinguished. "My bad," He chuckled, like nothing happened.

"OK, just don't do it again," Will said.

Dipper turned the boy slowly. "Will, is it true that you have powers?"

Like that, the blue haired boy froze like a statue. His face painted with disbelief. "W-what are you talking about?"

"There's no point in lying anymore," Dipper told him, firmly.

Mabel gave Will a pleading look. "If you have powers, you have to tell us right now."

"Will, what's going on?" Wendy asked, frowning.

There was a long pause on Will's part, and it was like time stopped, and waited for his response. Then, Will's mouth dipped into a frown, and he said:

"Yes, I have powers," He responded, gingerly.

Dipper crossed his arms. "So, were you going to tell us about this?"

"....No."

"Oh, and I suppose you were also gonna hide the fact that Bill hears voices and something about a mysterious note."

"No, we were going to tell you *that,*" Will insisted. "But, we couldn't find the right time..."

Dipper narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "And, by *we,* you really mean *Bill?*"

Will didn't respond, but Dipper already knew the answer. Mabel quickly intervened.

"See? They *were* going to tell us eventually," She told her brother.

The male brunette was silent, his face unreadable. Then, he turned on his heels. "I need to hear Bill's side of the story."

Dipper moved forward, and this time, Stan didn't stop him. Though, he did send his uncle a glare, before entering the kitchen. Mabel settled beside Stan, frowning.

"Does he hate us now?"

"Don't think like that, pumpkin," Stan reassured. "You know your brother, he just needs time to cool off. He'll be alright..."

Mabel still held a deep frown, and her eyes shone with doubt.

Thud !

The group froze, as they heard the crash coming from the kitchen. Will was panicking inside. Who knew the things that Dipper was doing to Bill now. Not in full control of himself, the boy pushed past the Guardians, and rushed into the room.

What he saw terrified him.

Dipper was knelt on the floor, he was leaning over a form that laid before him. It was Bill, and by the looks of it, he was unconscious. Will rushed forward without a second thought, kneeling beside his brother. The rest of the group stepped in, and they looked in horror.

He turned furiously towards Dipper. "What did you do to him!?"

Dipper was dumbstruck for a moment, then snapped out of it. "I-I didn't do anything! I saw him sleeping against the counter, and when I tried to wake him up, he dropped to the floor!"

Will directed his worried gaze to Bill, then he noticed something. A soft glow emitted from the blond's forehead. Will was appalled, and he reached out and pushed back Bill's hair that was covering his eyes. Burned in the center of his forehead, was a glowing red mark the shape of a triangle.

"Kill's symbol," Dipper breathed, disbelief.

"I don't get it, what's happening to Bill?" Will demanded, his desperation showing.

"His mind is being invaded," The male brunette said. "I can't believe it. How did they get their hands on that spell?"

Wendy knelt beside Will. She looked down at Bill, before turning urgently to the Pines. "How do we fix this?"

"Kill is probably halfway in," Stan chimed in. "We have to go in after him."

"What is he even planning to do?" Will questioned.

An emotion flashed across Dipper's face, something close to fear. "If anything, Kill might be trying to somehow bring the old Bill back by regaining his old memories."

Will's eyes widened. But then, he narrowed them determinedly. "In that case, I'm coming with you."

Stan shook his head. "Kid, it's too dangerous--"

"I know Bill better than anyone," Will countered. "If anyone should come with, it's me."

"I agree with Will," Wendy said, firmly. "It'll be a mistake not to bring him."

The Pines looked at the two with uncertainty, then Dipper stood up and said. "Alright, we'll do this together," He said. "All we have to do, is stop Kill before he reaches the memories."

Will had a question, but he dreaded asking it. "Dipper...what if Kill gets the memories, and it's too late to save Bill's mind?"

Dipper looked him in the eyes, his face was dead serious. "I'll do what I must," He said, gazing at his sheathed sword. "To protect this town."

Mabel frowned at him. "If you do that, you'll be no better than Gideon."

"It is my job as a Guardian, Mabel," Dipper shot back. "You of all people should know that."

Mabel didn't reply, her expression seethed with anger, and her eyes shined with disappointment.

"Now," Dipper started, addressing. "Everyone, circle around Bill, and I'll recite the Demon incantation. Remember, we might have a time limit, so we need to act quickly."

Listening to Dipper's instructions, the group sat around Bill. After

they surrounded him, the male brunette lifted up a hand, and placed it on Bill's head.

"Get ready, everyone," He told them, before chanting. "*Triangulum, entangulum. Vene foris dominus mentium. Vene foris videntis omnium!"*

Immediately, Will felt a icy chill pierce his body. Soon, him and the others, had their eyes glowing an eerie blue. They were blinded, and could only see white. Then, the light cleared, and they were laying on hard ground. Will sat up, and rubbed his head, groaning as he was inflicted with a headache. Once his eyesight was cleared of it's fuzziness, he realized that the ground beneath him was a pavement. He looked around, and saw that the world had turned a dull grey. He saw apartment buildings lined beside each other, a cold realization poured over him. Will turned frontwards, and as expected, a grey building loomed over him like a nightmare.

"Where are we?" Mabel asked.

Will sighed. "It's our old place."

The group stared at him, and Will moved forward. He climbed the apartment's steps, and felt anxiety raise in him slowly. Will paused before the front door, and hesitated, as he looked at the doorknob. The thought of seeing his father's dead body laying on the floor, haunted his mind. Or worse, the thought of his father being alive, and waiting for him on the other side of the door.

Will's heart paced in his chest. He suddenly felt dizzy...

"Will!" Wendy screamed, and he faintly heard footsteps running towards him.

Will was surprised when Wendy caught him in her arms, when he was seconds away from falling down the staircase. He felt ashamed of himself.

Get it together!, He scolded himself. *You're here to help Bill, you can't choke now.*

The redhead helped him balance. Wendy gave him a look of concern. "You don't have to go in, you can wait here--"

"No, I'm coming with," Will said, then gave her a look of reassurance. "I'll be fine."

Wendy frowned, and it was clear that she didn't completely believe him. However, she stepped aside, so Will could reach for the doorknob. He had some courage now, and he opened it. What was revealed on the other side, almost blew his mind. Instead of the familiar interior of his apartment, it was a vast space, with hallways stringing along every corner. Various doors of all sizes littered across the grey space.

Dipper pointed to one of the doors. "Those doors must lead to Bill's memories." He turned to Will. "Kill is looking for lost memories. Tell me, when Bill loses something, where does it usually end up?"

Will looked like he was racking his brain for an answer. "He usually loses pennies between the sofa seats."

"In that case, I'll keep my eyes peeled for sofas," Stan grinned, then added. "For Bill's *memories,* of course."

Dipper gave him a look, before addressing everyone. "In the meantime, let's look around and find Kill."

" Looking for me , Blue Pine ? That's sweet of you ."

The group froze, and then they jolted, when a red light materialized before them. The light took form, and Kill Cipher was in it's place.

"I knew you guys would come sooner or later," He said, tiredly. "You're really annoying, by the way."

The Guardians immediately took their battle stances, Dipper and Wendy took out their weapons, while Mabel conjured her bubbles, and Stan ignited his hands. Kill only chuckled at this display.

"Have you forgotten where you are right now?" Kill hissed. "In the mindscape, my kind has all the power."

To demonstrate, Kill snapped his fingers, and the effect was instant. Dipper and Wendy's weapons disappeared in thin air, and both Mabel's and Stan's powers were shut down. Will could only watch in

horror, as Kill laughed manically.

Dipper stared down at his empty hands, before clenching them into fists. He glared at the Red Demon. "I advise you leave Bill's mind, before I do something I'll definitely won't regret."

Kill smirked. "I always loved that fire in your eyes. Remind me, why did we ever break up?"

Dipper's glare hardened. "Because you were an entitled jerk, who didn't take *no* for an answer."

"Wait, you guys were dating?" Stan questioned.

"Yep, and Dipper just admitted it," Mabel grinned.

Dipper ignored them, and then said to Kill. "We know what you're doing here, and it's not going to work."

"Oh, really?" Kill laughed. "Without your powers, there's no chance you can get to Bill's memories in time. See you later, Blue Pine!" In a flash, Kill turned into a red ball of light, before entering one of the doors.

Dipper ran up, and opened the door he entered. It only showed the memory of the time Bill was in an arcade, but there was no Kill in sight. He closed it, and turned to the others.

"Quickly, split up and search every memory you can," He told them. "We have to find Kill."

The group obeyed, and each one of them scattered around. Will was walking alongside Mabel, and the brunette looked excited.

"Yes!" Mabel beamed. "My chance to play with doors without getting yelled at."

Mabel rushed to the nearest door, and opened it. Will was struck with fear, when he recognized the memory. It was the time of his father's death, and it currently showed the man strangling Will, before collapsing to the ground.

Mabel's eyes widened. "What the..."

Will slammed the door shut, before it showed anymore. Mabel was shocked, and Will didn't know what to tell her.

"What was that?" She asked.

Will rubbed the back of his neck, trying to act casual. "Our father died from a heart attack. It's not something Bill and I like to bring up in a conversation..."

Mabel seemed like she understood, but her eyes were clouded with concern. Will could tell that she wanted ask him why his own father was strangling his son, but he couldn't bring himself to talk about it right now.

"We should move on," Will said, hoping the brunette would move past this.

Eventually, Mabel made a small smile, though it looked forced. "OK, I'm going to see if Dipper found something," She decided. "Call me if you need anything..."

Will nodded, and watched as she walked away. After she left, Will was alone with his thoughts. He knew that she wouldn't let go of this anytime soon, and it will later bite him back in the butt. He sighed, before directing his gaze to the doors. He was reluctant to open anymore, but he had a task to do. So, he opened another door, and of course, immediately regretted it.

He recognized the scene before him instantly. He saw himself kneeling on the floor beside a staircase. He saw his nose dripping blood onto his sweater, and the bruise on his neck. Most importantly, he saw the monster of a man looming over him like a living shadow. It felt like forever since Will last seen his father. The man still had the same heartless glare. The blue haired boy knew that this memory took place when he was 14 years old, and like most times, his father was in a drunken angry state. The worse combination.

Will winced, as he watched his memory carry out, he heard his

father's rough bitter voice speak:

" Unbelievable ," He hissed . " Bullied again , William ? When are you going to grow a pair ?"

Will wiped the blood from his nose , his eyes pricked with tears . " They were in a grade higher than me . They were bigger , I couldn't --"

" Nobody cares ," His father spat . " The reason they pick on you , is because you're an easy target . Have you ever thought about how this would effect me ? People will question my ability to raise a son, because you're too pathetic to swing a punch . Do you want to embarrass me ?"

Will shook his head . " No ... I'm sorry ."

The man rolled his eyes . " Who am I kidding ? My reputation is already squandered as it is . Instead of raising fine young men , I'm stuck having two fairies for sons ." He gritted his teeth . " Your brother is out there kissing boys just to piss me off . And you , well , I should've just named you Disappointment #2, because that's all you are to me ."

" But-- "

" But nothing !" The man shouted . " You are a ***boy !*** *Start acting like one !"*

Will stood there as he saw himself tremble on the spot, tears were spilling down his face. He wanted to close the door, but his body was frozen in place. Then, there was a shocking turn of events, when another person appeared in the memory. It was at that moment, that Will remembered this was *Bill's* memory too.

The blond boy stepped in front of his brother . He glared up at the man before him . " That's enough , pops ."

His father gave him a steely look . " This doesn't involve you ."

" Everything that involves Will , involves me ," Bill shot back .

" Disobedient as ever ," The man hissed . " You know , if it weren't for me putting a roof over your head , your asses would be on the streets !"

" Yeah , you did it with Mom's money ," Bill deadpanned . " Not to mention , you also used her money to buy beer . No wonder she goes out to fool around with younger guys ."

The man's face contorted into one of rage . What happened next , came so fast . The man swung his arm , and the back of his hand struck Bill in the side of his face . The blond collapsed to the ground , and Will immediately moved to his aid .

" Bill !" He cried , in distress .

" That's what you get , brat ," His father said , grinning coldly .

Will could feel Bill trembling . At first , he thought the blond was in pain , but then Bill erupted into a laughing fit .

" Oh please , you can hit harder than that !" He taunted , looking up at the man. " What's wrong ? Your wrist rusty after all those years of punching policemen ?"

His father growled under his breath , before turning around . " Be glad , you brats have each other . Because , no one else will ever care about you two."

Then , he left the apartment , most likely going to a bar , he'd probably return after a few days of stumbling the streets . Will stood up , while helping Bill to his feet . He regarded the blond in concern .

" Are you okay , Bill ?"

Bill rubbed his bruised face , grudgingly . " I'm fine ."

" Why do you always provoke him ?" Will demanded. " He could actually kill you one of these days !"

Bill turned away , his eyes narrowed into slits . " I don't care what he does to me ..."

I do, Will thought. *I always cared about your wellbeing, Bill.*

Will decided that he'd seen enough. He closed the door, along with the memory. However, he didn't rejoin the group or continue his

search afterwards. Instead, he sat on the ground, hugging his knees to his chest, as the distant sounds of memories distracted him from the torment that awoken in his head.

Dreamscapers-Part Three

Dipper wasn't a forgiving person. That was a fact on it's own.

He was prone to hold grudges. There were a few exceptions, as he was mostly forgiven towards his family members.

Up to now, that changed.

As he no longer could look his sister and uncle in the eye. Stan had kept crucial information from him, even when the whole world was at stake. And Mabel had forgotten her job as a Guardian. It was Dipper and his sister's job to keep the World Balance, and rid it of evil forces. And besides from controlling the sun, Stan had a task on keeping the whole universe safe as well. And in the end, they went against Dipper, and had the *guile* to see him as the bad guy.

He was now walking through the twisted halls, looking through multiple doorways. Behind him, Mabel was trying to gain his attention.

"Dipper, just listen--"

"Nothing you say will convince me," Dipper snapped, slamming a door shut.

"That won't stop me from trying," Mabel countered.

Dipper turned to her sharply. "What do you expect me to do? Ignore the fact that Grunkle Stan lied to me, and how you're disobeying common Guardian laws."

"Sometimes, laws need to be changed!" Mabel argued. "You're really going to let the laws tell you whether or not to kill your friend?"

"This isn't just about the law, it's about common sense," The male brunette responded. "If Bill's powers are rewakened, it'll spell bad news for everyone."

"Oh, so it's his fault that his powers are returning?"

"No! I'm only saying that this is the only solution we have right now."

"So, let's find a better solution," She insisted. "We can teach Bill how to control his powers. Plus, Will has his powers, and he's doing okay--"

"Will is different , Mabel," Dipper pointed out. "Bill's magic is the most chaotic I've ever seen. He needs an actual *Demon* to teach him how to control it. We're no help to him..."

Mabel stared at him for the longest while. Her eyes hardened with a serious gaze. "So, that's it? There's really nothing we can do for him?"

Dipper shrugged, beginning to feel an ache inside him. "Not any I can think of."

"Do you hate Bill?"

"Mabel, how can you ask that?" He shot back. "It's not my fault that the odds are against us."

"And it's not Bill's fault that he's born a reincarnation," She said.

"Mabel, I refuse to go on with this useless argument. We have to forget about the time we spent with Bill, for the sake of the universe."

Mabel regarded him in disbelief. "How can I forget all this..." On that cue, she opened up a door beside her.

Inside the door, it revealed a memory of the group watching television together. The image would flicker sometimes, changing memories to the times when the group were together and happy. Dipper tried to ignore that most of the memories included him, but it was hard to.

Frustrated, he closed the door shut. "We forgotten our goal," He said, seriously. "We were tasked on destroying Bill on sight, but we

foolishly wasted our time."

"But, Stan made us promise not to hurt Bill--"

"Unless Bill was opposing a real threat," Dipper reminded. "Stan said that, but still kept quiet when he knew about Will's powers. I should've never listened to him. I...I should've disposed of Bill when I had the chance."

There was a cold astrosphere between the two. Mabel could only look at her brother. A prick of frustration and sadness was seen in her eyes, there was something about her expression, that made it seem like she didn't recognize her brother at that moment.

"Nothing changed," Mabel said, sorrowfully. "In both Bill's past and present life...you were never a good friend to him."

Dipper blinked. "What do you mean by that?"

Mabel glared. "I think you already know the answer."

Before Dipper could speak, Mabel turned on her heels, and walked the other way. At first, Dipper thought she was ditching him, but then he saw her lift up her hand and beckon at him to follow her.

"C'mon, we still have to find Kill."

Dipper followed nonchalantly. On the way, his mind was juggling a million thoughts. This was the right thing. It was obvious that Bill would be a dangerous threat once he had his powers. So, if he was right...why did he feel so guilty?

⁂

Will finally managed to calm down.

He would always have flashbacks to his father, but seeing it play out in front of him, was almost too much to bear. It looked so real, like he was watching a homemade movie. That sounded wrong. Because, usually homemade movies showed the happier times, about families swimming in kiddy pools or going out for picnics. Nothing about that memory was happy.

Will walked down the hall, clutching his stomach, as he suddenly felt queasy. He really regretted coming along.

"Are you okay, Will?"

He spun around, then relaxed once he saw it was only Wendy. "In all honesty, I don't think I am," He admitted.

The redhead regarded him with a frown. Will noticed that her eyes looked more mistier than usual, and a little puffy. Had she been crying?

"Wendy, what's wrong?" Will asked.

Wendy breathed. "Will, I don't want to alarm you...but, when I was looking through the doors, I saw..." She didn't continue, but Will knew what she was going to say.

He didn't say anything, only bowing his head, and looking down at his feet. There was a pause, then Wendy embraced him.

"I'm sorry for snooping," She told him, softly.

"It's not your fault," Will sighed. "I should've listened to you, and waited outside."

Wendy rubbed gentle circles in his back, which Will found soothing. There was something sisterly or motherly about the way she comforted him, something he could only wished to have experienced in his own mother's arms.

There was a moment of silence, before Wendy spoke. "I want to let you know, that you and Bill are so strong to have managed to go through that."

"You're just saying that to make me feel better," Will said.

"I'm serious," Wendy said. "You know how little kids there are to have survived let alone *escaped* that kind of situation? The fact that you're still alive today, proves how much strength and bravery you have within you. A true warrior, is bigger than the things that effects him negatively."

Will smiled sadly. "Thanks, Wendy," He said. "But, it was Bill's idea to escape. Heck, he could've escaped sooner, if he hadn't been protecting me all his life. I always felt like dead weight to him...I wonder if he feels the same?"

Wendy pulled back, and looked him in the eyes. "Don't ever think like that, Will," She told him. "Bill sees you as his equal. He just doesn't know hoe to express it..."

"How do you know?" Will questioned.

Wendy hesitated, then patted the boy's head. "I just do."

Will wasn't sure about that answer, but by then, Wendy released him. She gave him a warm smile, her emerald eyes glinted. Will looked at her misty eyes, and asked hesitantly.

"Is that why you were crying? Because you saw the memories?"

Wendy continued to smile, unfazed. "Even the Spirit of the Forest has emotions. We Guardians are not that different from you mortals, remember."

"I guess so," Will agreed.

She nodded. "Good. So, just to change the mood, wanna go find some of Bill's embarrassing memories?"

"I'm going to stay here for a while," Will told her. "I still have a lot on my mind."

Wendy had a flash of worry in her gaze, but pushed it away. She nodded, then turned the other way, before walking. "OK, just don't wonder off," She told him, before making a turn and disappearing.

Once he was alone, Will continued to look through the doorways. He scanned through each one, without really paying attention to whether or not Kill was inside one. At this rate, he didn't think they'll be able to find him. Would it even make a difference if Will was here? He managed to defeat Kill once, but that was when he had a weapon. If he went up against the Red Demon, Kill will surely overpower him. Yet again, Will would be nothing but dead weight

dragging his friends back.

Does Bill feel the same?, He questioned himself again.

As this thought entered his mind, something happened. There was a rumble in the floor, and all the doors began to move and switch sizes and shapes. Will was shocked, but quickly assumed that this was a normal occurance in the mindscape. However, he was given another shock, when a huge door formed before him. A door marked *Will Memories.*

Was this a sign? Through that door, Will might finally understand Bill's point of view towards him. But, would it be right? Prying in his brother's mind?

Dipper said to check every door, didn't he?, Will remembered.

Soon, temptation got the better of him. Despite not knowing the consequences, Will reached out and opened the door. The other side revealed another hallway, and Will could hear his name being echoed from several doors. He gulped softly, before slowly stepping inside.

Will darted his eyes across the doorways. Yet, he only opened the one closest to him. What it showed, was Wendy and Bill sitting on the porch of the shack, drinking soda. Will saw himself standing in front of the two. He remembered this, it was about a few days ago.

" Bill , I don't see why I can't go ," Will complained .

Bill took a sip from his soda nonchalantly . " I don't see why you can't listen ."

" It's laser tag ," Will deadpanned . " It's not dangerous at all ."

" You say that now , but then you suddenly get trampled over by a bunch of toddlers and man babies ."

" But , how come you're bringing Wendy along ?"

" Unlike you , she knows not to tear up whenever she sees flashing lights ."

" I was eight at the time !"

" Will , I'm not arguing with you about this ," Bill decided . " You'll have plenty of fun at home , do whatever , like ... collect coins , or stamps , or lint--is collecting lint still a hobby for nerds ?"

Will rolled his eyes , and stomped back into the shack . After the door slammed behind them , Wendy turned to Bill with a frown .

" I've been meaning to ask you this , but why are you always so overprotective of Will ? Is it because of all the things that happened this summer ?"

Bill looked at her sideways . " It goes much deeper than that , Red ."

Wendy tilted her head . " Are you going to tell me ?"

" It's kinda personal ."

" That's cool , I was just curious ," Wendy said . " You don't have to tell me , if you don't want to ."

Bill looked at her thoughtfully . Then , he slowly set down his soda , and looked at her seriously . " OK , I'm going to tell you this only once , so listen closely."

Wendy nodded .

Will leaned in, trying to hear what Bill was saying next. However, what he heard, made him rethink everything. As from Bill's own mouth, he said:

" He's weak , he's incompetent , and he can barely stand on his two feet . I don't know what to do with him ."

Will's eyes widened, and jerked away from the door. The memory slammed shut, and Bill's hurtful words repeated themselves inside his head. They cut deep like a knife. How could he say that? How could he...?

Not knowing what else to do, Will ran the way he once came. Soon, he reached the end. But, once he exited the doorway, he bumped

into a figure. It was revealed to be Wendy.

Wendy blinked at him, then placed her hands on his shoulders. "Will, I came back to check on you, where were you just now?"

Will stared at her. A hundred emotions burned in him, but anger was the most prominent.

"Don't touch me!" He yelled, pulling away from her.

Wendy stared at him. "Will, what's going on--"

"You lied to me!" Will shouted, tears beginning to form. "You said Bill sees me an equal, but how can I believe that, when I just saw him call me weak with my own eyes?"

There was a moment of confusion painted on Wendy's face, before it morphed into cold realization. "Will, before you jump into conclusions, please let me explain--"

"And to make matters worse, you hid all of this from me! You're supposed to be my friend, Wendy."

"I *am* your friend," She insisted, desperately. "I know what you saw, and you're taking it out of context."

Will glared through tears. "What context, exactly? Bill is exactly like Dad! They both think I'm pathetic..."

Wendy regarded him sorrowfully. She attempted to reach for him, but Will jerked away from her, and began to bolt in one direction.

"Will, wait!"

Will didn't listen, and kept running. Wendy's desperate voice began to fade away, as he distanced himself from her. Anything to escape the dark twisted halls, and his own trauma.

⁂

"Still nothing?" Dipper questioned.

Stan turned to him, and sighed. "No..."

Dipper tried to hide his frustration, but it was already beginning to show, as his hands clenched into fists. Mabel turned to him. She was still mad at her brother, but she felt the need to calm him down.

"We'll find him," She reassured. "And hey, maybe the memories of Bill's past life don't even exist. Kill could be looking for nothing?"

"Mabel, I am the Guardian of the Mind," Dipper said. "I know the mindscape better than anyone, and I know those memories are here somewhere."

Mabel frowned, and didn't say anything more. There was a moment of silence, then they heard footsteps coming up behind them. They turned around sharply, but loosened up when they realize it was only Wendy.

"Wendy, where's Will?" Mabel asked.

"I don't know," She said, frowning. "He was right beside me, but I think he wondered off."

"Shouldn't we go look for him?" Stan pointed out.

"No, I'm sure he's fine," Wendy insisted. "Did any of you make any progress?"

Dipper sighed. "No."

"We've been searching for so long, and we found nothing," Stan huffed. "I really need to sit down..." With that, he sat down on a nearby sofa.

Dipper's eyes widened. "Was that sofa always there?"

Stan blinked, and looked at the furniture, as though only noticing it now. "What the...?"

Like a flash of lightening, Dipper remembered what Will had said. "Stan, move aside, I want to check something."

Stan arched a brow, but obliged. He sat up, and Dipper surged forward, before yanking the seat off the sofa. Immediately, a beam of golden light emitted out of nowhere. He blinked his eyes, to adjust to the light. After he did, he stared in awe, dropping the sofa seat in shock.

Without the seat, a golden hatch was revealed to be in the sofa. Dipper's throat went dry, as he looked at the demonic symbols embedded in the gold.

"This is it," He breathed. "This will lead us to Bill's memories."

Stan scrunched his brow. "If that's the case, we should destroy it."

"No!" Mabel chimed. "We don't know what will happen if we destroy it."

"Plus, this thing looks indestructible," Dipper pointed out, trailing a finger over the metal. "There's little we can do, especially without our powers."

"What do you suggest?" Wendy asked.

"Guard it," Dipper decided. "Kill might arrive sooner or later, so be ready for him. Meanwhile, I'm going to check if he's not already inside, so keep watch while I'm gone."

Everyone nodded in agreement. With that, Dipper gripped the edge of the hatch, and began to pull. It was so heavy, like it hadn't been open for a million years. For a moment, he hesitated. He didn't know what will happen if he opened it, he didn't know if it would amplify the chances of Bill reverting to his old self. Despite it all, Dipper felt an overwhelming urge. The urge to know what went through Bill's head that day, when he decided to betray him.

With one a yank, the hatch swung open. Inside, was a dark hole, with a golden ladder leading straight down. Dipper breathed deeply, before climbing inside. The ladder's bars felt cold under his palms, and without looking downwards, Dipper began his descent into the madness that was the Golden Demon's mind.

Dreamscapers-Part Four

Dipper hated to admit it, but he had never been so afraid in that moment.

He had reached the end of the ladder. Dipper was expecting to see nothing but darkness at the bottom. But, instead, he was almost blinded by a flash of gold. When his eyes adjusted, what he saw was the biggest hallway he seen yet.

The walls were plated gold. A collection of glowing symbols floated in the air, and moved constantly. There were many doors, and Dipper could practically feel the power radiating from them.

For a moment, he was paralyzed. He just couldn't believe he was here, standing in the depths of the Demon's mind. On one hand, Dipper wanted to leave, but on the other, he wanted to open every door in sight. Eventually, he shook his head, snapping out of his trance. He had a job to do.

Quickly, he began his search. Dipper walked through the halls, grasping at any door in his sight. The first memory he opened, took place years ago. Dipper saw Bill and Will as kids, sitting crosslegged, as their older brother, Tad, was tutoring them. Dipper didn't know much about Tad, only that he was the most powerful Cipher, and he would often teach his younger siblings spells, mostly Will and Bill.

Dipper watched, as Tad summoned a swirl of purple light in his palm, and showed his younger brothers.

" You see , magic is an extension of our bodies ," Tad noted , the purple light pulsing . " It is not something we can force out , but something we use normally like we do with an arm or a leg ."

Will stared in awe , while Bill titled his head curiously . Meanwhile , the light in Tad's hand disappeared , and he looked at Will intently .

" Will , since Bill already got the hang of his powers , I think it's time you summoned you r s."

Will rubbed his arm nervously . " I don't think I can ..."

" Not without any assistance, of course ," Tad smiled . " Since you've been studying all you can about healing magic , how about I be your first practice subject ?"

" Really ?" Will perked up . " OK , let's do it !"

Tad nodded , before holding up his hand . There was a shimmer of light in his palms , then a sharp knife materialized in his grip . Will's eyes widened , when without hesitation , Tad pulled up his sleeve and stabbed himself in the forearm . He dug the knife deep to it's hilt , before dragging it down to his wrist , creating a huge gash that leaked blood onto the floor . Will watched in horror , while Bill looked on with calm interest .

Dipper gulped down, as bile rose in his throat. He forgotten how *disturbing* Tad's classes could get. He once heard from Kill, that Tad used to set him on fire, just to see if the Red Demon would come back to life. Dipper had been horrified to hear this, but it turned out Kill thoroughly enjoyed those kinds of lessons. Demon magic was truly something difficult to understand.

Tad pulled the knife out , and tossed it aside . After it clattered to the floor , the man moved his bleeding arm to the blue haired child before him .

" OK , Will , show me what you learnt ," Tad smiled , despite his arm caked in blood .

Will trembled violently , before bursting into tears . Tad pulled back , genuinely surprised and confused . Meanwhile , Bill comforted the sniffling boy beside him .

Tad blinked , as though he finally understood . "Oh dear , I've forgotten how squeamish you can get around the sight of blood ."

With that , the man touched his wounded arm with his other hand , and immediately healed himself , the gash and the blood gone from sight .

After that , Tad reached out and ruffled Will's head gently .

" I apologize for scaring you ," He said . " But , in all honestly , if you want to be a healer , you have to get use to the sight of blood and dead bodies , Will ."

Will sniffed . " I know ..." He sighed . " But , it's just so scary ."

" Nonsense , it's not scary at all ," Tad protested . " The organs and blood are as natural outside of the body as are inside . And there's no need to be afraid of dead bodies , either . Everyone dies as some point. Even though we're immortal , we shouldn't be disrespectful and regard the corpses of others as revolting ."

" Everyone dies ?" Will questioned .

" Of course ," The man said . " For example , if you were a mortal , your death would be most celebratory ."

Will beamed . " Really ?"

" Yes . You will be draped in the finest of clothing , locked in a tight box , and buried in a hole . And at one point , maggots will climb into your box and feast on your corpse . They'll lay eggs in your eye sockets , and then fertilize the earth with your remains that they stored in their body waste . You will live on through nature . Doesn't that sound fun ?"

Will cried loudly , tears streaking down his face . Bill wrapped an arm around him , then sent Tad a glare .

" Maybe , you should stop talking ," The blond advised .

"Yes, that would probably be for the best ," Tad agreed , sheepishly .

Dipper sighed, a part of him felt sympathy for the older Demon. It must have been hard for Tad to raise his siblings by himself, especially considering the man's incapability to actually take care of a child. The Guardian was about to shut the door, since he couldn't spot Kill anywhere. However, he paused, as more people entered the memory. Before him, Dipper saw Ford enter the room where the three Demons gathered. He wasn't alone, as Dipper saw two children stand beside him. They were Mabel and himself. Alright,

now he definitely remembered this.

" Tad ," Ford started , his silver eyes glinted behind his glasses . " I hope we're not intruding , but my niece and nephew would like to play with your brothers ."

" We're actually in the middle of a lesson ," Tad told him .

" I'm sure you can take a break ," Ford countered .

" Yeah ," Bill agreed , then sent his older brother a pout . " Please , Tad ?"

Tad furrowed his brow . There was a long pause , before he said . " I suppose for a little while ," He said , then added sternly . " But right after , we must resume our lessons ."

" Great ," Bill smiled , then turned to the young brunette . " Dipper , come here ! I wanna show you something cool ."

The young boy looked at the blond curiously , before approaching him .

Dipper regarded the scene sorrowfully, as the two boys sat beside each other. It was hard to register the fact that they used to be best friends.

Meanwhile , Mabel walked over to Will eagerly . " Hey , Will !" She beamed . " Why are you crying , again?"

Will quickly wiped his eyes dry . " Nothing , I just realized maggots eat brains ."

" Cool !" Mabel grinned . " They're probably be like ..." She reached out , and ruffled Will's hair with her fingers . " Nom ! Nom ! Nom !"

Will laughed in return . " Stop ! That tickles !"

" Never ! Nom ! Nom !" Mabel laughed back .

Tad watched the kids , his sternness seemed to melt away , and he held an earnest smiled . However , Ford was the opposite . His eyes only held a frantic worry , as he expected something bad to happen .

Meanwhile , Dipper was giving Bill a warm smile , and he asked . " So , what's this cool thing you wanted to show me ? It better not be something weird like deer teeth ."

" Deer teeth are awesome ," Bill protested .

" Wendy was really angry with you ," Dipper chuckled . " And you deserved it , you know how she feels about animals ."

" That treehugger is no fun ," Bill sighed . " Also , it's not deer teeth ."

" What is it , then ?"

" I've been getting stronger ," The blond said , proudly . " Tad says I might sur pass him someday ."

" That's amazing , Bill ," Dipper smiled . " Maybe when we grow up , you and I could cross the galaxy together once I become a full fledged Guardian ."

Bill turned pink . " You really mean that ?"

" Of course , I wouldn't go anywhere without you ," The brunette said .

" Is that a promise ?"

" Yeah !"

" In that case ," Bill said , shyly . " Wanna make a deal ?"

Dipper titled his head . " Deal ?"

" It's my power ," Bill beamed . " Every deal you make with me , is a deal you can't break ever . Want me to show you ?"

" Yeah , let's do it !" Dipper responded .

Bill nodded , before extending his hand . Immediately , blue fire emitted from his palm . Dipper stared in awe , at the azure flickers of flame .

" Don't worry , it's safe to touch ," Bill reassured . " Let's make a deal : We both promise to be there for each other ?"

Dipper blushed slightly. " Of course ."

" Then , shake my hand and make it official ."

Dipper obliged. He reached out to grab Bill's hand--

" Dipper !"

Instantly, the brunette was pulled back by his uncle . Dipper looked up at Ford , as the Night Guardian was eyeing the blue flames in horror . Bill's face morphed into confusion and he extinguished the flames , but Ford continued to regard him wearily .

" What's seems to be the problem , Ford?" Tad asked .

Ford turned sharply towards him . " You taught him that spell !?"

" Demons choose their main power when they are of age ," Tad replied , calmly . " Bill chose the power of Negotiation , it is not my place to refuse him of the proper teaching ."

" Still , that power cost millions of lives !" Ford snapped . " You should know , your parents used the same spell to make others do their bidding ."

Tad's expression morphed into anger . " Are you yet again blaming me for something my ***parents*** *had done ?"*

" That's not it ," Ford said , rubbing his temples like he had a headache . " It's just that--Argh !"

The Night Guardian's body spasmed , and he gripped the sides of his head . He gritted his teeth , and released a hiss of pain .

" Great Uncle Ford !" Dipper exclaimed , fearfully . " Are you okay ?"

Tad's anger was forgotten , and the Demon looked worried . He surged forward , and let Night Guardian lean on him . Ford rested his head on Tad's shoulder , breathing heavily .

" Something is wrong here ," Tad said , under his breath . He turned to the kids . " Stay here until I return . I'm going to have take Ford to the

healers ."

With that , the two men left the room , with Ford mostly leaning on Tad for support .

Dipper watched the scene play out. He never actually knew what happened to Ford, but then remembered what happened next.

" I hope Ford is okay ," Will said , concerned.

Mabel shrugged , though there was a prick of worry in her eyes . " I'm sure he's fine . It's only a headache ."

" We can't be too sure about that ," Dipper told her . " Considering our uncle's line of work , it could be something worse ..."

Bill regarded the Pine twins thoughtfully . " If it bothers you that much , I can always eavesdrop on them and find out ."

Will stared . " Bill , no ! That's a bad idea , you'll get in trouble ."

Bill dismissed his worry with a wave of his hand . " No , I won't ," He insisted .

" I agree with Will ," Dipper said . " You might get caught ."

The blond rolled his eyes . " You guys are no fun ," He complained . " I'm only going to see what's going on , I'll return before you know it ." With that , he moved towards the exit .

" Bill !" Dipper piped .

Bill turned to him , looking a bit annoyed . " What is it now ?"

Dipper's expression softened . " Stay safe , okay ?"

Bill blushed , before quickly turning away . " It's fine , Pine Tree ." Then , the blond walked out .

Dipper watched as the memory switched locations, and he saw Young Bill walk down a huge hallway. The Demon walked on the gold embroidered carpet, until making a turn. However, when Bill

reached the corner, it was revealed that Tad and Ford were standing in the hall. Dipper shared the blond's surprise, and watched as Bill hid behind the wall, and peered at the two men.

Tad helped Ford lean against the wall . It looked difficult , considering that the Demon was leaner than the Night Guardian .

Tad regarded Ford with a look mixed with annoyance and concern . " You madman , you actually done it ," He sighed . " The normal medicine can't do anything for this . I'll have to come by your room tonight and heal you ."

" I appreciate it , Tad ," Ford sighed , sweat beaded down his forehead .

" Don't thank me yet , because I'm about to give you an earful," Tad chided . " Considering the state of your headache , I suspect that you paid a visit to the barrier between us and the Nightmare Realm ."

Dipper stared.

" There was a crack in the barrier again ," Ford explained . "I managed to patch it up , but now I have this splitting headache ." He rubbed his head groggily .

Crack? Was the barrier always unstable, and Dipper hadn't noticed. Did it happen to break on the day of Bill's betrayal? Maybe a Guardian hadn't opened it? Dipper certainly hoped so.

Tad looked at Ford thoughtfully , and reached out a hand . Ford tensed , when the Demon placed a hand on his forehead . There was silence , and Tad creased his brow with worry .

" Change of plans ," Tad said, withdrawing his hand. " After I'm done t aking care of the kids , I'm heading straight to your room . In the meantime , how about you rest ."

Ford shook his head . " No , I still have a lot of work-- "

" You have plenty of time for that later ."

" Since when do you give the orders ?" Ford remarked .

" Since I'm the only one that can prevent your skull from splitting open ," Tad deadpanned . " Now , go get some rest. Do you need help getting to your room ?"

" Stop treating me like some geezer ," Ford complained .

" It was a genuine question . Also , you are a century old ."

" I'm still one decade younger than you ."

" In that case , you should listen to your elders ," Tad remarked, then ushered the Guardian away .

Ford sighed, but otherwise did as he was told . After the Guardian left , Tad stood in silence , before turning around .

" Bill , I know you're there , no point in hiding ."

There was a moment of hesitation , before Bill stepped out from behind the corner , regarding his brother sheepishly . Tad didn't seem angry , he only sighed heavily , and approached the young Demon .

" Bill , I told you eavesdropping is bad ," Tad chided .

Bill shrugged . "I just wanted to know if Ford is okay ."

" He'll be fine ," The man reassured . " There's no need to worry ."

Bill bit his lip before asking . " What's the Nightmare Realm ?"

Tad looked at him blankly . "What?"

" You two were talking about it . What is it ?"

" I guess it's time I tell you the truth ," Tad decided . " The Nightmare Realm is a lawless dimension , where only the most wicked live . It has been closed off for years , and it's located somewhere in the Dreamscape ."

" That sounds cool ," Bill beamed .

" I t's quite the opposite , actually ," Tad said , seriously . " Any contact with the Nightmare Realm , is fatal to a Guardian . As you can see ,

poor Ford is living proof of that . He'll be better once I heal him ."

" I thought you two didn't get along ," The blond noted .

" Ford and I have a complicated relationship ," The man explained , softly . " Like all Guardian and Demon friendships can be ."

"What about Dipper? " Bill protested . " Dipper and I are best friends , and we don't act like you and Ford ."

Dipper frowned, feeling his heart clench a little.

Inside the memory , Tad smiled sadly . " That's because you have yet to experience the realities of adulthood . I pray to Axolotl , that you and Will remain friends with the Pine twins , even though the world may be against you . And Bill , I hope you can achieve something with Dipper , that I couldn't with Ford ."

Bill let this sink in. He darted his eyes downwards , and in a small voice he asked . " If the world is against me for befriending a Guardian ... what if I wanted to marry one ?"

Dipper gaped. His heart was racing at this point. He looked intently at Tad.

The man didn't even look surprised . He chuckled softly , and reached out to playfully mess his brother's hair . " I guess we have to wait and see ," He said . " Now , let's return to the others . Also , I want you to keep this whole thing with Ford a secret . Tell the Pine twins that he has a simple headache , so they don't worry too much . Understood ?"

" Yes ," Bill confirmed .

" Good . Now , let's be off ."

Dipper watched the two walk down the hallway, and he closed off the memory. The brunette stood there, thoughts whirled in his head. It has been so long since he recalled the good times he spent with the Golden Demon. What ever happened to his friend?

A quick thought passed his mind. Dipper wondered if Ford hadn't interrupted, would the deal change anything? Would they still be

there for each other? Would Bill never have betrayed him and his family? Would things have been different?

Dipper shook that thought away, frustrated with himself. In the end, the promise they made to each other was just a dream. A dream made up between two naive boys, who were yet to know how the world worked.

Dipper sighed. Despite everything, the Guardian couldn't resist the urge to open another door. With that, he reached for the next memory, a tremor rippled through his hand. Eventually, he opened it.

He recognized the memory in an instant. It was the moment he wished he could forget. The day of Bill's betrayal.

Dreamscapers-Part Five

At this point, Will had no idea where he was.

He had been wandering down the hallway for who knew how long. Repeatedly, he been opening and closing every door in sight, hoping to find some kind of exit. Will was tired of everything at this point. Yes, he was being selfish by trying to ditch the others, but he couldn't help the overflow of hurt as he thought back on what Bill said about him. He felt so betrayed, and he didn't think he was willing to face Bill after what he learnt.

Being as upset as he was, imagine Will's complete displeasure, when he came across a certain memory. He glared the image of Wendy and Bill sitting on the porch.

"Oh, come on," He sighed, to himself.

" He's weak , he's incompetent , and he can barely stand on his two feet . I don't know what to do with him ," Bill said .

Will furrowed his brow, and was about to shut the door, when...

" Yeah , that's what my dad use to say about me all the time ."

Will blinked, and stared at the memory. For a moment, he thought he imagined what Bill said, but continued to listen intently, as Bill carried on.

" I was always a disappointment to him," Bill said . " He said I would never amount to anything ... there were times where I believed him . And there were times where I tried to be his twisted image of what a ***perfect*** *son should be , but I always ended up being a screwup in his eyes ."*

" Wow ," Wendy breathed . " I ... I don't know what to say ."

Bill shrugged nonchalantly . " It's alright ," He reassured , and continued his story . " Soon , I decided to give up on trying to suck up to dear old dad . I did whatever I could to piss him off , and when he would punish

me , I wouldn't care . At this point , the pain didn't feel agonizing , it felt rewarding , because no matter how much he hit or insult me , he couldn't control me. I would only laugh it off ."

Wendy regarded him worryingly , then said . " But , what does this have to do with Will ?"

" I was just getting to that ," Bill started . " I usually don't care what my dad did ... unless it involved Will . Living under the same roof with a abusive father and a neglectful mother , I quickly grew protective of my brother . I believed Will to my only family , so I did all I could to keep him safe . But , it's also the way Will would look at me like I was some guardian angel . He made me feel appreciated ... loved ."

Will frowned.

*" Will may not believe this , but I need him as much , maybe more , than he needs me ," Bill said . " As selfish as it sounds , protecting him made me feel needed in his life . But , once we arrived at this town , everything changed . **I** am the reason he kept getting into dangerous situations , and I'm supposed to be the one protecting him ."*

" That's not your fault ," Wendy protested . " And , Will is getting stronger ."

" I know , and I couldn't be anymore proud of him ," Bill said . " But , since he's strong enough to handle his own problems ... what does he need me for ?"

" You are his brother ," The redhead said . " You will always be needed by him . But , you're slowly pushing him away , by being so overprotective ."

Bill released a long sigh . " I don't know what to do , Red . Dad was right , I always screw things up ..."

Will felt a lurch in his heart, and did something without thinking. He moved forward, and pushed into the memory. He did it in the spur of the moment, and he was slightly surprised that he ended up on the porch. He regarded the two, who were staring at him in shock.

Before he could think, Will turned to Bill and shouted. "No, you don't!"

Bill blinked. "Will, what are you doing here?"

Will rubbed his arm. "I-I..." He stuttered, nervously.

"Relax," Bill told him. "Here, have a drink."

Will stared in bewilderment, when the blond made a can of soda magically appear in his hand. "Wait, how--!"

"This is the mindscape," Bill said. "Anything can happen as long as you can imagine it."

Will perked up. "Wait, this is great," He beamed, then remembered something. "I have to tell the others!"

Before rushing out, he turned to Bill and gave him a warm smile. "Thank you, for being there for me," He said, before leaving the memory.

Closing the door behind him, Will then rushed down the hall. Looking everywhere, in order to find his friends.

⁂

Dipper was still like a statue. His throat grew dry, and he gulped softly. He couldn't believe, that he was now looking at the memory, showing Ford and Bill battling in the middle of a broken landscape.

Bill's feet skidded across the ground , as Ford pushed him back with what little power he had left . The Golden Demon was holding twin knives , similar to Kill's , but they were longer and hooked .

Bill threw one of his blades towards the Night Guardian . Ford attempted to summon a shield in front of him . The shield held for two seconds , before faltering , causing the knife to course through and stab him in the forearm .

Ford cried out in pain , and staggered . Meanwhile , Bill summoned his knife to return to his grip . The blade tore itself from Ford's arm ,

releasing a string of blood in it's w ake . Bill caught the weapon , and stalked towards the Guardian .

Dipper felt sick just watching. He knew what was going to happen next. Bill was going to banish Ford into a portal, leading to who knows where.

The Demon walked up to the Guardian , before grabbing him tightly by the collar of his shirt . " Give up ," Bill hissed . " Your city is in shambles , and your power is weakened by the Nightmare Realm ."

Ford coughed blood , staining his shirt . Despite being injured , the Guardian had a calm expression . " You're going to kill me , just like Fiddleford predicted , right ?"

Dipper's eyes widened. Fiddleford predicted Bill's betrayal? Why didn't Ford tell Dipper any of this?

Inside the memory , Bill merely shrugged . " Perhaps . Though , I'll let you live on one condition ," He said , then glared at the Guardian with an intense hatred . "Admit it , you were going to banish me , because of one silly prediction ."

Dipper gaped. *What?*

" It's either you or the entirety of my people ," Ford replied , coolly . " I chose the most logical outcome--"

*" You chose the cowardly outcome !" Bill snapped , tightening his grip on the other's collar . " I never intended to hurt anybody , until **you** decided to force me to a fate worse than death !"*

" Bill , I was afraid ," Ford admitted . " I may have been hasty on my decision , but you were unstable . I didn't know-- "

*" You could've **talked** to me !" Bill screamed . " You could've confirmed if the prediction was true or not . But instead , you saw me as a monster , a threat that needed to be culled , instead of a living being like you!"*

Ford remained expressionless . " But , was I wrong ?" He said , then gestured around him . " You caused all of this , Bill . All this death and destruction . How can you look at me , and think I was wrong to see you

for what you truly are ?"

Bill stared , like he just been slapped in the face . Then , his eyes pulsed a radiant gold , almost hiding his pupils from view . " Forgot about what I said ... I'm going to kill you right on this spot ."

The Night Guardian nodded . " As expected ," He said . " Which is why ..."

Ford tapped his foot against the ground , emitting a few sparks from his sole. Nothing happened at first , but then there was a flash of light behind him . Bill uttered a gasp , when a large swirling portal opened up behind him .

Dipper almost jolted backwards. What was happening!?

Bill stared at Ford , then uttered a cold chuckle . " I suspect Tad helped you with this ."

" He is a smart man , indeed ," Ford said , a flicker of warmth in his eyes . " He may have your last name , but he knows which side he's on ."

The Demon scoffed . " So , you're gonna run away like a coward ? When your city is in peril ?"

" No worries , I planned something," Ford said . " After all , I sense my nephew coming this way ."

" Pine Tree ?" Bill breathed , then he glared at the other . " What are you planning , Sixer !?"

" Bill , all of the Guardians are weakened because of the opened barrier ," Ford reminded . " If any one of them battled against you , you would fight back and win . But , one question remains : Would you fight back against Dipper ?"

Bill looked horrified , and his usually tanned skin had paled tremulously . " You're sick..."

" Despite everything , I'm sorry about this ," Ford said , his expression softening .

The blond gritted his teeth . " Shut up !" He screamed , before raising his knife , ready to finish Ford off .

" Great Uncle Ford !"

Bill paused , and turned . He saw Dipper running towards them . The Demon's face immediately fell into one of complete dismay .

" Bill , I want you remember ..."

The Demon turned back to Ford , not noticing earlier that his grip on the Guardian has loosened .

Ford looked him in the eyes. " This was entirely your decision ..."

Then , to Bill's horror , the Night Guardian pried himself out of his grip and flung himself into the portal . The vortex closed shut , leaving Bill in shocked silence . It was interrupted , when he heard a cry of heartbreak and outrage behind him . Bill turned to a horrified looking Dipper , then he cracked a smile and laughed .

Dipper thought that laughter was meant to be taunting, but now saw that Bill was laughing in pure disbelief.

" Tad was right ," Bill chuckled , to himself , so hard tears emitted from his eyes. " That man is mad in the head ..."

Meanwhile , Dipper glared through tears , and unsheathed his sword . Bill's grin immediately fell , and he hesitantly rose his knives . The Demon looked straight at the Guardian , and was about to raise his weapons ... before stopping .

Bill looked at the brunette , face mixed with sorrow and defeat . He refused to move his knives even an inch , like he had given up completely .

" You won , Ford ," He whispered , to himself .

A second later , Dipper sword flew through the air , and landed right into the Demon's stomach . As result , Bill spewed out a galleon of blood from his mouth and wound . He staggered , before immediately collapsing . Bill laid on his back , with the weapon's hilt protruding out

of his midsection . A moment later , Dipper confronted him , pulling his sword out .

Bill coughed violently . He looked up at Dipper , as the brunette had a look of betrayal riddled across his face .

" How could you !?" He screamed .

The Demon released a ragged breath , before reaching out a trembling hand towards him . " Pine Tree ..."

Dipper shook , before batting the other's hand away . He cried in outrage , before driving his sword through Bill's heart .

Bill spasmed , and blood gushed out of his mouth like a fountain . Soon , the red flow ceased , and Bill laid still , barely hanging onto his last breaths .

Dipper refused to watch any further, and shut the door. He stood there for a solid five seconds, before dropping to his knees. Emotions burned through him. He felt hurt, he felt used, and most of all, he felt disbelief.

"What did I just see?" Dipper asked himself.

"You saw the truth."

Dipper tensed, and whirled around. He saw Wendy standing there, smirking. "Wendy, I told you to wait--"

He paused, because that was when he saw the others standing beside her. Besides from Wendy, they had red chains wrapped around their hands, binding them.

Dipper stepped back. "What's going on here?"

Wendy grinned coldly, an expression that looked out of place, but was also too familiar. In an instant, she was encased in a red light, and when it cleared, it revealed Kill in Wendy's place.

"Thanks for leading me straight to the memories," He laughed. "Seriously, it's funny how dumb you are."

Dipper made a move to grab his sword, but remembered that he didn't have it. Pushing away his fear, he glared at Kill heatedly.

Kill only smirked. "It's a shame I had to interrupt you, because you were about to find out the one who started Bill's reign."

The Red Demon raised his hand, all of a sudden, one of the doors began to rattle. Dipper gasped, when the door tore itself from the wall, and flew into Kill's hand.

"This particular memory reveals the traitorous Guardian that opened the barrier for Bill," Kill hissed. "I have an urge to tell you who it is, but I decided it's more fun seeing you rack your brain for the answer."

Dipper gritted his teeth. "What are you planning to do now? Even though you found what you've been looking for, that's not enough to bring Bill back to his old state."

"You're right, Blue Pine," Kill mused. "Which is why I'm going to destory each and every memory he had as a mortal, so his true self can finally return."

Dipper's eyes widened. "No..."

"And while I'm doing that..." The redhead sneered, setting his hands on fire. "I'll get rid of you punks in the process."

⁂

"Wendy!" Will called, as he ran through the hallway.

He had been screaming at the top of his lungs for a while now. Will knew Wendy was somewhere close, she must have been looking for him.

Will paused abruptly, when his nose caught the smell of smoke. His eyes widened, when he saw fire flickering around the corner, and increasing in size. He stood frozen in fear, then jolted when a hand touched his shoulder. Will turned slowly, then felt relief crash down on him.

"Wendy!" He cried, embracing his friend like his life depended on it. "I'm so sorry! I should've--"

"It doesn't matter now," Wendy told him, staring at the rising flames. "We need to get out of here!"

With that, they tried to escape the other way. However, more fire burst out from the other corner, and soon a wall of heat circled around them. Sweat beaded down Will's forehead, and he stared in dismay, as the flames charred the surfaces of Bill's memories. At first, Will was at a lost of what do to, then he recalled something. Not wasting another second, Will surged forward and thrust out his arms.

Instantly, the fire before him ceased into nothingness. Wendy stared in amazement. "How--"

"Turns out, we can do anything in here as long as we imagine it" Will explained.

"Cool," Wendy awed. She held out her hands, and her axe appeared in her grasp. She swung it expertly, and smiled in Will's direction. "Let's go find our friends, and see what's up."

Will looked her in the eyes, before returning her smile.

(A / N : Hey ! I know most of you may disagree with Ford's behavior , and I just want to let you know , I am NOT trying to demonize him in this story . Like Dipper , he has a lot of learning to do .)

Dreamscapers-Part Six

Dipper, Mabel, and Stan were now being confronted by Kill, all three of them powerless. The Red Demon floated over them, hands lit with red fire.

"Prepare to eat nightmares!" Kill hissed, shooting a ball of fire.

"Nightmares?" Mabel repeated, before the fire hit her.

"Mabel!" Dipper cried, in distress.

However, the fire didn't burn her, but instead transformed her completely. Mabel's skin turned bright green, and she was now covered in warts.

"My cuteness!" She gasped, her voice was now low. "What have you done to my cuteness, you monster!"

Kill laughed maniacally, and turned towards Dipper. "You're next, Blue Pine. I can't wait to see what your greatest nightmare is."

Dipper stared, and then Stan came in. He stood in front of his niece and nephew protectively, and glared up at the Demon. "That's enough! If you want to get to them, you have to get through me first."

"That could be arranged," Kill smirked, then flung a ball of fire at the Guardian.

It looked like it was going to hit Stan, but then it landed in front of him. The old man stared at the flames, before they increased in size, and began to take shape. Once the fire vanished, it revealed a person in it's place. Stan uttered a gasp, when he faced his brother, Ford.

The Night Guardian stood before him, blood seething through his shirt, and his silver eyes were cold and emotionless.

"Ford?" Stan whispered.

"Stan, it's a trick!" Dipper told him.

Stan didn't seem to hear him, and continued to stare at the replica of his long lost brother. The copy of Ford stared the Day Guardian blankly.

"*Stanley, why did you do it...?"* Ford said, in a distorted voice, almost ghostly. "*I thought I could trust you.*"

Stan's eyes widened, like knew exactly what the other was talking about, and the realization chilled him to the bone. "I'm sorry," He rasped. "Please...please forgive me, Ford."

Ford narrowed his eyes. "*No. You don't have the right to call yourself my brother. You're nothing to me..."* He rose his hand, and immediately, a blue orb of light appeared.

Stan, Mabel, and Dipper could only watch in horror, as the light grew in size, almost blinding them. Overheard, Kill was cackling loudly, insanity vivid in his eyes.

"What better way to finish you off, than to let your dear loving family member be the one to destroy you," The Red Demon smirked. "It's been nice knowing you, Pines."

The three Guardians clung to each other fearfully, as Ford aimed at them.

"Hey!"

The shout made Ford pause. The replica turned around, only to be blasted by a beam of light. The copy of Ford immediately vanished in a puff of red smoke. A second later, Will and Wendy walked in, glaring up at Kill.

"Will! Wendy! You're okay!" Mabel beamed.

"Guys, I just learnt you can do anything in the mindscape as long as you imagine it!" Will said.

"What, who told you that!?" Kill roared. "Don't listen to him!"

"Anything, you say?" Dipper smiled. He held out his hands, and his sword appeared in his grasp. He used his weapon to free Mabel and Stan from the chains. "Quick! Imagine having your powers back!"

Mabel turned to her normal self. "Or better yet," She smiled, before transforming her fists into giant pink kitten heads. "Kitten Fists!"

Mabel then proceeded to shoot multiple kitten heads at Kill. The Red Demon cried out, when they covered him head to toe, pushing him against a wall. He struggled, as the kitten heads clambered over him.

"Ugh, this is weird!" He growled, before disintegrating the kitten heads with his powers.

Kill glared at Mabel, and a orb of red light appeared in his palm. He was interrupted, when Stan lunged forward and grazed the Demon's chest with a column of fire emitting from his hand. Kill hissed in pain, and collapsed to the ground, his shirt torn and revealed his burning flesh. Dipper and Wendy tried to attack him from behind, but despite being injured, Kill whirled towards them. They were flung aside, when he summoned a beam of energy, that shoved them back.

Wendy tried to get up, but then released a loud yelp. Nearby, Will witnessed in horror, as her whole body began to flicker in and out of existence.

"What's happening to her!?" Will gasped.

Dipper stared. "Our time is almost up! We have to hurry!"

Will nodded, and was about to help Wendy to her feet. However, before he could touch her, Wendy vanished altogether. Will stared at the empty spot. "Oh no, Wendy!"

"She'll be okay," Dipper reassured. "We just have to--"

"AH!"

The two turned. To their horror, Mabel fell to her knees, before vanishing completely. Nearby, Stan was trying wrestle Kill to the ground. The Red Demon hissed, before kicking into the Guardian's lower stomach. Stan was shoved backwards, and he hit the wall. But, before he could stand up, he too disappeared.

Just when Will couldn't be anymore afraid, he turned to face Dipper, and dread filled his stomach. The Guardian's body was already flickering. Dipper stared down at himself, before turning to Will.

"I'm sorry, Will," He said, softly. "You're on your own..."

Will shook his head. "No! I can't--"

"Yes, you can," Dipper told him, handing the boy his sword. "You defeated Kill once, you can do it again. I believe in you."

"Dipper, no--!"

Before Will could finish his sentence, the Guardian vanished before him. Now, all that stood left was Kill and Will. The blue haired boy gripped the handle of the sword, it felt heavy in his hands. He hesitantly turned to Kill, who was smirking cruelly at him. The Red Demon's wounds healed immediately, and he stalked towards the other.

"Oh, this is going to be fun," Kill sneered. "This reminds me of the day I killed you. You were cowardly as always, practically pleading for your life, and then I slit your throat right on the spot. Some things never change, little brother..."

Will didn't reply. With trembling arms, he raised the weapon in his grip. Kill arched an brow.

"You're planning on fighting back?" Kill chuckled.

"Get out of Bill's mind," Will told him, trying to keep his voice steady.

Kill's gaze hardened into a glare. "Let go of the sword, before you hurt yourself," He hissed, surging towards Will. "Or better yet, I'll

use it to slice your head off!"

Will acted on instinct, and swung the sword, while shutting his eyes. He felt nausea form in his stomach, when there was a shriek from Kill. Will opened his eyes, and saw Kill clutching his arm, blood seeped through his fingers and dripped to the floor.

Panting, he glared heatedly at Will. "I didn't want to do this, but you crossed the line..."

Will was confused in what he meant, but then it happened. Black smoke flooded from out of Kill's clothes, before encasing him completely. Will stared, as the Demon wore the smoke like a second skin, unrecognizable. The shadowy form before him, then grew a pair of glowing red eyes, glaring directly into Will's soul.

"*William..."* A voice uttered from it, a voice that Will never thought he'd hear again.

"Dad?" Will whispered, too shocked to comprehend this.

The figure hissed. "*You pathetic son of mine. You thought just because I'm dead, you can escape me?"*

Will stepped back, fear rattling throughout his whole body. "No, I--"

"*Enough of your lies,"* The form hissed. "*I am a memory you will never forget. I will always haunt you, because you are nothing but a weakling.*"

Will froze. At this point, he should be cowering or running away. That was what he would've done. But, in an instant, something made him look the monster in the eyes, and say in a calm voice:

"You're wrong."

The shadowy figure stared. "*What did you say, pest?"*

"I'm not weak," Will said, narrowing his eyes.

There was a cold laughter. "*Do you honestly believe that?"*

Will nodded. "It's true, I'm not as strong as Bill or others. And I

feared you more than any monster I faced in this town." He took a deep breath, and added. "But, if this summer has taught me anything, it's that I can be strong for others, even though I can't be for myself. I know when to improve myself, and when to learn from my mistakes. Not like you...if anyone's a weakling, it's you!"

"*I'll rip you apart!"* The form hissed, before lunging forward.

Will regarded the monster blankly, before swinging his sword, without hesitation. The shadow shrieked in pain, when the blade grazed it, and it leaped back. It clutched it's side as it sizzled, and stepped backwards, as Will moved forward.

"I always thought of you as this unstoppable monster," Will admitted. "But the reality is, you were always a worthless drunk who took his frustrations out on kids. I can't believe I was ever afraid of someone so pathetic."

"*You dare speak to me like that!?"* The shadow roared. "*I am your father--"*

"You were never our father!" Will snapped, looming his sword at the form. "It's true, you are a memory I will never forget, but I won't let you control me any longer. Do us all a favor, and get out of my brother's head!"

Will released an outraged cry, before charging forward and skewering the sword through the shadow's stomach. There was a banshee shriek, and then the black smoke cleared, once again revealing Kill. The Red Demon was leaking blood from his mouth, and he stared in disbelief at Will.

Will only glared, pushing the sword deeper. Kill gasped loudly, and for a moment, fear flashed in his eyes. And in a blink of an eye, Kill was gone from sight, leaving a puff of red smoke in his wake, before that disappeared as well.

Will stood in silence, the blood on the sword peppered the golden floor with red droplets. He didn't know how to feel at that moment. Proud that he stood up to the man that tormented him? Or disappointed that it wasn't real, but only an illusion. If it was

possible, he felt satisfied and dissatisfied at the same time.

In the end, Will decided it didn't matter what he felt in that moment, as long as Bill's mind was safe. And just in time.

Will looked at his hand, which was beginning to flicker. His time was almost up, but not before doing one last thing...

⁂

Will looked at the locks and chains he had just materialized around the sofa. Hopefully, it will be enough to secure those memories inside, and prevent them from leaking to the rest of Bill's mind.

He smiled to himself, and closed his eyes. He allowed his body to flicker, and soon he was transported out of Bill's mind.

However, after he left, the sofa began to rattle. The chains and locks fell off and clattered to the ground, and golden light began to flow from underneath the sofa seat. Soon, the seat was slowly lifted, and a moment later, what slipped out was a gloved hand.

Dreamscapers-Final

(A/N: This chapter is very short, sorry)

Bill woke up with a start.

For a moment, he didn't realize he was laying on the cold floor, but eventually sat up. He noticed that he was in the kitchen, and that he was surrounded by his friends.

The group stared at him with worry and anticipation, and Bill suddenly felt like he had to say something.

"Uh, what's going on?"

He didn't expect this to have such a big reaction, as collectively as a group, everyone knelt down and embraced him tightly. Bill blinked in surprise, then snapped out of it, and squirmed out of their grasp.

"What is wrong with you guys?" He snapped.

Will was nearly in tears, and he smiled at his brother. "It worked! You're okay!" He lunged forward, and hugged the blond again.

Bill regarded him in annoyance. "Will, what are you--"

"I want you to know," Will started, burying his face in his brother's chest. "I will always need you, Bill. We can protect each other from now on, okay?"

Bill stared at him, before placing a hand gently over Will's shoulder. "Okay, okay, just let go of me already."

Will obliged, and released him. Afterwards, Bill turned towards the Guardians. "Mind explaining to me why you guys acting like this?" He asked, then rubbed his head. "Also, why was I dreaming about fire and disembodied kitten heads?"

"Long story short: Kill tried to invade your mind," Mabel explained, sheepishly. "And, we went in to stop him."

Bill's eyes widened. "Wait, you went *inside* my mind!?"

"Yeah, it's no biggie," Wendy dismissed.

"No biggie!? It's a violation of my privacy!" Bill protested.

"It was the only way to save you," Dipper chastised, then said in a soft voice. "Plus, we also managed to learn some things..."

Will nodded in agreement, and Bill glowered at them suspiciously.

"Don't make that face, Bill," Wendy chuckled. "C'mon, we'll explain everything soon. First, since we've just been through an emotional rollercoaster, how about we do something fun, like visit the diner?"

"Are you sure about that, Wendy?" Will questioned.

"Sure, it'll calm our nerves," She said, coolly.

Eventually, everyone agreed, and stood up from the floor. Together, they began to exit the kitchen. Will was the first one to step out, but then he stopped abruptly, when a hand came out from nowhere and grabbed him by the throat. He cried out, as he was hurled off his feet, and was trapped in a pair of strong arms.

"Kill!" Dipper gasped, the others stood behind him, expressions of shock on their face.

Will's eyes widened, and he turned. There, he saw Kill was the one who had grabbed him. The Demon was panting heavily, still bleeding from his stomach wound, that has yet to be healed. Will's nose crinkled at the metallic stench of blood.

Bill nearly lunged at the Demon, but Dipper held him back. "LET HIM GO!" The blond raged.

"This is your last option," Kill hissed. "Either you join your true siblings, Bill, or else I'm going to get rid of this blue haired brat for good!"

"Kill, you cannot win," Dipper told him, raising his sword. "You're weakened as it is."

"True, I feel like I could pass out," Kill rasped. Then, he grinned in Will's direction. "Not for long, that is..."

Then without warning, the Demon sank his fangs into Will's collarbone. Will shrieked in agony, as his joints creaked under the pressure of Kill's sharp teeth, and it felt like needles penetrating his flesh. Kill gulped down Will's blood like it was a beverage, humming in bliss. The result was immediate, as the Demon's wounds began to knit themselves together.

Bill stared in horror, before rage poured over his face. He grabbed Dipper's sword from out of his hand, and charged straightforward at Kill. The blond ended up stabbing the wall instead, as Kill disappeared from sight, bringing Will with him.

A cold silence hung in the air, as everyone processed the shocking scene that had unfolded before them. Just when things couldn't get any worse, a news report popped on TV. It showed the news reporter, sitting across from none other than Gideon Gleeful.

" In a shocking turn of events , town psychic , Gideon Gleeful has just revealed a vision about the famed Guardians ."

" I was horrified by what I saw ," Gideon said , his voice thick with sadness . " I have predicted that the Guardians will betray humankind and destroy everything . I didn't want to believe it , but for the safety of Zero Gravity Town , I think the most logical solution is to put each Guardian into custody , so they can be held for interrogation. Thank you ."

" Sounds reasonable , enough ," The news reporter agreed . " If the Guardians are truly on our side , they will step forward without any resistance . In the meantime , if this prediction is true , the Guardians would prove to be very powerful enemies ."

" Yes , they are ," Gideon said . Then , he turned to the camera , and for a moment , his eyes shined a solid gold . " But not as powerful as me ..."

Cipher's Reign-Part One

The next day, a gathering was held in Zero Gravity's town hall. Everyone was sitting in the row of seats, murmuring amongst themselves.

"Order! Order!" Officer Blubs told them, standing in the front of the room, with Deputy Durland and Mayor Soos by his side. "We are here to discuss Gideon's recent prediction. Gideon, the floor is all yours."

Gideon stepped forward, and regarded the crowd of people calmly. "Yesterday, I had a disturbing vision of the Guardians destroying every inch of this town. Since I value the safety of this place, I think we should secure the Guardians, especially the Heart and Mind Guardian who has been visiting the mortal realm often."

"Any questions?" Blubs asked the citizens.

"I have one, dude," Soos chimed in. He regarded Gideon wearily. "Little dude, your predictions never failed us before, but don't you think this one is kinda, maybe a little, ridiculous? I mean, the Guardians protected this town since forever, why would they suddenly pull a 180° and ransack the place?"

The townspeople murmured in agreement, and fell silent, when Gideon spoke.

"It's understandable that you have your doubts," Gideon replied. "But, the fact that most of the Guardians went into hiding after I mentioned the vision, should be proof enough. They are definitely hiding something."

"I have a question," Shandra said, holding out her mic. "If this prediction is real, how are we supposed to compete with immortal beings?"

"I already have a solution for that," Gideon said, then nodded

towards the officers.

They nodded back, before turning around, and picking up a huge briefcase that had been resting on the side. They opened it, before the showing the crowd of people. Inside, rested a crossbow, edged with glowing blue symbols.

"This crossbow is enchanted to shoot arrows that will immobilize Guardians or magical creatures," Gideon explained. "Don't worry, it won't hurt them too much. After they are defenceless, they will be sent to a special facility, that is already being prepared. There, they will be interrogated, and hopefully, we'll get to the bottom of this."

The crowd of people looked at each other, as though unsure whether to believe him or not.

"Little twerp..."

"Bill, ssh!" Dipper hushed him. "We're supposed to be undercover."

Way in the back of the room, three people stood. They were none other than Dipper, Mabel, and Bill. They were in disguises, which consisted of fake mustaches, trenchcoats, and sunglasses.

"Couldn't we have gotten better disguises?" Bill snapped. "This fake mustache is itchy as hell."

"Hey, these are best the disguises you can get," Mabel protested. "Trust me, I've seen it in movies."

"Can't you just disguise yourself as a human with magic, like you always do?"

"Nah, that's less fun."

Bill sighed. "What are we even doing here? We should be looking for Will."

"We will, but we need to know what Gideon is planning," Dipper said.

"You should've at least sent Stan or Wendy to break into Gideon's

home or something," Bill remarked.

"I doubt Will is being kept in Gideon's mansion," Dipper told him. "Plus, Wendy and Stan are busy arranging a meeting for the other Guardians and creatures of this town. We need to inform them of what's happening."

Bill gritted his teeth in frustration, but didn't utter any protests. Dipper regarded him in sympathy.

"Bill, just hang in there," The brunette said. "I promise, we'll get your brother back."

Bill frowned. "It's my fault--"

"No, it isn't," Dipper told him, firmly. "You had no control over the situation. Trust me, we'll fix this."

"Guys, Gideon's talking again," Mabel told them, and they instantly turned towards the young psychic.

"And, in case any of you still have your doubts," Gideon started. "Let me show you what is at stake." He turned towards the officers. "Can you please close the curtains?"

The two looked at him curiously, but otherwise, did what he asked. They closed the curtains in the room, blocking out the sunlight that flooded out of the windows. Pretty soon, there was darkness in the room, until a faint glow radiated from Gideon's palm. The people stared in amazement, as the glow brightened.

"Let me show you, what I see," Gideon spoke, eerily.

Then without warning, the glow increased in size, to the point where it filled the room with a blinding light. Mabel, Dipper, and Bill froze, as a vision invaded their minds. In it, was Zero Gravity Town, wrecked in every corner, and filled a dark fog. There were people flooding the streets, screaming in fear. On top of the buildings, the Guardians were standing intimidatingly. The vision became more disturbing, when the bodies on the ground became noticeable, some of them were burnt the crisp, while the rest had arrows sticking out of them that suspiciously looked like Robbie's

arrows. The vision ended, when there was a bright blue explosion nearby, that somehow shook the whole world.

When the three came to, each of them were in shock. Everyone else in the hall shared their expression, except for Gideon. The glow that had been in his hand was gone, and he regarded them all with a calm and collected look.

"So, does anyone object to my idea?" Gideon asked them, a confident glint in his eyes.

No one replied. The room was filled with a deafening silence, as the citizens submissively stayed in their seats. Even Soos, who had been suspicious of Gideon, now stood in silence, as he sank in the situation.

By then, Bill couldn't take it anymore. Gideon was lying to them, and they believed it! And for all the blond knew, the brat could be holding his brother hostage with Jill and Kill supervising. Bill couldn't just stand by and do nothing.

Without a second thought, he stepped forward. Dipper noticed, and instantly knew what was coming. "Bill, don't!"

Bill ignored him, and ripped off the fake mustache and sunglasses. He glared at Gideon, and shouted. "Hey!"

Everyone turned to him, including Gideon. For a second, there was a flash of darkness in his eyes, before he gave Bill a blank look. "And who might you be?"

Bill gritted his teeth. "Stop playing dumb! You know who I am," He hissed, before turning to the townspeople. "Everyone, don't listen to a word he says! The Guardians are not against you, Gideon is lying to you."

"What accusations!" Gideon gasped. "Sir, I am only concerned for the safety of my home. Why would I lie?"

The blond glared at him. "Because, you're working with Demons," He growled. "And thanks to you, my brother is gone!"

"Bill, calm down," Mabel told him, but was ignored.

"Listen here, Blondie, you're starting to sound a little hysterical," Gideon remarked. "Demons? Really? Also, I don't even know your brother. If you're that worried about his whereabouts, file a report by the police--"

"I don't need to, because I know you have him!" Bill yelled, enraged. "Tell me where he is, now!"

"Young man, I would have to ask you to kindly leave," Officer Blubs told him, firmly. "You are causing a disruption in a place of order."

"I'm not going anywhere, until I get answers," Bill spat.

"Then, we'll have to move you by force," Blubs replied.

Bill narrowed his eyes, and was about to make a snappy remark, when a hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned around, to see Mabel.

"Don't worry, officers," Mabel said, in an unconvincing British accent. "My brother and I will make sure to escort this ruffian off the premises."

Blubs tilted his head. "Well, alright. Though, I don't think I ever seen you two here before."

"We don't go out that much," Mabel chuckled. "Now, we'll be off! Pip pip, jolly good show, more random French words. Bye!"

Quickly, she rushed Bill out of the room, with Dipper following close behind. Once they were a safe distance away from the town hall, the Guardians took off their disguises.

Dipper turned to Mabel. "What was with that fake accent?"

"That, dear brother, is called *being in character,*" Mabel remarked.

He rolled his eyes at her, before turning to the blond. Dipper's brow creased with worry, when he saw Bill standing with his back facing towards them. The male brunette approached him carefully, and

reached out a hand to the blond.

"Bill, are you--"

He was cut off, as Bill moved away from him. Dipper frowned, when the blond began to tremble slightly.

"Bill?" Dipper spoke, gently.

"It's hopeless," Bill rasped, clenching his hands into fists. "Will could be dead for all I know, and I can't do anything about it. I'm so hopeless..."

Dipper regard him silently, then turned to Mabel. "Can you give us a moment?"

Mabel blinked, but quickly understood. She moved to the far side of the pavement, out of earshot. Once the two had their privacy, Dipper turned Bill towards him. He felt a clench in his heart, when he saw the blond's eyes rimmed with tears.

"Bill, I know you're frustrated, but you're only stressing yourself out."

"You think I don't know that!?" Bill snapped, sharply. "Right now, stressing is the only thing I can do, Pine Tree!"

"But, it doesn't have to be," Dipper told him. "I promised you we'll get Will back, and I intend to keep that promise. But, you're no help to your brother, if all you do is drive yourself crazy. It's going to be okay, you're not alone in this."

Bill's lip trembled in frustration. Then, his facial expression relaxed, and he wiped his eyes dry. "Alright."

"Thank you," Dipper told him. "Now, we should be meeting the others in the forest."

The blond sighed heavily. "No offense, but the last thing I need right now is another meeting."

"Unfortunately, it's not optional," Dipper responded, apologetically.

"But, if you're tired, you can always wait for us back at the shack."

Bill appeared to be weighing his options. In the end, he said. "I'll go with you," He decided, and added nothing more.

The male Guardian nodded, then carefully placed a hand on the blond's shoulder. "In that case, let's get Mabel and be off."

⁂

Bill followed the two Guardians into a clearing. Almost immediately, he was bombarded with the outbursts of an argument.

Gathered in the clearing, were Guardians and creatures alike. Robbie and Pacifica were there, along with Wendy's friends, and Candy and Grenda. Then, there were a bunch of half-bull manlike creatures, a bear with multiple heads, Jeff and the rest of his gnome posse, and other creatures Bill didn't recognize. Wendy and Stan were currently trying to keep things in order, as shouts rang in the background.

"What's going on here?" Dipper demanded, stepping forward.

Robbie pointed a finger towards Jeff. "This pipsqueak is ticking me off!"

"Says you, Cupid!" Jeff shot back. "Also, what kind of maniac wears leather in the midst of summer? Like really, does common sense ever occur to you or...?"

"Shembuloc!" Shembuloc shouted.

"Woah, no need for that kind of language, my friend," Jeff told him.

"Shembuloc..." Shembuloc sighed, apologetically.

"There seems to be a sort of conflict," Wendy explained to Dipper. "Some of the creatures, specifically the Manotaurs and the gnomes refuse to let us hide out in the forest."

"Why should we?" Chutzpar spat. "All Guardians ever done is interrupt our manly ways and protected that wimpy Multi-Bear."

Multi-Bear growled. "We'll see who's wimpy, once I use your horns as toothpicks after I feast on your flesh!"

"MB, chill!" Wendy told him, and he backed down reluctantly.

"Plus, if it weren't for the Guardians, my horde would've gotten a queen by now," Jeff complained.

"You were kidnapping people, you freak!" Mabel snapped.

"You underestimate how desperate we are, ma'am."

"It's not like I'd want to hide here," Pacifica scoffed. "This place is revolting, so are you guys."

"Urgh, here we go again, the Guardians think they're better than us," Jeff griped. "You guys already have a dimension of your own, why do need this forest?"

"Our dimension was burnt out years ago," Dipper told him, sternly. "What we have left, is only powerful enough to let my family inside. If anyone else entered it, it would break, especially earthbound Guardians."

"You forgot the part where it's our problem," Chutzpar snarled.

Robbie narrowed his eyes, then took out his bow and arrow. "I'm going to skewer you morons!"

"Bring it on, noodle arms!" The Manotaur roared.

Before a fight could break out, Stan lit himself on fire and shouted. "Enough!"

Obviously, it did the trick, as everyone fell silent. Afterwards, the flames emitting from Stan's body extinguished, leaving no marks on his body or clothes.

He regarded the others, his golden eyes were harsh, making them not meet his gaze. "Look, I know this whole arrangement is a hassle, but it's for the greater good," He said. "We Guardians made a vow not to hurt mortals, and I don't think we can convince them either

since they're scared now. Also, this doesn't only effect us Guardians, but all of Zero Gravity Town."

"What do you mean?" Multi-Bear questioned.

Stan didn't answer, only turned towards Dipper. The male brunette understood his great uncle's signal, and looked at the group, before clearing his throat.

"My sister and I just came back from the town hall, and we learnt that the prediction Gideon made is fake. He seems to be working with the likes of Demons."

Immediately, everyone stared and erupted into a bunch confused murmurs. Pacifica shook her head. "That doesn't make sense, what would *Demons* want with this town?"

Dipper didn't answer, and then a voice spoke out.

"I have an idea on what."

Everyone turned to Robbie. The Cupid held a dark gaze, and Bill caught it flickering in his direction for a second.

"Not long ago, I came across two Demons, and they mindcontrolled me," Robbie explained, earning a couple of stares and gasps. "At first, I wanted to believe the whole things was a nightmare, but it was real. I can't remember all the details, but they always seemed to be talking about something...or specifically, *someone.*"

Without hesitation, Robbie turned to glare at Bill. "Now that I think about it, those Demons looked a lot like you..."

All eyes were on the blond, and Bill felt glued to the spot. His courage wavered, as he realized he was outnumbered. Then, Dipper came to his rescue, as the brunette stepped in front him defiantly.

"Robbie, there's no need for such conspiracies," Dipper told him.

Robbie's eye twitched. "You think I'm making this up!?" He snapped. "I know what I heard, and I know what I saw!"

"I agree, what are you hiding?" Pacifica interrogated, glaring at the male brunette.

"Yeah, tell us the truth," Multi-Bear injected.

Soon, everyone was pressing Dipper for information. The brunette looked at the crowd worryingly, before turning to look at Bill. The blond could only stare back at him blankly, and then he nodded. Bill found no point in hiding it anymore. Dipper looked shock, but then he slowly turned to the others.

"I should've told you this earlier," Dipper sighed, after everyone silenced. "There's something about the Cipher twins that you need to know..."

And like that, he explained everything. He told them about how the One Eyed Beast that destroyed everything, had reincarnated into the boy before them. As this went on, Bill felt the air growing colder around him, as gazes of pure shock, horror, and distrust focused on him. Once Dipper stopped, there was a moment of silence, as everyone took it in.

"I knew it!" Jeff exclaimed, triumphantly. "I knew Blondie was that legendary monster! And the other creatures thought I was crazy to try and sell a kid's corpse for bounty!"

"Wait, wait, wait!" Pacifica said, looking astonished. "So, all of this happened, because of Bill?"

"Yes, Pacifica," Mabel said, softly. "Kill and Jill want to revive Bill back to this normal self."

Robbie had been silent this whole time. Then, he darted his gaze towards Bill. "In that case, the Cipher twins should leave this instant."

Wendy sighed. "Robbie, listen--"

"No!" The Cupid snapped. "Why are you protecting them? They caused all of this! It'll be better for everyone if they just leave."

Bill remained quiet, which made Dipper chime in. "We're working

on it, Robbie. There's no need to act rash."

"You're supposed to be protecting this world from threats like him!" Robbie shouted, pointing to Bill. "Either you do your job and end him before he kills us all, or him and his brother go back to wherever they came from."

Dipper gritted his teeth, then released a deep breath.

"Let's put it up to a vote, then," Pacifica decided, most of the group nodded in agreement.

"Good idea!" Jeff beamed, then turned to the others. "All in favour of kicking the Cipher twins out, raise your hand...or paw...or any other appanage."

Immediately, hands shot up into the air. The Wendy's Changing friends hesitated, before raising their hands in agreement. Mabel's eyes widened, when Candy and Grenda slowly followed suit.

"But guys, Will is your friend," Mabel protested.

"I'm sorry, Mabel," Grenda said, apologetically. "We're supposed to protect you."

"Protecting you, means protecting the town you love," Candy said.

Mabel looked heartbroken, and Dipper put a comforting hand on her shoulder. The male brunette watched nonchalantly, at the raising hands. He didn't react, until one more hand shot in the air, and he recognized it immediately.

"Bill?" Dipper breathed. "What are you doing?"

Sharing his shock, everyone regarded the blond, as he raised his hand in the air, with a expressionless face.

Bill turned to Dipper calmly. "They're right," He said. "All I've done is caused trouble for you and this town. After we save Will, we're leaving."

Before Dipper could reply, Bill turned to the group before them. He

smiled sadly at them. "I don't know if this will change anything, but I'm sorry." Then, the blond left the clearing.

Without a moment of hesitation, Dipper bolted in the direction the blond took. "Bill, wait!"

Behind him, voices raised, and Wendy and Stan could be heard trying to soothe the conflict. Dipper ignored it, and moved away until the voices were out of earshot. He looked around in search of Bill, but huffed in frustration when he realized the blond was already gone.

"Dipper."

Dipper jolted and turned, only to see Mabel. "Oh, hey," He said, awkwardly.

Mabel tilted her head at him. "You seem upset at the prospect of Bill leaving. What changed your mind?"

A lump grew in Dipper's throat, as he thought back to that twisted memory.

"Mabel...do you ever wonder what Ford had done that day when Bill attacked?"

"Dipper, what are you talking about?" Mabel asked. "Everyone knows Ford got thrown into a portal before he could do anything."

Dipper shook his head. "No. That's not true."

Then, he told her everything. Everything about the prediction, to Ford's plan to banish Bill, and right to Bill's demise. Once he was done, the twins wallowed in an unbearable silence.

"Ford did that?" Mabel breathed, in disbelief.

Dipper merely nodded.

"Dipper," She started, gently. "I'm sure Ford didn't intend--"

"He used me as a weapon!" Dipper shouted, his voice cracked with

rage and betrayal. "He judged Bill unfairly, without trying to understand him."

"So, is this why you defended Bill?"

"I don't want to repeat Ford's mistake," He said, seriously.

"I agree," Mabel said, then added hesitantly. "But, no matter how much we don't like it...this is Bill's and Will's decision to make."

"But--"

"We can try to convince them to stay," Mabel told him. "But, everyone will be against them."

"That hasn't stopped them before," Dipper remarked.

"This is different," She told him. "You know that, don't you?"

Dipper didn't want to admit it, but she was right. It was okay when only a small amount of people knew about Bill and Will's past, but now that Dipper spread the information to more powerful figures, living here would only prove more difficult than before.

"Let's go back," Mabel insisted. "After this meeting, we can go talk to Bill."

Dipper wanted to disagree, he wanted to see if the blond was okay. But, in the end, he nodded weakly, and followed his sister back the way they came.

After a while, they returned to the clearing, but it wasn't the same like before. The two stared in horror, as creatures laid on the ground, with glowing blue arrows in their side.

"Grenda!" Mabel gasped, running to her friend's aid.

Grenda had an arrow in her wing, and she winced when Mabel touched it. Mabel immediately withdrew.

"I'm sorry!" Mabel apologized, almost in tears.

"Grenda, what happened?" Dipper demanded.

Grenda breathed heavily. "While you were gone, they surrounded us, and shot us with these arrows. They took Wendy, Stan, Robbie, Pacifica...and Candy."

Dipper scanned the area for any clues. His eyes immediately caught on tire tracks that seemed to head in one direction.

They're taking them to the facility, He realized.

"Mabel," He said, turning to his sister. "Take care of these guys, I'm going to get Bill."

Mabel blinked. "Wait, what are you gonna do?"

"I have a suspicion on where Will might be," Dipper said, before leaving without another word.

Cipher's Reign-Part Two

Jill admired her face in a small hand mirror.

Well technically, it wasn't *her* face, but a cute face nevertheless.

Jill didn't expect Gideon to fight back against her mind control when she had possessed him, it appeared she had underestimated him. But in the end, the young psychic was finally her puppet.

Gideon's face smirked, when Jill thought about how easy it was to manipulate those fools. Mortals were predictable, as they were arrogant.

"So Jill, do you have them?"

Jill turned around, she hadn't noticed her brother just walked in. "We couldn't get Dipper or Mabel...But, we got the Day Guardian, as while as some earthbound Guardians and a raven girl."

Kill smiled wickedly. "Great, where are they?"

"Somewhere secure," Jill answered. "Don't even dare kill them, they're still of use to us."

"Yeah, yeah," The Red Demon dismissed. "Can you show me to them, sis?"

Jill sighed, vanishing the mirror in her hand, and beckoning her brother down the hall. They strolled forward, passing endless grey walls, and showered in the flickering dim lights in the ceiling.

"What is this place, anyway?" Kill questioned, looking around.

"It used to be an old asylum that was shut down," Jill replied. "By now, it was used for tours, but it's a surprise what a little renovating can do."

"I suspected that, I still hear the satanic screams of the convicts,"

Kill sighed, blissfully. "Music to my ears."

"You'll be hearing more screams, soon," Jill replied, calmly.

Kill raised a brow at her. "By the way, how long are you gonna possess that pipsqueak's body?"

"Until we get Bill on our side. Why do you ask?"

"I dunno, since you have a thing for him, I consider this to be pretty weird...and *invading*."

"Don't be gross," Jill shot back. "Also, I didn't complain when you possessed Robbie."

"Oh come on, we were having fun," Kill insisted. "I'm sure Cupid enjoyed it."

"We'll see about that, once I'll let him strangle you."

"Ooh, please do," Kill smiled.

Jill glared at him. "Again, super *gross*."

After a while of walking, they finally reached their destination. A heavy metal door. Jill snapped Gideon's fingers, and almost immediately, the door opened by itself. There was a deafening whine that emitted from the rusty hinges, and the two walked in without hesitance. They entered a room, and at the other side, were the captives bleeding from arrow wounds, separated from the Demons as a row of metal bars lined in front of them. The bars had glowing blue symbols on them, causing an electric current to swirl around them.

Kill sauntered towards them, before pausing a inch away from the bars, static brushed the tips of his hair. He regarded the trapped group with an amused smile.

"All powerful, huh?" Kill chuckled, mercilessly. "What a joke."

He directed his gaze to Robbie. "Nice to see you again, Cupid."

Robbie's gaze burned with hatred, and he pressed himself against the wall. Kill's eyes then darted to the side, where they landed on Pacifica.

"Just my luck, another pretty face," Kill said, flirtatiously. "I love the aesthetic you have here, Princess."

"*Princess?* In that case, that makes you a peasant," Pacifica deadpanned.

Kill only chuckled in response. "Oh, I'm definitely going to like this chick."

"Easy, you idiot," Jill snapped at him, then she turned to the others. "I apologize for my brother's manners, I would've gotten him neutered if I could, but the vet doesn't allow abominations."

"Hey!" Kill snapped, offended.

Inside the cage, Wendy stepped forward and glared at Jill viciously. "Did you say *brother?* Is that you, Jill?"

"The one and only," Jill giggled.

"What are you doing in Gleeful's body?" Stan demanded. "Isn't that punk on your side?"

"He *was,*" Jill hissed. "But all of sudden, he betrayed us, so I'm making sure he'll be cooperative from now on."

Wendy growled under breath. "Where is Will!? If you hurt him, I'll--"

"Relax, treehugger," Kill said. "He's alive...he's not *unscathed,* but he'll heal."

"You monsters!" Candy yelled, flaring her damaged wings, before wincing.

"No one asked for your opinion, birdbrain," Jill sneered. "You were actually dumb enough to throw yourself against the bars, now I doubt you'll fly anytime soon."

Candy growled under her breath, and only calmed down, when Stan placed a hand on her shoulder. The Day Guardian then turned towards the Demons, his expression solemn.

"Whatever you're planning, it won't work," He told them. "Even with us Guardians out of the way, you can't make Bill side with you."

Jill scoffed. "We can always enter his mind again, this time, without you fools interfering."

"Especially the blueberry," Kill snickered. "I'd would've killed him on the spot, but I decided to spare him. His blood makes good nutrients, it'll be a shame to waste it."

"Once I'm out of here, I'll burn you alive," Stan said, darkly.

"You can't do anything behind those bars," Jill smirked. "So, just enjoy the scenery, while we tear this world apart."

With that, the Demons turned around and left the room, slamming the door shut behind them. They were about to walk down the hall, when they saw an unexpected face.

"Mayor Soos?" Jill gasped.

"Hey, Gideon," Soos smiled, then looked at Kill in confusion. "Who's this guy?"

Jill didn't answer. Trying hard to keep the bitterness out of her tone, she asked him. "What are you doing here, good sir?"

Soos shrugged sheepishly. "I've just been alerted that you caught a couple of Guardians, and I thought I should talk to them. Figure out whether or not if this is some kind of misunderstanding."

"Mayor, there is no misunderstanding," Jill told him. "The Guardians are against us."

"Yeah, but like, it wouldn't hurt to ask them," Soos said. "Maybe I can convince them not to hurt anyone, I am the mayor after all, they should at least be able to listen to me...right? I'm not really sure about the politics with these mystical dudes."

Jill regarded him in annoyance, then an idea slowly dawned on her. What was better than controlling a psychic that everyone trusts...a *mayor* that everyone trusts, perhaps?

Jill grinned, and Soos looked at her worryingly.

"Are you okay, dude?" Soos asked. "That smile of yours reminds of supervillains in the comics I keep in my basement."

Jill ignored him, and shot a command towards her brother. "Kill, hold him down."

Kill smirked, then stalked towards the man.

Soos backed up fearfully. "Woah, what's going on here?"

"This isn't personal, Mr Mayor," Jill smiled, sweetly.

Then before anyone could stop it, Kill lunged towards the unsuspecting mayor.

⁂

After Dipper got Bill and explained the situation, their plan was in action.

They followed the tire tracks deeper into the woods, until eventually, they arrived at a secluded location. It looked like your average criminal facility, except smaller. It was ash grey, with a wire fence surrounding it, a black van stood just inside it's gate. Dipper and Bill stared at it.

"Here's what we're gonna do," Dipper said. "Since I still can't use my powers without the others near, we'll have to break in without them. You'll find Will and the rest, while I'll go after Gideon."

"I won't leave you alone," Bill shot back.

"Don't worry, earlier, I told Mabel to come and assist me after she's done treating the others," The male brunette said.

Bill hesitated, before saying. "Since we're accepting backup, I think

this is the right time to tell you something. After you explained the plan to me, I sent a quick text to someone who might help us."

"Who?"

"You might know him as Dipper *Oak*. Also dislikes to be referred to as *Tyrone*."

Dipper's eyes widened. "Are you mad?"

"C'mon, Pine Tree, we need all the help we can get," Bill said.

"And what if he sees me?" Dipper protested. "I can't meet my teenage mortal counterpart, it'll be so awkward!"

"Doesn't everyone in this town know about you?"

"This part of town, yeah, but there are other parts where people haven't even seen my face. What if he freaks out!?"

"You're the only one freaking out here," Bill shot back. "Also, if you're that paranoid, you can go ahead of me before he shows up."

"But, why drag a mortal into this?"

"He's a mortal with powers," Bill reminded. "Red Pine can take care of himself, and I need his help, if I want to do this."

Dipper frowned, but thankfully didn't protest. "Alright, I'm trusting you on this."

"Trusting me?" The blond said, under his breath. "That'll be a first..."

The Guardian looked at him blankly. "I assuming Stan told you I removed the bind from the journal?"

"Red told me, actually," Bill explained. "Whatever you read in there, erase it from your memory. I'm not crazy, I'm...I'm just going through a lot lately."

Dipper hesitated, before stepping closer to the blond. "I understand. You couldn't express your problems into words, so you did it on

paper."

"What are you? My therapist?"

The brunette chuckled. "Well, I am the Guardian of the Mind."

Hearing that, Bill shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "While you were in my head, you didn't...see anything, did you?"

"Can you be specific?"

Bill didn't answer, and squared his shoulders in a guarded way. Dipper looked at him in concern, then said in a gentle voice.

"I'll tell you this, the thing I saw changed my views a little," He said, then reached into his shirt. "And...I think this belongs to you."

Bill stared, when Dipper took out Journal #3, and presented it to the blond. "You're letting me keep it...?"

"Yes," Dipper confirmed. "Of course, you'll be sharing it with me from time to time...but to be honest, it's becoming hard for me to look at it."

"I don't understand," Bill said. "I thought you didn't trust me."

"People can change," The brunette smiled, earnestly. "My past has hurt me too much, it's about time I let it go. The old Bill is gone, and I have to accept that. From this day forward, I want to get to know the new Bill, I want to get to know *you*."

Bill's face turned red, and he could barely speak.

"I'm sorry for treating you like some monster," Dipper said, genuinely. "You're far from it. I know that now."

"It's fine, Dipper," Bill said, softly. "I understood where you were coming from."

Dipper nodded, then glanced at the journal. "So, are you gonna take this or not?"

Bill chuckled. "Only because you said so, Pine Tree."

He reached out, and grasped the book, feeling an electric current when Dipper's fingers brushed against his. Bill gently took the journal from the Guardian, and tucked it in the inside of his jacket. He then turned to the wire fence.

"C'mon, we should hurry," Bill pointed out. "You go first, I'll meet you inside."

Dipper looked reluctant to leave Bill alone, but in the end, obliged. He leaped forward and easily climbed the fence. Bill watched, as the brunette landed on the other side. Dipper gave him one last glance, before making a beeline towards the facility.

Meanwhile, Bill watched him walk away, before turning approaching a nearby tree. He leaned against it, and slid down until he was sitting. For a while, he waited patiently, before he finally heard the sound of bicycle wheels against dirt. Bill turned around, to see Red Pine parking his bike against a tree, but what he didn't expect to see, was Falling Star with him.

"Red Pine, what is she doing here?" Bill demanded, as he stood up.

Dipper shrugged. "She wouldn't stop bugging me."

"I am so annoying, it's persuasive," Mabel smiled.

Bill sighed, then turned to the boy in the red jacket. "So, you're clear on what to do?"

"Your instructions were pretty clear when you texted them," Red Pine said. "May I ask how your brother got captured and why?"

"Long story, and I don't have time to explain," Bill told them. "Now, are you ready?"

The Oak twins looked at each other, and smiled. "Definitely."

⁂

After climbing over the fence, they entered the building (with the

help of the Oak twins' breaking skills), and soon they were traveling through the twisted grey walls of the facility.

Mabel shuddered. "This place is creepy."

"Boring in comparison to what we've been through," Dipper noted.

"Quiet," Bill hushed them. "We don't know whether there's guards around."

"Sorry," Mabel said, in a quieter tone. "So, where do you think they're keeping your brother?"

"I'm not sure," Bill said, trying to keep his own worry under control.

"Maybe, we should split up," Red Pine suggested, pointing ahead of him, where there was a fork in the path. "You and Mabel go down that passage, I'll go down the other, we'll see what we can find."

Mabel and Bill nodded in agreement.

"Be careful," Mabel told her brother, and he gave her a reassuring smile in return.

With that, they parted ways as soon as they reached the two passages. Mabel and Bill went left, while the brunette in red went right. The two walked in silence, scanning the area for any doors. Bill was beginning to inwardly panic, and to add to his anxiety, he heard a low hiss somewhere.

The two immediately froze, and frantically looked around. There was nothing at first, and they were about to move on, when a form dropped from the ceiling. Bill jolted, when a familiar figure landed between him and Mabel.

"Hello, Brother," Kill smirked.

Bill held his ground, knowing that the Demon wouldn't hurt him. "Where's Will?"

"Again with that question, aren't you tired of asking it?"

Falling Star released a yell, before rushing up and kicking Kill furiously in the back of his knees, but the redhead barely stirred. "Leave him alone!"

Kill turned towards her. He had a face of annoyance, but then it quickly morphed into realization. "Wait...I know you."

"Yeah, because you terrorised my family and cursed my brother!" Mabel shouted, still kicking him, even though it did nothing.

"Brother," Kill gasped. "If you're here, that means..." He didn't finish that sentence.

Bill stared, as Kill lunged out and grabbed Mabel by the collar of her shirt. Mabel's eyes widened, when the Demon lifted her off the floor.

"Hey!" Bill shouted, charging at the redhead.

Before he could touch him, Kill emitted a flash of red light from his body, and the blond got caught in it and was flung across the room. Bill slammed painfully against the floor, and he groaned.

Meanwhile, Kill was giving Falling Star a rather crazed look. "Tell me where he is!" He demanded. "Please, I need to--"

"Mabel!"

Kill froze, and looked past Mabel's head. Before them, stood Dipper, his eyes and birthmark burned with a furious crimson. Instantly, Kill dropped Falling Star, and she landed on her backside with yelp. The Demon slowly approached the boy, his face masked with shock.

"Red Pine?" Kill breathed.

To Bill's surprise, a smile cracked on Kill's face. Yet, it wasn't one of those cocky villainous smirks. No, this smile held genuine happiness and disbelief.

"I can't believe you're here in the flesh!" The Demon beamed, moving closer. "I wanted to visit you, but I was super busy, but I'm so happy you're here!"

Kill surged forward, and embraced Dipper. Red Pine had an unreadable face, while the Demon pressed his cheek affectionately against the side of the brunette's head, a warmth softened his usually disturbing eyes.

"I missed you so much," Kill said, softly. "Did you miss me, Red Pine?"

Dipper's eyes and mark pulsed red, and what happened next was a blur, as he fisted Kill's hair.

Bill almost threw up, when almost instantly, Red Pine tore Kill's head clean off his shoulders. Blood spewed out like a broken fountain, staining the wall and floor, before the body collapsed with a heavy *thud.* The blond stared at Red Pine, as his red glow died out, and he held up the head.

"I missed doing that," Dipper remarked to the head, before dropping it to the floor.

Kill's head rolled across the floor, before pausing against the wall, the Demon's eyes were blanked over. After that, Red Pine approached the others, not even noticing his jacket was half covered in blood.

"OK, change of plans," Dipper said. "All three of us travel together. We have to hurry, it won't be long until Kill regenerates."

"Got it!" Mabel exclaimed, as though nothing happened.

So, forgetting his horror, Bill followed the twins down the hall, leaving the bloody mess behind them.

"No offense, but I'm kinda terrified of you," Bill said to Dipper.

"I don't blame you," Red Pine said. "Now, let's go find your brother."

Bill nodded determinedly. The three continued their search, not stopping for anything this time

Cipher's Reign-Part Three

(A / N : *Fun story . When I went to edit this chapter , it didn't show the rest of my work , and I thought Wattpad deleted it . However , the problem fixed itself and the rest of the chapters returned . I really hate Wattpad sometimes , ;-;)*

The three were still traveling down the hall. They were growing doubtful that they would find anything, but finally, they came across a single door. Bill examined it. It had several locks on it, and he grimaced.

"I got it," Mabel said, noticing his frown.

Bill watched as she removed a clip from her hair, before approaching the door. She fitted her clip inside a lock, wiggling it around until there was a satisfying *click.* She did the same thing with the other locks, before the door opened agape.

Bill stared. "Where did you learn that, Falling Star?"

"My uncle, he's such a good role model, especially when it comes to breaking into private property," She grinned, returning her clip to her hair.

"You two check inside," Dipper said. "I'll keep watch here, in case Kill comes back."

They obliged, and both of them stepped inside. They were immediately covered in darkness, with a beam of light shining through the open door. Bill scanned the area, he could barely see in the corners. He felt crestfallen, when he didn't see anything. He tried to remain calm. This was only the first room they found, Will could be somewhere else. But, how long would they have to keep searching? Did they even have time before they're tracked down by Kill or Gideon?

"Bill?" Mabel spoke, noticing his distress.

Bill didn't hear her, thoughts invaded his mind, bringing forth a painful amount of questions. Will they be able to find his brother? What if Will wasn't here? Did they break into this facility for nothing? And now, the most dreaded question of all, something Bill tried to avoid:

Was Will even alive?

If there was a possibility that his brother was dead, Bill didn't know what he'd do. The very thought sent ice through his veins, and made him close to tears. As he panicked inwardly, Bill's body suddenly went hot...

"Bill!" Falling Star exclaimed, taken aback by something.

It was then that Bill noticed a blue glow. A moment later, he was dumbstruck to realize, that the glow came from his palm. Bill stared down, at the small swirl of blue fire emitting from his hand.

His powers.

"What is that?" Mabel gasped, gawking at the open flame. "It looks cool!"

Bill didn't answer her, too engrossed in his own shock. All of a sudden, the flame increased in size. Mabel squeaked surprise, and all Bill could do was stare. However, as his flame filled the room with an eerie azure glow, it then revealed a form in the deep corner of the room. Bill's eyes widened when he saw familiar blue hair, and his fire died immediately.

There laid Will on the floor. He was on his side, with his eyes closed. His hair was messed up, and covered in grime. His skin was several shades paler than when Bill last saw him, and dark rings surrounded his eyes His sweater was nearly torn into shreds, revealing blooded flesh underneath. Despite all of this, Will's chest rose and fell with steady breaths. He was alive.

Bill forgot about everything at that point. His powers finally arriving. Kill. All of that didn't matter now, as he knelt before his

brother. Bill reached out a trembling hand, and gently shook Will's shoulder. Thankfully, Will peeled his eyes open, but only half way.

"Will, what did they do to you?" Bill breathed, in horror.

Will didn't answer, his gaze was unfocused, like he wasn't sure what was happening. He closed his, eyes once more, as though tired.

Bill felt a flare of anger. If they survived this, he was going to split Kill and Jill into atoms. He had to calm down, when he noticed the blue flames beginning to raise on his hands. After a couple of deep breaths, the fire went down. The blond was still shocked that he finally regained his powers, but he decided to push it aside until later, once they're out of this mess.

"Falling Star, help me out here," Bill said, putting an arm around Will.

Mabel didn't need to be told twice, and she quickly moved forward. She helped Bill carry Will's weight, and together they gently lifted him off the floor. They then carried him out of the room, where Dipper was waiting for them.

The boy in the red jacket, could only stare at the state Will was in. "Oh my god, is he going to be okay...?"

Bill didn't respond. Honestly, he didn't have an answer, as he was unsure himself.

"We'll carry him to the exit," Bill started, choosing to push his worries aside. "Once we're there, you two take Will far away from here."

"Wait, you're not coming with us?" Mabel questioned.

"I have unfinished business here," Bill replied.

Dipper said that the others, such as Stan and Wendy, were trapped here too. Bill still had to find them. Also, he wanted to help Dipper. And with his fire powers, maybe assisting the Guardian would be easy...though he wasn't fully confident in using those abilities, but he had to try.

"Let's go," Bill told them.

While Will leaned on them for support, Bill and Mabel walked down the hall, with Dipper following. As they hurried through the dimly lit hallway, Will's breathing began to quicken. Bill was afraid that his life was dampening, but then he noticed something. Through the tears in his sweater, Will's gashes were slowly decreasing in size.

He's healing himself, Bill thought, in relief.

However, his relief was cut short, when they met a familiar at the end of the hallway. They stopped dead in their tracks, when they saw Kill standing there menacingly, his head reattached. Despite what happened earlier, when Kill turned to look at Red Pine, he was beaming happily.

"You gotten stronger since I last met you," He chuckled. "I always missed these kinds of playful fights we get into. Remember when you ripped out my organs? That was so cute."

"Yep, he's still weird as ever," Red Pine sighed, to himself.

Bill glared at Kill, pulling Will closer protectively. "Move, you psychotic raspberry."

Kill released a crazed laugh. "Sorry, my dear brother...not when that weakling is still breathing." Then, out of nowhere, he charged straight at them.

Bill didn't have time to plan, instead relying on pure instinct. The blond released Will, letting Falling Star support him on her own, and ran up to the Red Demon. Ignoring the screams of protest behind him, Bill extended his arms, and heat immediately surged as his anger grew. Twin columns of blue fire, then encased Kill. The Demon screamed in agony, before leaping back, his shirt and jacket on fire. Meanwhile, the flames emitting out of Bill immediately extinguished, and he stepped back.

Needles of pain rippled throughout his body, and he looked in horror at his arms. They were covered in blisters and burn marks, excreting tendrils smoke. Bill's nose crinkled at the stench of burned

flesh, and he could barely move his arms. Was it supposed to hurt this much?

"Bill!" Dipper yelled, in distress.

Bill was about to turn to the Oak twins, when he heard a low growl from Kill. The Red Demon had torn off his damaged jacket and shirt, leaving him shirtless. Bill's eyes widened, when he saw an imprint of a Dreamcatcher scarred in the center of Kill's chest, the same Dreamcatcher that Will used to fight the Red Demon.

Kill followed the blond's gaze, and laughed bitterly. "Will's blood can only heal so much, but not this, unfortunately," He said, giving Bill a dark look. "Yet again, every time I look at this humiliating scar, I feel more angry...stronger even. I should thank Will, by making his death slow and glorious."

Red Pine didn't waste a second more, before charging and colliding himself with Kill. The impact sent the Demon crashing into a wall, and Dipper whirled towards the blond and his sister.

"Run! I'll hold him off!"

Mabel blinked. "But--"

"RUN!" Dipper shouted.

After a second of hesitation, Mabel obeyed. She called towards Bill to follow her, and he did, though his actions were slowly than before. After they left, Red Pine felt a sense of relief, until a weight collided against his back. Dipper collapsed onto his stomach, with a weight on top of him. He tried to squirm out, but a pair of tanned arms lunged out and grabbed his wrists, before pinning them over his head. Red Pine turned around, and glared up at Kill's grinning face.

"I like this sight of you," Kill purred.

Red Pine flushed, and tried to escape, but the Demon held him down. His mark and eyes glowed red. "Kill, you're going to regret this."

"Ooh, ready for round two?" The Demon smiled. "You think you can beat me this time, little warrior?"

Red Pine smirked. "Wanna bet?"

⁂

Gideon opened his eyes.

He didn't remember anything that happened. Except for...

"Oh no," He breathed, to himself.

Realizing he was on the floor, Gideon quickly stood up. At that moment, he saw a cage nearby, but it was empty.

The Guardians! Where are the Guardians!?

His heart hammered inside his chest, what happened next didn't soothe his nerves. As another person entered the room, and it was none other than the Guardian of the Mind.

They stared at each for a solid minute, before all hell broke loose.

The Guardian's face morphed into one of pure rage, then he surged forward. Before Gideon could comprehend what was happening, he was grabbed by his shirt collar, and pinned against the bars of the cage. He was thankful that the bars weren't electric, but he was pretty sure he was going to die at the hands of the powerful being.

The Guardian's eyes were vivid, and he hissed through his teeth. "What have you done?"

Gideon couldn't respond, since the collar was tightening around his throat. His vision began to grow blurry, but he noticed a pair of golden eyes searing from behind the Guardian's head.

"Look..." He tried to choke out.

"What?" The brunette demanded.

"Look...behind you."

The Guardian's eyes widened, but he didn't act fast enough, as a flash of light sent them both slamming into the bars. They sank to the ground, and stared up at the attacker.

"Mayor Soos!?" The brunette gasped, when seeing the once humble mayor glare down at them.

Soos's eyes pulsed with gold. "Nope."

The Guardian stared in realization. "Jill..."

Jill smirked, then lifted a hand, lighting a golden flame.

Cipher's Reign-Part Four

*(**Warning :** extreme violence and blood . Cuz' it's Kill and Red Pine)*

In the span of a few minutes, the walls were drenched with blood, whether it belonged to Dipper or Kill was a mystery.

Dipper leaned against the wall, panting in exhaustion. In minutes, he had already snapped Kill's neck, ripped off his arms, and tore off his jaw, yet the Demon refused to go down. Dipper, however, was already bleeding from several scratches and bite marks inflicted by Kill, and he didn't know how long he will last.

"You may be powerful, Red Pine, but you're still a mortal."

Dipper glared at the Demon, as he approached the boy in red. He attempted to move away, but Kill trapped him in the spot, by slamming his hands by each side of Dipper's body. Red Pine fought the urge to shudder, when a pair of red eyes regarded him blankly.

"Ah yes, just a mortal," Kill said. "When you get hungry, you eat. When you get exhausted, you collapse into a pile. And when someone pierces your delicate flesh..."

Dipper winced, when Kill pressed a finger against a cut on his cheek. It oozed blood, as the Demon watched it trail down Red Pine's pale skin.

"You *bleed.*"

Growling, Dipper batted the other's hand away, ignoring the pain that came with it. "Don't underestimate mortals," He hissed. "Even without the powers, I'd still beat you."

Kill laughed at the other's cockiness. "Oh, I know that. In all honesty, I usually find mortals revolting. But you, everything about you drives me crazy. In all honesty, I'm a little in love with you."

Dipper gritted his teeth, ignoring the heat surging in his cheeks. "I'm swooning," He said, voice dripping with sarcasm. "But, I'm gonna pass, since your tried to *murder* my family and all."

"Aw, still hung up on that?" Kill complained. "They're only holding you back, Red Pine. Be with me, and you'll finally unlock your true potential."

"Let me make this clear," Dipper hissed. "I'd rather *die* than be anywhere near you."

Kill sighed heavily. "Fine, I'll arrange that."

Red Pine's eyes widened, when Kill grabbed his shoulders, and pinned him harder against the wall. Dipper cried out, when Kill's grip drew blood as he sank in his claw-like nails.

"But, before I turn you into a corpse," Kill started, his eyes filled with need. "I want to treasure you in this last few seconds. Let me kiss you, please."

Red Pine regarded him in shock. After a while, his expression softened. "Fine."

Kill's eyes widened. "Really?"

Dipper nodded, then gave the Demon a warm smile. "Yeah, if we're being honest, I was always kinda attracted to you," He said, sheepishly. "Be gentle, okay? This is my first time."

Kill nodded quickly, loosening his grip on the other's shoulders, before gently placing his hands on Dipper's forearms. Kill leaned his face closer to Red Pine's, a gap lingered between their lips. Then, the Demon closed in the space, as he pressed his lips against Dipper's. It was slow at first, then Red Pine returned the kiss. Their lips folded together, and the space between them was nonexistent, as Kill pulled the brunette closer. The Demon wrapped his arms around the other's waist, and closed his eyes, sinking into the kiss. Meanwhile, Red Pine was trailing his hand over Kill's arm, before placing it on the center of the other's bare chest.

Kill purred softly, when Dipper traced his scar with his fingers, and

the Demon slowly opened his eyes. Kill's pupils were dilated, making his gaze appear soft and filled with adoration. Dipper smiled through the kiss, while he curled his fingers over the Demon's chest...

...and punched his whole fist through the flesh.

Kill instantly pulled back, and choked out blood. He stared down, as almost Red Pine's entire forearm sank into his chest. Dipper had a nonchalant expression, as his mark and eyes glowed red.

"You know, I noticed something," The brunette started. "It never takes you that long to heal...unless I attack your heart."

On cue, Dipper sank his hand through the sickening heat inside of Kill's chest, until he grasped at a pulsing lump. Before Kill could pry him off, Red Pine ripped his heart right out of his chest. Kill collapsed to the ground, breathing heavily, as blood poured out of the hole in him, forming a red puddle on the floor.

Dipper was holding the beating organ in his hand, and glared at down at the Demon. "Here's a lesson for you: when someone rather prefers death than dating you, it means they're not interested!"

He squeezed the heart in his grip, and it burst easily. Blood spilled onto the floor from Dipper's closed fist, until it was a light tickle. Immediately, Kill went unmoving.

Dipper calmly wiped his hands on his jacket, before looking towards Kill. "Good boy, rest for a while..."

Red Pine turned on his heels, and walked away. As he did, he tried to ignore the tingling feeling on his lips, and the memory of how much he enjoyed the warmth there...

⁂

Finally, they were out.

After breaking open the gate, Mabel, Will, and Bill finally escaped the facility's premises. They took a breather, savouring the fresh air after being enclosed in such a stuffy interior. Bill went to check on

Will, and was relieved to see his wounds getting smaller. Also thankfully, the pain in Bill's arms had resided and he could move them again, though they stung a little. Behind him, there was the sound of the gate opening once more.

"Dipper!" Mabel beamed.

Bill turned and saw Red Pine, who was unsurprisingly covered head to toe in blood. "Looks like Kill put up a fight, didn't he?"

"I don't want to talk about it," Red Pine told him.

"Very well," Bill said, then addressed both twins. "Do you know where our shack is?"

Both nodded, and then Bill said. "Good, I need you to take Will to safety."

Red Pine regarded him with uncertainty. "Are you sure you can do this alone?"

Bill gave him a reassuring smile. "Don't worry about me, just save Will."

"OK, just don't die," Dipper told him, then helped his sister carry Will away. "Also, I'm definitely using your shower!'

After they left, Bill turned back to the facility. He stepped back through the gate, just before hearing a loud *crash* overhead. Bill looked up, and was horrified to see two bodies plummeting out of a window in the building. When they crashed onto the ground, it was revealed to be Dipper and Mayor Soos.

Bill stared, as the male Guardian stood over the mayor, holding up his sword. "Pine Tree, what are you doing!?"

"Bill, stay back!" Dipper told him. "Jill is possessing Soos's body!"

Before Bill could comprehend this new information, Soos raised his hand, and a plume of golden flames smashed into Dipper. The Guardian immediately leaped back, patting down the flames desperately. Soos--*Jill*, stalked threateningly towards the brunette,

fire emitting from both hands.

"You think you can take me on without powers?" Jill sneered. "I can't tell if that's bold or stupid."

Bill watched as Jill increased the size of her flames, preparing to burn Dipper into a crisp. Bill extended his arms, trying to summon his powers. However, as he felt the beginnings of heat, an arrow of pain surged through both his arms, preventing him from igniting fire. Bill winced, and drew back his arms, before the pain lessened once more. He knew his fire power wasn't an option, and he quickly felt himself for anything that will help. Bill paused when he reached into his jacket, and feeling a familiar object.

Forgive me , Pine Tree.

Just when Jill was about to attack Dipper, Bill threw the journal at her. It hit her square in the head, her fire extinguished. Jill stared at the book on the ground, then turned to glare at Bill.

"You know," Jill hissed. "You're making it really hard not to murder you, brother."

She was about to summon her power again, when a yell pierced the air. Bill turned just in time, to see Mabel leaping over the fence and running to her brother's aid. The female Guardian stood on one side of Jill, so that the Demon stood between the twins.

"Sorry I took so long," Mabel told Dipper.

"It's alright," Dipper replied. "Just help me banish this Demon from the Mayor's body."

Mabel nodded, before holding up her hand, before it glowed a hot pink. She aimed the light at Jill, while Dipper pointed his sword at her.

"Jill, either you leave that mortal alone, or we'll have to force you out," He warned.

For a moment, Jill had a panicked look on her face. But then, she glanced sideways, and a smile cracked on her face. "Are you sure

you wanna do that?"

"Why wouldn't we?" Mabel shot back.

"Because, they're arriving soon."

Dipper frowned. "What are you talking about?"

A moment later, they had their answer. As a van pulled up towards the fence, with a news channel ad on it's sides. Bill watched, as the news reporter Shandra climbed out, with a cameraman following her. They stared at the scene before them: two powerful Guardians supposedly holding the mayor hostage.

"Ah yes, this will make the front pages nicely," Jill giggled, while the Pine twins stood in shock.

She then turned to the news crew, and cried out in a voice that perfectly matched Soos's. "Help! I tried to talk sone sense into them, but they tried to attack me!"

"Keep the camera rolling!" Shandra told the cameraman. "The rumors are true, the Guardians are against us!"

Dipper trembled in the spot, and immediately lowered his weapon. After that, he pushed past Jill and grabbed Mabel's arm, and dragged her towards Bill. Once the three were huddled together, Dipper used his powers and transported them out of there.

Afterwards, Shandra and her crew entered the premises, and gathered around Jill. "Mr Mayor, are you alright?" Shandra asked.

"Yes," Jill answered, calmly.

She darted her gaze downward, looking at Journal #3. She resisted the urge to smirk. "I'm just fine..."

Cipher's Reign-Part Five

Bill couldn't imagine how he got to this point.

He was now sitting at the foot of Will's bed, while his brother rested soundly. A while earlier, he thanked the Oak twins for taking care of Will until he returned, and bid them farewell. Afterwards, the Pine twins could come inside the shack, and they now waited downstairs.

Earlier, Dipper had chastised Bill for throwing the journal, and Bill replied that he had no other choice, and that Dipper's life was more important than the book. However, Bill did feel a tinge of regret for leaving the journal behind, because Jill could easily use it against them, if she wasn't powerful enough already.

Bill wanted to fight back, but he could barely summon his powers, without being inflicted by a sharp pain. He didn't get it, how come it only hurt now? In the end, if he wanted to protect everyone he cared for, there was only one thing to do...

Bill looked back at his brother. Fortunately, Will's wounds were bandaged, so he wasn't loosing anymore blood. Bill frowned, when the blue haired boy shivered slightly, and the blond reached out to pull the blanket over him. But as he did, Will's eyes suddenly shot open and the boy sat up.

Bill watched, as Will rubbed his head groggily, before slowly turning towards the blond.

Will blinked, as though not noticing Bill at first. "Bill, what--"

Bill didn't give him time to finish, as he reached out and pulled Will into an embrace. The blond tried not to squeeze him too hard, since he was afraid of hurting his brother. Afterwards, Bill released him, and couldn't contain the relieved smile that spread across his face.

"Will, I'm so glad you're okay," Bill said, then asked gently. "Do you

remember anything?"

"I remember some things, things I'd rather forget," Will said, a darkness veiled across his eyes, as he gazed down at his bandages.

Bill frowned, but decided it was best not to make his brother relive those traumatic memories. "Are you still hurt?"

"Only a little bit," Will answered. "Not as much as before."

"That's good," The blond replied, rubbing his arms sheepishly.

Will then noticed the blisters on Bill's forearms, and his eyes widened. "Bill, what happened to you!?"

Bill looked down at his arms sheepishly. "About that...I have my powers. And it turns out, fire hurts like hell."

"I don't think I want you using your powers, if it's gonna hurt you," Will said, seriously.

"Hey, I was worried that your powers might get you hurt, but that didn't stop you from using them, didn't it?"

"Point taken," Will admitted, then gently placed a hand on Bill's shoulder.

Instantly, the burn marks on Bill's skin grew smaller, and the stinging vanished. The scars were still very noticeable, but at least it didn't hurt anymore.

"Thanks," Bill said, gratefully.

Will nodded. "Did you tell the others, yet?"

"Not yet," Bill sighed. "Dipper and Mabel assumed I got the burns from Kill."

"Don't hesitate this time," Will told him. "I know it's hard, but let's not keep them in the dark any longer."

"I know," Bill agreed.

There was a moment of silence, Will then looked at him questionably. "So, how did you find me?"

Bill breathed heavily, rethinking everything that had happened, before he began to catch Will up to speed on recent events. He explained that Jill and Kill caged Wendy, Stan, and others in a facility, and that before they could free them, the press showed up. He also mentioned the Oak twins.

"The Oak twins?" Will repeated, in surprise.

"Yeah, by the way, don't use the shower for a while," Bill said.

Will titled his head. "Why?"

"Trust me, I'm sparing you some nightmares."

"Okay...?" Will said, in confusion. After a brief silence, the blue haired boy then asked. "So, our friends are trapped somewhere?"

"Yep," Bill replied.

"What are we gonna do?" His brother said, in panic. "How are we going to help them?"

Bill paused, before giving Will a serious look. "That's easy," He said. "I have to leave."

Will stared. "What?"

"All of this started, because of me," Bill said, sorrowfully. "Leaving this town is the only way to keep Dipper and the rest safe."

"Bill, we can't leave!" Will exclaimed.

"You misunderstood, you're not leaving, *I* am."

"What?" Will questioned.

Bill trembled slightly, as he tried to contain his emotions. "You have friends here, people who care about you, and compared to the two of us, you're innocent. *I'm* the problem, I lured Kill and Jill here,

and endangered everyone in this town. I need to leave, but I don't want to force you away from your home."

"This is your home, too!" His brother insisted. "And, it won't even feel like home without you! Please, don't do this, we can figure this out--"

"We're out of options," The blond said. "Kill and Jill are after me, once I'm gone, they might leave this town alone."

"You don't know that," Will noted. "Also, you have your powers now, you can fight back."

"I can barely control my powers!" Bill snapped. "Also, what good will fighting back do? Even if Kill and Jill are gone, there will always be another threat out to get me. I refuse to be a burden any longer."

"But, you're not a burden. You're my best friend. Please, don't leave..."

"This is my decision, Will," Bill countered. "Wherever I go, those monsters will follow, and you have to accept that."

There was a heavy silence, that seemed to drain out all life. A hundred emotions seemed to flash across Will's face, before it was set in determination.

"If you're leaving...so am I."

Bill shook his head. "Will, don't--"

"Why not?" Will snapped, blinking back tears. "We promised to be there for each other. I don't care about what I'm leaving behind, as long as I can keep you safe."

"You're willing to leave this town behind?" Bill asked.

Will smiled sadly. "We'll always have the memories."

"It's decided, then," Bill said. "I'll order some bus tickets, and we'll leave soon enough."

"You think Dipper and Mabel will be okay?" Will asked. "You know, with their friends being captured and the town being against them?"

Bill gave him a reassuring look. "Dipper and Mabel are powerful beings, they'll take care of everything. They...they don't need us."

"I guess, you're right," Will sighed.

"*Baa!"*

The two looked down, and saw Gompers peering up at them. The goat immediately jumped onto the bed, before resting on Will's lap. Will patted his head.

"Sorry pal, I don't think they allow animals on the bus," Will told him, softly. "Besides, this is your home, it'll be unfair to take you away from it."

Gompers nuzzled against Will's arm, and Will turned to Bill. "Hey, you think Mabel will take care of Gompers while I'm gone?"

"Of course," Bill replied.

Will nodded. "Good. I don't want him to be lonely..."

The blue haired boy trembled, the rims of his eyes began tearing up. Bill could only watch helplessly, before he made a move to comfort his brother. Bill wrapped an arm around Will, and pulled him close, allowing the boy to cry on his shoulder. They sat there for what felt like hours, pondering over everything they're planning to give up.

⁂

Gideon's wrists were tied together.

He tried to struggle out, but it was impossible. Around him, were the Guardians that had been captured, and had their wrists bind like him

"Damn that Demon!" Gideon snapped. "I can't believe Jill was manipulating all those people!"

Wendy glared at him coldly. "Wow, how hypocritical of you."

Gideon blinked. "What?"

"You tried to manipulate Will into killing his own brother," She sniped. "Compared to you and Jill, she's the lesser of two evils."

"But, I was only trying to protect him!" Gideon insisted. "I predicted Bill would destroy everything!"

"Oh, I didn't think you knew Bill more than his own brother."

Gideon frowned. "No, I don't...but, my predictions have never failed me before!"

"Well, *your* latest prediction said that Guardians are evil," the redhead remarked.

"That's different, that prediction is all wrong!"

"Oh, so it's only wrong when *you* say it is?" Wendy snapped. "You're only okay with it, if the predictions are *yours,* and you choose to believe that Will was exaggerating because some stranger told him that his brother is a destroyer of worlds."

"I...I don't think Will was exaggerating," Gideon said, softly. "I'm just worried about him..."

"Sounds to me, that you can't admit that you were wrong," The redhead noted.

"This isn't about me!" The young psychic snapped.

"Yes, it is! You're the entire reason we're in this mess!" Wendy yelled, back.

"You two, shut your traps," Stan told them. "We can toss the blame later, but now, we have to think of a way to get out of here."

"The old man is right," Robbie agreed. "We need to think of a plan."

"What plan?" Pacifica snapped. "We can't use our powers with these

binds on, and the best we can do is wait for Dipper and Mabel to show up."

"Then, we'll wait," Stan decided. "Hopefully, it'll be soon--"

He was cut off, when footsteps approached them. They turned to see Jill entering the room, this time, in her own body.

"What happened to the mayor?" Candy demanded.

"He's fine," Jill said, dismissively. "He's back in his manor, and doesn't remember a single thing about coming here. With that out of the way..."

The Demon paused in front of Stan, before throwing down two objects in front of them. They were Journal #3 and Journal #2. And they were both opened, to reveal a page with strange blueprints on it.

"Do you recognize these?" Jill demanded, glaring at Stan.

Stan narrowed his eyes. "No, should I?"

"You should, because I recognized my older brother's sigils on this blueprint," She sneered. "This machine harnesses the same energy as the portal that Ford entered. What I want to know, are the two connected?"

"How should I know, Bill was the one who summoned that portal," Stan snapped.

Like a strike of lightening, Jill struck Stan across his face with the back of her hand. After being smacked, the Day Guardian remained nonchalant, with a red mark on his cheek.

"I don't have time to explain, you old fool!" Jill hissed. "Just, tell me the purpose of this machine, so I can figure out this mess!"

Stan chuckled. "Nice try, but that's not the first time I've been slapped by a woman," He remarked. "Also, I don't know anything about this machine."

Jill groaned in frustration, before muttering. "The rest of the instructions must be in Journal #1."

She whirled towards Gideon. "Where did you find Journal #2?"

Gideon glared at her. "I didn't *find* it, it was past onto me by my ancestors. I have no clue where the first journal is."

"Then, that just leaves my younger brothers," Jill said, thoughtfully. A smirk crossed her face.

"No!" Wendy exclaimed, angrily. "They don't have the other journal, they only found the one!"

"What an unconvincing lie," The Demon shot back. "You can beg all you want, but I'm going to get that journal, and find out where Ford was cowering all these years!"

Jill was about to make her leave, when Kill entered the room. He looked tired, he had a couple burn marks on his bare torso, and a large gash in his heart was in a process of healing itself.

"Kill, where the hell were you?" Jill snapped.

Kill cleared his throat awkwardly. "I...I was fighting against Bill."

"Bill?" Jill questioned, then looked her brother up and down. "I'm guessing from your crappy appearance, he got his powers back?"

Gideon's eyes widened, when Kill nodded. "Yeah, he almost burned me to a crisp."

"Well, this could definitely give us an advantage," Jill smiled. "With his newfound demonic powers, it might be easier to influence him."

"Yeah, but it'll also be easier for him to destroy us," The Red Demon countered.

"He can't destroy anyone, if he can't control his powers," Jill reassured. "And with that kind of strength, only a Demon can teach him the works. Soon, he'll be begging us for help."

Kill grinned at the prospect, then turned to look at the journals on the ground. "Oh, where's the third one?"

"I suspect that Will and Bill has it," The female Demon explained.

"If you want, I can always hunt them down."

Jill shook her head. "That won't be necessary...actually, I think I have a better idea."

She turned back to the captives, a devious glint in her eyes. Robbie must have recognized that look and what it meant, because he sank himself to the floor, and covered his head with his arms as much as his tied wrists could allow.

"Don't!" He pleaded, desperately. "Not again!"

"Aww, it's cute that you think covering your ears will work," Jill laughed. "Now, let me serenade you once more, along with your friends..."

The others could only watch in horror, as Jill opened her mouth, and uttered the first melodic notes.

⁂

Bill and Will waited by the bus stop.

Mabel and Dipper were there in human disguises, to bid them farewells. Mabel was currently giving both of them the biggest hug possible.

"Don't forget me, okay?" She said, blinking back tears.

"We won't, Shooting Star," Bill promised.

"You'll take care of Gompers, right?" Will asked her.

"Of course, Will, I'm sure he'll get along with Waddles," Mabel said, before releasing them.

Dipper stepped forward, and gave both of them a warm smile. "I

never thought we would end up as friends...you know, with me trying to kill you and all."

"It's water under the bridge now, Pine Tree," Bill reassured. "Are you sure the weirdness aura of this place is under control, so Will and I can leave?"

The brunette nodded. "Yes, I took care of it, and it'll be smooth sailing from here," He said, then looked at the blond shyly. "I'm probably going to miss you the most, Bill..."

Bill blushed madly, then stuttered. "Dipper, I..." He paused.

The male Guardian looked at him questionably.

Bill hesitated, his heart almost banging against his ribcage. "I...I'm going to miss you, too."

Dipper turned pink, then nodded in return.

On cue, they heard the sound of approaching wheels of a bus. The vehicle parked before them, and the door slid open. The Cipher twins took one last glance at Dipper and Mabel, before stepping into the bus, dragging their luggage with them.

After they took their seats, the bus began to move down the road. The two looked sadly out the window, as the town they once called home, began to fade in the distance.

"Should you have told them about your powers?" Will pointed out.

"Does it matter?" Bill countered. "We're officially leaving all this supernatural stuff behind, remember?"

"Yeah, you're right," Will sighed.

Afterwards, only the sound of the bus moving filled the silence between them, then Will spoke.

"Bill, now that we're leaving, where are we gonna go now? Where are we gonna stay?"

Bill breathed heavily. "I don't know," He admitted. "But, I'm sure we can figure it out, we always do. Plus, we're stronger now than we ever were."

Will stared, then a warm smile formed on his mouth. He gingerly lifted up a fist. "Demonic Twins?"

Bill laughed softly, then raised his own fist. "Demonic Twins."

They fist bumped, but on that very second, a flare of golden light exploded outside of the bus. Will and Bill looked out the back window, just in time to see a flaming form barreling out of the nearby woods. They were astonished to see, that it was Stan, though his golden eyes seemed monstrous.

"What's going on?" Will panicked.

Bill didn't say anything, as he noticed more forms bursting from the woods, and running to Stan's sides. It was the Guardians that had been trapped in the facility, and all their eyes glowed a golden colour. One person stepped in front of the group, it was Gideon, but Bill recognized the look in his eyes belonged to none other than Jill Cipher.

While possessing Gideon, Jill shot a command to the mindcontrolled people. "Stop that bus!"

Immediately, the group charged towards the moving vehicle. Bill quickly ran to the front of the bus.

"Floor it!" Bill shouted at the bus driver. "We're being chased!"

The bus driver turned, and was revealed to be Soos. "Hey, dudes."

"Mayor Soos, you're a bus driver!?" Will exclaimed.

"Occasionally," Soos said. "Like my DJ business, this is mostly a hobby, but bus drives usually calm me down. And after the stressful day I had, I really needed this..."

Just then, an arrow crashed through the back window, and embedded itself into a seat. Bill stared, and turned to Soos urgently.

"Can't this thing go any faster!?"

"Don't worry, dudes," Soos reassured. "I am *50%* sure on what to do. You better hang on."

He turned, and pulled on the clutch. Immediately, the bus zoomed forward, and the twins almost lost their balance. The vehicle sped across the street, while the powerful beings pursued them.

Cipher's Reign-Final

They were driving up a mountain road.

Unsurprisingly, it was an extremely bumpy ride. Will and Bill hung onto their seats for dear life, as the vehicle sped upwards. Meanwhile, their pursuers were surging closer.

Will shrieked, when there was a *thud* on the roof, and then an axe broke through. Wendy peeled off a piece of the roof, and was about to climb in, until Soos made a sharp swerve. Immediately, Wendy was flung off the bus. At first, Will was afraid she was hurt, but then the redhead stood up like nothing happened, and continued chasing after them with the rest of the mindcontrolled Guardians.

Despite the situation, Soos was doing pretty well at dodging each attack. Like swerving to the side, every time Stan would launch a fireball at them. Though, it didn't stop the blaze of heat that sneered through the metal. Will and Bill were force to move away, before their flesh was nearly scorched.

The twins fell to the floor of the bus during another sharp turn, and Soos turned to them worryingly. Unfortunately, as soon as the driver turned away from the road, Bill noticed something in the front window.

"Soos, cliff!" He yelled.

Soos turned just in time, and stomped on the breaks. The bus screeched to a halt, the front wheels of the bus dangling from the edge. The three inside stared, as the vehicle tilted dangerously, the sound of multiple footsteps approaching them. Quickly, Soos took out a manual from the compartment, and started flipping through it.

"OK, what's the closest to our current situation?" He asked. "*Raccoon in engine? Or crazy grandparent who won't leave bus?* I'm kinda feeling like it's the second one..."

Bill didn't respond, because he was busy grabbing his brother's arm, and leaving the bus. The two stepped out of the vehicle, only to be faced by the mindcontrolled Guardians, who were only a short distance away and closing in. Bill turned and saw a train track connected to the cliff, and immediately ran towards it, while dragging Will along.

The two sprinted across the track, just when they heard the footsteps behind them. They paused, and turned around, to see their pursuers following them on the train track, with Jill in the lead. The Cipher twins turned to escape, but then realized they reached a dead end.

"It's no use!" Jill hissed. "Now, where is Journal #1?"

"Journal #1?" Bill repeated, in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Jill growled under her breath, then turned to Stan. She nodded towards him, and it must have been an indication for something, because the Day Guardian then moved forward. The Cipher brothers stared, when the old man lit his hand on fire and aimed at the two of them.

"Give up the journal, or else," She warned.

"Don't you need me for your master plan, what use am I to you if I'm a pile of ashes?" Bill remarked.

Jill chuckled. "Dearest brother, you think Kill hadn't told me that you regained your powers? One of your perks, is that you're immune to fire. You'll still be hurt by it, of course, but it won't destroy you. Will however..."

Bill was about to step in front of Will protectively, but was interrupted, when Will stepped forward. There was a glint of determination in the boy's eyes.

"Do it," Will told Jill.

Bill's eyes widened. "What are you doing!?"

Will ignored him, and glared straight at Jill. "Go ahead, and kill me. If you do, you'll be ruining your chances of ever finding the journal."

What is he talking about?, Bill thought.

Jill glared back at him. "What do you mean?"

"I'm the only one who knows where Journal #1 is," Will told her. "If you release the others, I'll show you to it."

Jill laughed cruelly. "Nice try, but I'm not idiotic like Kill. How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"A couple nights ago, I met up with Gideon," Will explained. "He told me where Journal #1 is, but said I should keep it a secret."

"Gideon?" She sneered, golden eyes burning with anger. "So, you must be the one who convinced him to turn on us?"

Will nodded, and Jill hissed under her breath.

"First, tell me where the journal is. Then, I'll let your friends go."

Bill stared. "Hey, that's not--"

"I have the journal with me," Will said, abruptly. "I have it inside my shirt."

"Then, what are you waiting for? Give it to me," Jill commanded.

"Here is what's going to happen: I'll walk towards you, and give it back," Will said, already slowly approaching her. "Don't try anything."

Jill smirked. "No promises, little brother."

Bill wanted to tell Will to stop, but he felt like he had to step back for this. He watched his brother, almost in a different light, as the blue haired boy stepped closer to the Demon. A few moments later, Will stood directly in front of Jill, with Stan still aiming his flaming hand at him.

"Well?" Jill demanded, impatiently. "Are you going to hand it to me or not?"

Will nodded. He bowed his head downwards, then slowly reached into his shirt. However, instead of pulling something out, he abruptly launched forward and hooked his arm around Jill.

The Demon's eyes widened, when Will dragged her backwards, tightening his arm around her. Stan prepared to throw a ball of fire, but Jill stopped him.

"Don't! You'll burn me too, you fool!" She hissed. Then turned to Will angrily. "What is the meaning of this!?"

"Newsflash: I lied," Will shot back.

Jill glared at him. "Look who's finally acting like a Cipher..."

"I learnt from the best, sister," The blue haired boy remarked, for a blink of a second, his eyes flickered a luminous blue.

Jill's eyes widened. "How in the hell--"

"Don't move."

The Demon looked sideways, where Bill was looming a flaming hand close to her. The blond looked like he was in serious pain, with his forehead beaded with sweat, and his face muscles twitching. However, he still kept his fire at medium size.

"Release the others, now," Bill told her.

Jill hissed, then something abruptly happened. The golden colour disappeared from Gideon's eyes, and they were blank. A moment later, a sphere of golden light came out of the young psychic, resulting in Gideon falling to his knees. The golden light paused in front of the Guardians, and immediately transformed into Jill, now in her own body.

"Attack!" Jill ordered them, pointing towards the three.

Instantly, the mindcontrolled people surged towards them. Bill

acted fast, and stepped forward, before swinging his flaming hand in their direction. A column of blue fire spewed out, and made a barrier between them and the Guardians. Silhouettes danced in confusion on the other side, then Stan burst through the flames, and leaped at Bill.

Bill was pinned to the tracks, as the Day Guardian hovered threateningly over him. The blond stared, as Stan began to ignite fire on his hands.

"Stop," Jill said, magically appearing in front of the wall of blue flames. "I need him alive."

Bill panted heavily, his arm aching from his usage of powers. He watched as Jill beckoned Stan away, so that she could stand over Bill. The Demon glared down at him.

"How disappointing you became, brother," She said. "Kill and I admired you, but now you're using your powers to defend useless Demons like Will."

Bill cried out, when Jill planted a foot on his injured arm.

"Come with me, and we'll revive you to your former glory," Jill said. "You'll be happy. We'll finally be a family again..."

Bill gritted his teeth. "I already have a family, and they're way better than you Demons!"

Like an adder striking, Bill leaped up onto his two feet. He charged up his other hand, and once it was on fire, he planted it on Jill's throat. Jill screamed in agony, when the flames seared at her flesh. She pulled back, a large smoking gash on her neck.

She coughed desperately, as though unable to speak.

Meanwhile, Stan blinked his eyes, and they lit up in confusion. "Huh, what happened?"

Bill sighed in relief, though he may have done it too soon. As he then noticed that the blue fire he conjured, had weakened their side of the train tracks. He looked down in horror, as the tracks

crumbled under his feet, causing himself, Jill, Stan, Gideon, and Will to plummet towards the ground at high-speed.

They fell without any of them knowing what to do, and Bill was almost certain of death. When out of the blue, each of them were encased in a giant bubble.

Bill and Will were shocked at first, until they realized who the culprit could only be. Once they were lowered to the ground, the bubbles instantly popped, and they were now standing before Dipper and Mabel Pines.

"Are you two okay?" Mabel fretted, running to check on the brothers.

"We're fine," Will smiled. "Thanks to you."

Dipper smiled at Bill. "Trouble seems to follow you despite location, doesn't it?"

"You have no idea, Pine Tree," Bill smiled back.

There was a cough nearby, and they turned to see Gideon slowly standing up. Bill glared at him, but Will quickly rushed to his aid. The blue haired boy helped the young psychic to his feet.

"Are you okay, Gideon?" Will asked.

Gideon stared at him. "Why...why are you still trying to help me?"

"I'm not the type to give up on people, easily," Will replied, then added firmly. "Even though, you sometimes deserve it for being such a butthead."

Gideon chuckled softly at the boy's remark, then frowned. He looked like he had a million thoughts inside his head. "Will, I'm so--"

He was cut off, when a flash of golden light hit him and flung him across the ground. Gideon cried out, when his back collided against a tree.

"Gideon!" Will exclaimed.

The group turned, and saw Jill stalking towards them. Her walk was staggered, but the murderous gaze in her eyes were vivid. Stan charged at her, but was flung aside by another flash of light. Jill raised her hands, about to power up another flash of light, when--

"There they are, officers!"

They turned around, and were surprised to see both a police car and news van veering to park in front of them. Soos stepped forward, the one who must have called them here, and pointed towards Jill.

"I remember now! This freaky blonde dudette possessed me!" Soos explained.

"Is this true?" Blubs questioned, while near him, Shandra stood with a cameraman recording the whole scene.

"It's...it's true."

It was Gideon who had spoken. The young psychic stood up from the ground, and limped towards them. He stared directly into the camera that was recording.

"I willingly teamed up with Demons, to advise a plan I thought would benefit us," He started. "However, this had led me to lie to all of you. One of the lies, included the one about the Guardians being evil. The Guardians are not, and had never been against us."

"Gideon, you *lied?*" Blubs gasped, in disbelief.

"B-but, we gave you our trust," Durland said, sadly.

"You did," Gideon responded, softly. "And I took advantage of it."

"This a shocking turn of events," Shandra said into the camera. "Local psychic Gideon Gleeful, has openly admitted to lying about a prophecy and working with demonic beings. This is the biggest scandal of this town since the *Owl Trowels Are Ineffective* controversy several months ago."

Nearby, Jill watched this in shock, but couldn't speak to express her anger. Instead, she used actions. She increased the size of her light, which made the others force to cover their eyes. But before she could inflict harm onto them, she cried out in pain, when an arrow plunged into her back.

She turned around, to see Robbie with his bow aimed, Wendy beside him, with Candy and Pacifica following suit.

"I never liked your singing," Robbie hissed.

Jill glared at him, but realized she was outnumbered. With that, she disappeared in a puff of golden smoke. After the shock resided, Gideon was immediately put into handcuffs.

"Gideon, you are arrested for conspiracies, fraud, and breaking our hearts," Blubs said, wiping away a tear. "You will reside in the Zero Gravity Town jail until further notice."

Gideon didn't resist, as he was ushered towards the police car. Will frowned, then quickly approached them. "Wait! I want to say something to him."

"Go ahead, just be quick," Blubs said.

Will nodded, then turned to Gideon, who was avoiding his gaze. "I know I sound cheesy when I say this: but if you ever want to try being good, I'm always here to be a friend."

Gideon smiled sadly. "Thank you, Will, but I dug myself into this mess, it's my responsibility to take care of it."

"Do you...do you still think Bill is a bad guy?"

Gideon looked Will in the eyes. "Yes," He said. "But, it was wrong of me to try and interfere, when it's your brother. Whatever happens in the future, it'll be your choice to make, not mine."

"I'm glad you understand," Will smiled. "I'll be sure to visit you, Gideon, though Bill definitely may not like it."

Gideon chuckled. "Oh, I'm sure of that. Bye, Will."

Despite his hands being cuffed, he extended one towards Will. The blue haired boy obliged, and gripped the other's hand in a handshake. However, when Will tried to withdrew, Gideon's grip tightened. Will's brow furrowed in confusion, then he looked up, and was shocked by what he saw.

Gideon's eyes glowed an eerie blue. His body trembled, as he uttered in a dry voice. "*ELCYC EHT KAERB!"*

Will stood in shock, when a second later, Gideon's eyes turned normal. Gideon looked just as horrified as him, but before any questions could be asked, the psychic was taken away the officers. Will watched as the police car drove away, with Gideon inside.

Will was so immersed in his thoughts, that he didn't notice Bill stepping beside him. Only paying attention, when Bill gently placed a hand on his shoulder.

"What do you think that was?" Bill asked, obviously indicating to Gideon's prophetic outburst.

"I don't know," Will said. "In all honestly, I don't think I want to know..."

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Back in the shack, Will was healing everyone.

From gnomes, to Manotaurs, and Guardians, the shack was packed with beings who gained injuries from the earlier ambush. Will was just about finished healing Candy's wings.

"There you go," He said, smiling at the black feathered wings. "Just remember, it's not completely healed, so you need to rest it for a little while. But, I'm sure you'll be able to fly again in a couple of weeks."

"Thank you, Will," Candy said, gratefully.

"We're sorry about voting you and your brother out," Grenda said, apologetically. "From now on, we'll protect you guys with our life if we have to."

Grenda turned to the rest of the people and monsters in the shack. "ANYONE WHO MESSES WITH THE CIPHER BROTHERS, GETS A FIST DOWN THEIR THROATS!"

The others looked back fearfully.

"Uh, thanks, Grenda," Will said, nervously.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Bill and Dipper sat down by the table. Both Journal #3 and Journal #2 was placed before them, after they had been retrieved from the facility. Both were opened and put together to reveal the blueprint.

"Do you know what it means?" Bill asked.

"At this rate, I don't even know Ford like I used to," Dipper said, sadly.

Bill sighed. "It's so weird. I've seen this blueprint before, when someone delivered that damn letter to me."

"Do you still have that letter?" Dipper asked. "Maybe, I can run an analyze on it, and find out who sent it."

"That...that actually works," Bill realized. "Wow, I should've told you things sooner."

"I understand why you kept it a secret from me," The brunette said. "But, now that we're no longer enemies, I think we should be honest with each other from now on."

Bill hesitated, before saying. "Dipper, I've been meaning to tell you...I have my powers back."

"I suspected that," Dipper admitted. "That would explain the scars on your arms."

"How do you feel about it?" Bill asked, gingerly.

What Dipper did next was surprising. The brunette turned his body towards the blond, and reached out to hold both of Bill's hands. Bill blushed madly, when Dipper gently rubbed a thumb over his

knuckles.

"You don't have to be afraid anymore," Dipper reassured him. "I no longer believe that you'll return to your old roots. And, I'm pretty sure everyone else would agree with me. Since you and brother saved this town from Kill and Jill, both the creatures and earthborn Guardians believe that you are not a threat. No matter who or what is after you, you'll always have people to protect you, including me."

"Jeez, Pine Tree," Bill groaned. "Is this your weird way of trying to convince me to stay?"

Dipper smirked. "Is it working?"

"Unfortunately, yes," The blond shot back. "I guess, Will and I can stay for a while longer, there's still plenty of things to explore after all."

"Something tells me, we barely scratched the surface of this town," Dipper said.

Bill smiled warmly at the Guardian. "I for one, can't wait to see what's ahead of us this summer..."

⁂

Kill handed the vial of blood to Jill.

"Here," He said.

Jill reluctantly took it, and downed the contents. The gash on her throat shrunk a little.

"It might take you a while to get your voice back," Kill said. "To be honest, I'm gonna enjoy the peace and quiet."

Jill punched him in the shoulder.

"Ow!" He complained.

Jill rolled his eyes, then looked up at the night sky. The two were

sitting on a hill, and they both gazed up at the stars.

"Mortals may be pitiful, but they have pretty views," Kill admitted, transfixed by the sky.

Even Jill nodded in agreement. The two sat in silence, before Kill spoke again.

"So, are we back at square one?"

Jill shrugged nonchalantly.

"Guess we'll have to think of another plan," Kill sighed.

Jill nodded, then traced a finger in the dirt. Kill looked down curiously, as she drew a moon crescent.

"Sixer?" He questioned. "You want us to find him? But, we don't know where he is."

Jill then drew something else. The blueprint from the journal, which she mesmerized. She tapped it indicatively.

"Are you saying...you want us to build that thing?" Kill remarked, incredulously. "That's impossible! We only have half of the instructions!"

Jill gave him a look that strongly read *We'll find a way.*

Kill made a reluctant look. Then afterwards, he sighed heavily.

"I trust you," He said. "For some reason, I trust you, sis."

Jill nodded, and returned to her tranquil gaze towards the sky. Kill joined her. The two Demons yet again sat in silence, pondering over their new plan.

Epilogue

Stan sat alone in silence.

Thoughts raged in his head, like a fire that couldn't be put out. Something pushed against his chest in the inside of his shirt, and he figured it was about time to take it out.

So, he reached inside his shirt, and took out the object. The object in question, was a memory door, the door that revealed the traitor who opened barrier.

Stan had managed to grab it off of Kill while grappling him, and he stared down at it. With a trembling hand, he opened the door.

What it showed, was Bill talking to someone. *The traitor.*

But there was more, as the traitor's face was finally revealed. A face...that completely matched Stan's.

The Day Guardian sighed. "I'm sorry about this, kids..."

In an instant, Stan set his hands on fire, burning the memory in the process. He watched the glowing embers float around, as the door in his hands vanished into a pile of ash.

He was overridden with guilt. Something like this was punishable by death, but that was the least Stan was afraid of. No, he was afraid of the absolute disappointment on Dipper and Mabel's faces, if they found out he was the main reason their home was destroyed. He was the reason many died.

He was the reason his brother disappeared...

Stan was taking the cowardly route, by not admitting his crime. But, the fear of everyone hating him was too much.

By Axolotl, what have I done?, Stan asked himself, yet again, no answer presented itself.

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Bill was awoken by a sound.

The sound in question, came from a particular *pain in the ass* goat. Bill sat up from his bed, and glared down at Gompers, who had been bleating nonstop. Amazingly, Will was still asleep even with Gompers's racket.

"What do you want?" Bill hissed at the animal.

Of course, Gompers didn't answer. Instead, the goat then proceeded to lock his jaws over Bill's sleeve and tug on it furiously. The blond was surprised by the amount of force, and before he knew it, he was pulled out of bed.

Bill yelped when he landed on the floor. He groaned, as the wooden planks knocked against his back. He sat up, and prepared to ran his fists of fury down on the farm animal.

But, before Bill could discipline the goat, Gompers ran out of the room. With the nuisance gone, this would be the time for Bill to go back to sleep. However, he was still angry at that goat, and wasn't sure whether Gompers would try to pull that crap again. Maybe, Bill could tie the animal to the living room table and call it a night. Will would be mad at him in the morning, but Bill was willing to accept any consequences, if it meant he could sleep in peace.

With that decided, Bill stood up from the floor, and made his way out. After descending down the staircase, he scanned the area for signs of Gompers.

"Where are you, you little creep?" Bill demanded.

"*Baa!"*

Bill whirled around, and saw Gompers standing in the entrance to the hallway. Before Bill made a move to approach him, but like that, the goat bolted down the hall. The blond huffed in frustration, before following the animal.

Bill walked slowly, since it was almost pitch black and he didn't

have any source of light. He could always attempt to set his hands on fire, but he might accidentally burn the shack down. The whole time he journeyed down the hall, he called Gompers's name, but there was no response of any kind. Bill sighed, and figured this wasn't worth it, he was going back to bed.

He was about to turn around, when he froze in his tracks, when a beam of green light flashed at the end of the hall. Bill slowly turned back, and he uttered a gasp.

At the end of the hall, was a doorway, emitting an eerie green light. Afraid but curious, Bill gingerly moved forward. Once he was near, the blond peered inside the doorway. What he saw, was a long staircase leading down.

What was this? Was this some kind of basement?

It was weird that neither of the Cipher twins seen it before. Why was it hidden? Bill looked cautiously down the staircase. He knew better than to climb down a spooky looking hatch, but if he didn't find out what was down there, the question might bother him all night.

It's just a basement, Bill told himself.

So, quietly and slowly, Bill crept down the staircase. His footsteps echoed back at him, and he felt a tinge of regret, but continued nevertheless. Finally, he reached the bottom of the stairs, and what he saw definitely wasn't like any average basement.

The room itself was filled with complex machinery. Nearby, there was a desk with a switchboard, beyond the desk, was a large glass screen. Bill's eyes widened, when he noticed something.

All three journals laid on the desk.

That was impossible, Bill was sure he kept both Journal #2 and Journal #3 in the attic, how did they end up here. And how did the extra journal end up here?

Looking back again, Bill saw that all three journals were opened, to reveal a complete blueprint of a machine.

"What is this?" He breathed.

" You'll find out soon ."

Bill uttered a yell, and whirled around, unintentionally flinging a ball of blue fire at the one whom spoken. He was horrified to see Gompers in the range of the fire, but what happened next shocked him. Just when the fire was about to hit the animal, it vanished in thin air.

Bill stared dumbstruck. "What just happened?" He asked himself.

Gompers looked back at him. Bill felt a sudden chill, when instead of a blank look, he saw genuine intelligence in the goat's eyes.

" What did you think happened ?"

Bill jolted, when he heard the voice in his head. "What was that!?"

Gompers stepped forward, and it appeared that he was narrowing his eyes. *"Now now, I'm sure you can figure that out."*

Bill's eyes widened in realization. He stumbled back in fear, his back pressing against the desk. He regarded the goat like it was some kind of monster.

"Gompers, you're talking!?"

Gompers tilted his head. *"Talking would require me moving my mouth, and I'm not doing that. I'm merely communicating to you telepathically."*

"That doesn't make this any less weird!" Bill shot back. "What are you? Also, what is this place?"

"What I am, is unimportant," The goat said. *"As for your second question: this is a basement, but also a workplace for the both of us."*

"Workplace for what, exactly?" Bill snapped, suspiciously. "Whatever machine is in that blueprint?"

Gompers paused, before nodding towards the glass. *"Take a look through that glass, won't you?"*

Bill didn't trust the goat. Gompers was already creepy before, but now this was a bit overboard. Yet, he did what the animal asked, just because of his own curiosity. Bill leaned over the desk, and squinted through the glass. He didn't see anything at first, but then his heart paced in his chest, when he made out the impression of a giant machine with a mass of wires and sparking electricity.

"What is that thing?" Bill demanded.

Gompers regarded him seriously. *"I'll tell you soon, but right now, we need to repair it."*

"What is this *we?*" Bill remarked. "How can I trust you?"

"I am much more than a mere farm animal," The goat admitted. *"I see infinite possibilities where your life will end, but trust me, this machine will fix everything. And in return for helping me, I'll teach you how to control your powers."*

Bill stared. He hesitantly looked down at his arms, grimacing at the scars. He looked back at the goat, about to make the biggest mistake of his life.

"OK, when do we start fixing this thing?"

Gompers made a curt nod. *"As soon as possible."*

This is officially the end of Zero Falls Season One !

I would like to thank everyone who took the time to read this book . Your comments always give me the motivation to write .

Season Two will be posted next Saturday or earlier!

See you then . Bye !